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CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY,
AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

VOLUME I.

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PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT-COURT, FLEET STREET,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-BOW;
AND J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET.

1905.



NOY WAS
JER
VASEL

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ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN 1690 Sir Thomas Pope Blount published his “ *Censura authorum celebriorum*,” a work which is here mentioned, because the Editor of the present undertaking has chosen a title of some similitude. The object of that work was to bring together the opinions of the learned on the most distinguished writers of all countries from the earliest periods; and the very accomplished and erudite compiler has accordingly produced a volume of great research, authority, and use.

In 1737 William Oldys published in six Numbers “ the British Librarian, exhibiting a compendious Review or Abstract of our most scarce, useful, and valuable Books in all Sciences as well in manuscript as in print, with many characters, historical and critical, of their
A antagonists,

antagonists, &c." Of this, Campbell, in his "Rational Amusement," speaks in the following terms: "There was a design" says he, "set on foot some years ago which would have perfectly answered the purpose (of properly characterizing books); I mean the "British Librarian," of which, however, there is but one volume, though nothing in that kind was ever so well received. If its author, who is of all men living the most capable, would pursue and perfect this plan, he would do equal justice to the living and to the dead."

In 1772, the late Lord Orford gave to the world two Numbers of a work, entitled "Miscellaneous Antiquities; or, a collection of curious papers, either republished from scarce Tracts, or now first printed from Original MSS." "The Numbers," says the Advertisement, "will not appear with periodic regularity, but as it shall suit the leisure and convenience of the gentlemen who have undertaken the work, which is in imitation of Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, and is solely calculated for amusement; for which reason the Editors make no promises, enter into no engagements; but shall take the liberty of continuing, varying, or dropping the plan, when
and

and in what manner they please; a notice they think right to give, that no man may complain hereafter of being disappointed."

The object of the present undertaking is to combine some of the advantages of all these works. But the Editor, living at a distance from the Capital, having only the amusement of literary occupation in view, and being often distracted by other pressing avocations, will neither engage for regular periods of publication, nor be unalterably confined to any plan. He is aware, that what he has to offer will be principally adapted to the curious; and therefore he has printed but a moderate number of copies. Under these circumstances, but still more, if this small impression should not find purchasers, he will consider himself free to drop, at any time, this attempt to convey harmless information or pleasure.

But should it, contrary to his expectations, receive encouragement, he trusts to the assistance of his literary friends, more especially for the titles and abstracts of scarce books, and original lives of unjustly neglected authors. And in that case no literary discussion will be unacceptable to these pages.

The Editor cannot avoid thinking that while eight or ten Reviews are supported in giving accounts (often ridiculously opposite) of new books, one surely may usefully be occupied in reviving the treasures of past ages.

Such was the plan originally designed for this publication; but the first sheet had not been worked off at the press, when, by the urgent advice of friends, it was altered and enlarged. The size has been augmented, and the number of copies, which was originally so small, as, even after the sale of the whole, to have subjected the Editor, in the progress of the work, to a great loss, has been moderately increased. But whether this undertaking, commenced from the purest love of literature, and executed hitherto in hurry and distraction, will support itself, seems a matter of serious doubt.

The Editor does not hesitate to acknowledge (what it consoles his pride to recollect that even Johnson had once occasion to confess *), that “ he has never been much a favourite with the public.” But, like Johnson, he may

* Rambler, No. 208.

honestly

honestly say, that he "has never descended to the arts by which favour is" generally "obtained." All the meretricious tricks by which the praises of originality, invention, and genius, are usurped in these days by a succession of meteor-like authors, he has uniformly despised and rejected; and read with mingled emotions of pity and indignation the encomiums bestowed by half-witted and mercenary critics on the tinsel and sickly efforts of impure and degenerate ingenuity.

To call back the notice of the Public to the productions of chaster days; to disperse those clouds of time which have enveloped the memory of a deserving writer; to bring the past into a comparison with the present; to range at once over the whole field of a nation's literature,

" Darting from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,"

and to array the authors of Elizabeth and James I. with those of the last and present century, is at least a pleasing, and may be a useful, exercise of cultivated minds.

But it is a task, perhaps, which may be reserved for more fortunate men to perform: it is probable that the attempt on his part may
soon

which other Reviews are sometimes liable; to prevent its being even suspected of ever being the vehicle of personal malice under the form of judgments on authors, which have too frequently been written by concealed enemies, or under the influence of prejudices privately conveyed from such quarters—an assassin-like species of treatment, under which the present Editor has himself too severely suffered,—to protect this undertaking from the possibility of conduct so immoral and base, he reluctantly, and with diffidence, affixes the signature of

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Feb. 24. 1805.

CENSURA

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER I.

ART. I. *Public Employment, and an active life prefer'd to Solitude, and all its appanages, such as Fame, Command, Riches, Conversation, &c. in reply to a late ingenious Essay of a contrary title. By I. E. Esq. S.R.S. London, Printed by H. Her-
ringham at the sign of the Blew Anchor in the lower walk of the New Exchange, 1667. 12mo.*

THIS Essay was written by the celebrated John Evelyn, the author of “*Sylva*,” and numerous other useful works, who was born 1620, and died 1707, ætat. eighty-six, in answer to one, published in 1665, by Sir George Mackenzie, an eminent Scotch writer, and lawyer, who was born 1636, and died 1691.

This little tract of 120 pages is dedicated by Mr. Evelyn to “the Honourable Sir Richard Browne, Knt. and Bart. late Resident at the court of France, his honoured father-in-law.” “It is not the least part of his praise,” says Lord Orford, in the beautiful character he has drawn of this author, “that he who proposed to Mr. Boyle, the erection of a philosophic col-
lege

lege for retired and speculative persons, had the honesty to write in defence of active life against Sir George Mackenzie's *Essay on Solitude*. He knew that retirement in his own hands was industry and benefit to mankind; but in those of others, laziness and inutility."

In this small volume are displayed much learning, much pedantry, much ingenuity, and many solid reflections. The author remarks that he has all the topics and discourses of almost all the philosophers who ever wrote against him, and that he is forced therefore to tread the most unfrequented and solitary paths. "Meantime, it were pretty," says he, "if at last it should appear, that a public person has all this while contended for solitude, as it is certain, a private has done for action." "Whilst this ingenious author," continues Evelyn at another place, "is thus eloquently declaiming against public employment, fame, command, riches, pleasure, conversation, and all the topics of his frontispiece, and would persuade us wholly to retire from the active world; why is he at all concerned with the empty breath of fame, and so very fond of it, that without remembering the known saying, *Nemo eodem tempore assequi potest magnam famam et magnam quietem*, would have men celebrated for doing nothing? Verily there is more of ambition and empty glory in some solitudes and affected retreats, than in the most exposed and conspicuous actions whatsoever. Ambition is not only in public places, and pompous circumstances, but at home, and in the interior life. Hermits themselves are not recluse enough to seclude that subtle spirit of vanity: *Gloriari otio iners ambitio est*. It is a most idle

idle ambition to vaunt of idleness, and but a mere boast to lie concealed too apparently; since it does but proclaim a desire of being observed. Wouldst thou be indeed retired, says the philosopher, let no man know it: ambition is never buried; repressed it may be, not extinguished."

At page 77 is the following passage: "As for books I acknowledge with the philosopher, *otium sine literis* to be the greatest infelicity in the world; but on the other side, not to read men, and converse with living libraries, is to deprive ourselves of the most useful and profitable of studies. This is that deplorable defect which universally renders our bookish men so pedantically morose and impolished, and in a word so very ridiculous: for, believe it, Sir, the wisest men are not made in chambers and closets crowded with shelves, but by habitudes and active conversations. There is nothing more stupid than some of these *μαστοπαταχτοι*, letter-struck men; for *γραμματα μαθεῖν δεῖ καὶ μαθησται νοῦν ἔχειν*, learning should not do men ill offices. Action is the proper fruit of science; and therefore they should quit the education of the college, when fit to appear in business, and take Seneca's advice, *tamdiu istis immorandum, quamdiu nihil agere animus magus potest; rudimenta sunt nostra, non opera*: and I am able to prove that persons of the most public note for great affairs have stored the world with the most of what it knows, even out of books themselves: for such were Cæsar, Cicero, Seneca, both the Plinys, Aristotle, Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Xenophon, Polybius; not to omit these of later ages, and reaching even to our own doors, in our Sydney, Verulam, Raleigh, the Count of Mirandula, Scaliger,

Scaliger the father, Ticho Brache, Thuanus, Grotius, &c. profound men of letters, and so active in their lives, as we shall find them to have managed the greatest of public charges, not only of their native countries, but some of them of the world itself. *Ælian* has employed two entire chapters expressly to vindicate philosophers from the prejudices and aspersions of those who, like our antagonists, deemed the study of it inconsistent with their administration of public affairs."

Sir George Mackenzie ingenuously confesses, that men of letters are in constraint when they speak before great persons, and in company. "And can you praise solitude for this virtue?" cries Evelyn. "Oh prodigious effect of learning; that those who have studied all their lives' time to speak, should then be mute, when they have most occasion to speak! *Loquere ut te videam*, said the philosopher; but he would have men dumb and invisible too: the truth is, it is the only reproach of men of letters, that, for want of liberal conversation, some of them appear in the world like so many phantasms in black, and by declining a seasonable exerting of themselves, and their handsome talents, which use and conversation would cultivate and infinitely adorn, they leave occasion for so many insipid and empty fops to usurp their rights, and dash them out of countenance. Francis the first, that great and incomparable prince, as *Sleidan* calls him, was never brought up to letters, yet by the reading of good translations, the delight he took to hear learned discourses, and his inviting of scholars to converse freely with him upon all subjects and occasions, he became not only very eloquent, but singularly knowing. For
thia

this doubtless it was, that Plutarch composed that express treatise amongst his *Morals*, "*Philosophandum esse cum Principibus*," where he produces us several rich examples of these profitable effects : and indeed, says one, a philosopher ought not to be blamed for being a courtier, and that we now and then find them in the company of great and opulent persons ; nor imports it, that you seldom see their visits returned, since it is a mark he knows what he wants of accomplishments, and of their ignorance, who are so indifferent for the advantages they may derive from their conversations.

" But I might proceed to shew you, not only what makes our learned book-worms come forth of their cells with so ill a grace into company, but present you likewise with some of the most specious fruits of their so celebrated recesses ; were it not better to receive what I would say from the lively character which Seneca has long since given us of them. In earnest, marvellous is the pains, which some of them take after an empty criticism, to have the points of Martial and Juvenal ad unguem ; the scraps of the ancient poets to produce upon occasion. Some are for roots, genealogies, and blazons ; can tell you who married who, what his great grandfather was, and the portion that came from his aunt. This was of old, says Seneca, the epidemical disease for men to crack their brains to discover how many oars Ulysses galley carried ; whether it were first written "*Ilias*" or "*Odyssea* ;" and a profound student amongst the learned Romans would recount to you who was the first victor at sea ; when elephants came into use at triumphs ; and wonderful is the concern about "*caudex*" for the derivation of "*codices*" "*caudicarius*" &c. "*Gellius*"

our being, supports societies, preserves kingdoms in peace ; protects them in war ; has discovered new worlds, planted the gospel, encreases knowledge, cultivates arts, relieves the afflicted ; and, in sum, without which the whole universe itself had been still but a rude and indigested chaos. Or, if you had rather see it represented in picture, behold here a Sovereign sitting in his august assembly of Parliament, enacting wholesome laws : next him, my Lord Chancellor and the rest of the reverend judges and magistrates dispensing them for the good of the people. Figure to yourself a Secretary of State, making his dispatches and receiving intelligence ; a statesman countermining some pernicious plot against the commonwealth : here a general bravely embattling his forces and vanquishing his enemy : there a colony planting an island, and a barbarous and solitary nation reduced to civility ; cities, houses, forts, ships, building for society, shelter, defence, and commerce. In another table the poor relieved and set at work, the naked clad, the oppressed delivered, the malefactor punished, the labourer busied, and the whole world employed for the benefit of mankind ; in a word, behold him in the nearest resemblance to his Almighty Maker, always in action and always doing good.

“ On the reverse now, represent to yourself the goodliest piece of Creation, sitting on a cushion picking his teeth ; his country gentleman taking tobacco, and sleeping after a gorgeous meal : there walks a contemplator like a ghost in a church-yard, or sits poring on a book while his family starves : here lies a gallant at the foot of his pretty female, sighing and looking babies in her eyes, whilst she is reading the last new romance and laughs at his folly : on yonder
rock

rock an anchorite at his beads : there one picking daisies, another playing at push-pin ; and abroad the young poacher with his dog and kite breaking his neighbour's hedges, or trampling over his corn for a bird not worth sixpence : this sits lousing himself in the sun ; that quivering in the cold : here one drinks poison, another hangs himself ; for all these, and a thousand more seem to prefer solitude and an inactive life as the most happy and eligible state of it. And thus have you landscape for your landscape.

“ The result of all is, solitude produces ignorance, renders us barbarous, feeds revenge, disposes to envy, creates witches, dispeoples the world, renders it a desert, and would soon dissolve it. And, if after all this, yet he admit not an active life to be by infinite degrees more noble ; let the gentleman, whose first contemplative piece he produces to establish his discourse, confute him by his example ; since I am confident there lives not a person in the world, whose moments are more employed than Mr. Boyle's and that more confirms his contemplations by his actions and experience : and if it be objected that his employments are not public, I can assure him there is nothing more public, than the good he is always doing.”

By this summary Mr. Evelyn has shewn the fallacy of his own cause. He has represented all the best uses of an active life, and opposed them to the abuses of solitude. The praises of solitude, as he has already remarked, have been the theme of philosophers and poets in all ages. On such a theme therefore it would be impertinent and presumptuous for the present writer to dilate : more especially as the English language affords essays on the subject, which in point of simple

simple elegance of style, of sincerity of opinion, and force of sentiment and imagery have never yet been equalled. It is needless perhaps to add that the prose discourses of Cowley are alluded to. What a compliment to the Muses, that the best poets have also been the best writers of prose! Witness Cowley, Dryden, Addison, and Cowper. This last poet has also a beautiful poem on Retirement, which would furnish a strong answer to Evelyn. And Zimmerman's Essay on Solitude, which has been so deservedly popular in this kingdom for the last twelve or fourteen years, though perhaps a little too tautologous, abounds in every part with arguments and reflections in opposition to those of our Essayist.

Why should solitude be passed in torpor, or even in trifling? Nothing can be more unfair than the comparison of a due and virtuous activity in public life with a vicious or at least foolish occupation of the days of retirement! If a public and private man should each make an ill use of the opportunities of his station, I cannot help thinking that the public man would be the worst, because his mischief would be the most extensive: on the contrary there are many benefits which the solitary man has an opportunity of conferring, of a more permanent and wider nature, than the highest public situation affords scope to perform. Perhaps I cannot give a more apposite instance than Bacon. What has rendered his name sacred to posterity? What are the benefits which he bestowed on mankind? Not the works of a politician and a chancellor; but of a retired student! If it be objected that the duties of the former he abused; and executed those of the latter with incomparable exertion of talents and industry,

industry, I desire that these immortal fruits may be compared with the most honest and able professional acts of any chancellor whom our history records.

The truth is, that the finest faculties are least adapted to the bustle and activity of the world. The kindness of Providence has ordained, that capacities of a less rare and coarser texture should be sufficient to carry on the ordinary business of society. A nice inspection of the characters of mankind will, I think, incontestibly prove this. Men of the highest genius have sometimes been forced into the vortex of public employment, but it appears to me that their conduct there, if nicely examined, will not disprove my assertion. Their speeches, and certain brilliant ebullitions, which alone survive the occasion, and which they might have excelled in their closets, stand forth to mislead us; but if we examine their cotemporaries, and those whose nearness gives some authority to their opinions, we shall hear them secretly confess, that, in the daily routine of practice, many whom we very justly esteem to have had very ordinary intellects, by far excelled them.

“The path of pleasure” says Zimmerman, “leads us to the world; the rude and rugged way is the road to honour. The one conducts you through society to places and employments either in the city or at court; the other, sooner or later, will lead you into solitude. Upon the one road you will perhaps become a villain; a villain rendered dear and interesting by your vices to society. Upon the other road, it is true, you may be hated and despised; but you will become a man. The rudiments of a great character must be formed in solitude. It is there alone that the solidity of thought,
the

the fondness for activity, the abhorrence of indolence, which constitute the hero and the sage, are first acquired."

Cowper in his "Retirement," beautifully says;

"Thus conscience pleads her cause within the breast,
Though long rebell'd against, not yet suppress'd,
And calls a creature formed for God alone,
For heaven's high purposes, and not his own,
Calls him away from selfish ends and aims,
From what debilitates and what inflames,
From cities humming with a restless crowd,
Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,
Whose highest praise is that they live in vain,
The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
Where works of man are cluster'd close around,
And works of God are hardly to be found,
To regions where in spite of sin and woe,
Traces of Eden are still seen below;
Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,
Remind him of his Maker's power and love."

I will once more quote Zimmerman—"Solitude," says he, "is the school in which we must study the moral nature of man: in retirement, the principle of observation is awakened; the objects to which the attention will be most advantageously directed are pointed out by mature reflection, and all our remarks guided by reason to their proper ends; while, on the contrary, courtiers, and men of the world, * take up their sentiments from the caprices of others, and give

* Perhaps the most original thinker, among the public men of the present day, is Mr. Wyndham; this truth extorts, while I am far from coinciding in all his political opinions.

their

their opinions without digesting the subject on which they are formed."

But why, perhaps Mr. Evelyn would say, is occasional solitude inconsistent with the most active employments? The statesman retires to his country-seat, carrying with him the materials of a busy life to brood over and digest—and the very contrast renders the pleasures of the new scene doubly delightful.

Hear again a passage of Cowper, in answer to this!

" Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliss ;
 What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss !
 Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,
 But short the date of all we gather here,
 Nor happiness is felt except the true,
 That does not charm the more for being new.
 This observation, as it chanced, not made,
 Or if the thought occur'd, not duly weigh'd,
 He sighs—for after all by slow degrees,
 The spot he lov'd has lost the power to please ;
 To cross his ambling poney day by day,
 Seems at the best but dreaming life away,
 The prospect, such as might enchant despair,
 He views it not, or sees no beauty there,
 With aching heart and discontented looks,
 Returns at noon, to billiards or to books,
 But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
 A secret thirst of his renounc'd employs, }
 He chides the tardiness of every post, }
 Pants to be told of battles won or lost, }
 Blames his own indolence, observes, though late,
 'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,
 Flies to the levee, and receiv'd with grace,
 Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place."

But

ductory lines to a set of pastorals proposed to be written in the manner recommended by this great, but unequal, critic. Pastoral, says he, being the representation of an action or passion, by its effects upon a country life, admits of all ranks of persons, because persons of all ranks inhabit the country. It excludes not therefore, on account of the characters necessary to be introduced, any elevation or dignity of sentiment: those ideas only are improper, which, not owing their original to rural objects, are not pastoral.

These lines were written nearly two and twenty years ago, by a very young man scarcely of age.

Introductory Address to the Muses.

(FROM EDWIN AND HENRY. A PASTORAL.)

Ye sacred Powers, who lift your lyres on high
 To join the living chorus of the sky!
 Stoop from the clouds— (for oft by secret hill,
 Or haunted stream, the poet's ear to fill
 With lofty song, ye deign'd of old,) and raise
 My lowly thoughts to blazon Nature's praise!
 You, holy Muses, you, from childhood's dawn,
 With ceaseless love, on mountain, vale, or lawn,
 Have I pursu'd, and oft at Cynthia's gleam,
 By sacred fount have watch'd to meet your beam,
 And from your hands to drink th' inspiring stream. }
 (For not alone from out the clouds you hold
 With bard's high converse—but on earth unfold—)
 Then with your heavenly flame my breast inspire,
 And ne'er, O ne'er may I degrade the fire!
 Teach me with Nature's scenes, by Nature's plan,
 To soothe, exalt, or melt the heart of man [began. }
 And where she strikes, enforce, and lead where she }
 To

To the fine eye, whom Nature's beauty warms,
 Tho' faint in heavenliest song appear her charms,
 Yet Nature others view with dimmer sight;
 Her richness seems to them confus'd delight:
 Faint, as the scenes intrude upon their eyes,
 Unmark'd, the Passions in their bosom rise.
 O teach me, Muses, to select, arrange,
 Enforce, and fit them to each passion's change;
 With cheerful scenes to fill the joyless mind,
 With tender images the pensive bind—
 Again, when Wonder wakes at Fancy's nod,
 Bolder to strike the strings and lead it on to God.
 Ye sacred maids, begin! tho' rural joys,
 Tho' rural beauty all my songs employs,
 Not lowly shepherds thoughts debase my strain
 Can shepherds only haunt the rural plain?
 Theirs is the life to healthful labor bound,
 The bracing air by day, at night the slumber sound
 But not th' exalted mind—Let those, who will,
 With thoughts so mean their humble verses fill,
 Far, far below the lofty Muses' skill!
 Of every age the wisest and the best
 For toils of state, or of the Muses, blest
 'Mid woods and streams and quiet vales have sought
 For peace of mind, and liberty of thought!
 And yonder see my thoughtful friend appears
 Wan are his looks, tho' youthful are his years;
 Yet in these shades a dawn of comfort springs
 And Peace hangs o'er him with her soothing wings.
 Hail to my Henry; in those tearful eyes,
 My hopes see gleams of pensive pleasure rise!
 Have not these glorious scenes, my Henry, power
 To gild the clouds that in thy bosom lour?—
 Ere yet the golden orb of day no more
 His yellow lustre streams the meadows o'er;

While here we sit, the still and fragrant eve
 Shall soothe the sighs that in thy bosom heaved
 The low by fits from 'mid the grazing herd,
 The parting hymn of the melodious bird ;
 The tinkling of the fold upon the hill ;
 The dying murmurs of the sounds that fill
 The neighbouring village, who, as labour's o'er,
 Play on the green, or prattle round the door
 These sounds, that are to pensive ears attun'd
 My Henry's solemn grief can never wound !—

It is time that this article should draw to a close ; perhaps my readers will say, it was already time, before the introduction of a fragment, which so little belongs to it. But that fragment is in praise of the solitude, and the scenery, which the writer is anxious to defend against the attacks of Evelyn ; attacks in which it is scarcely possible to believe the amiable and accomplished author of the discourse on forest trees, (and so many other ingenious treatises, the result of his own happy and well-occupied retirement,) sincere. Above all, can we believe him to be sincere in these sentiments, to whom Cowley himself dedicated his exquisite discourse entitled “the Garden,” and to whom the inimitable poet speaks in these words ?

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
 With the full choice of thine own happiness ;
 And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
 With prudence how to choose the best :
 In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
 (Things which thou well dost understand ;
 And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
 Thy noble, innocent delight :

And

And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
 Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
 The fairest garden in her looks,
 And in her mind the wisest books.
 Oh, who would change these soft, these solid joys,
 For empty shows, and senseless noise;
 And all which rank ambition breeds,
 Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such
 poisonous weeds!

ART. II. *Memoirs of the ancient Earls of Warren and Surrey, and their descendants to the present time. By the Rev. John Watson, M. A. F. A. S. Late Fellow of Brazen Nose College in Oxford, and Rector of Stockport in Cheshire.*

Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
 Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.

Virg. Georg. Lib. iv.

In Two Volumes, 4to. Warrington, Printed by William Eyres, 1782.

Prefixed to this work is a portrait of the Compiler, Dr. Watson, engraved by Basire, 1780. This author also wrote the History and Antiquities of Halifax. Gilbert Wakefield, who married his neice, says, * “he was a very lively, conversible, well-informed man; and one of the hardest students I ever knew. His great excellence was a knowledge of antiquities, and several papers on these subjects are preserved in the *Archæologia* of the Antiquarian Society, of which he was a member. He was by no means destitute of poetical fancy; had written some good songs, and

* *Memoirs of himself*, p. 153.

was possessed of a most copious collection of bon-mots, facetious stories, and humorous compositions of every kind, both in verse and prose, written out with uncommon accuracy and neatness."

The object of the present work was to prove the late Sir George Warren, K. B. of Pointon, in Cheshire, entitled to the ancient Earldom of Surry.

It is agreed on all sides that the Warrens of Poynton are in some way descended from the ancient Earls of that name; but genealogists have differed in the mode. Dugdale, following Vincent, has asserted that they are derived from a bastard of the last Earl, by Maud de Nereford, his concubine. On the contrary, Flower and Glover in 1580, having industriously examined the evidences of John Warren, then of Pointon, Esq. have deduced them in the legitimate line from a more remote ancestor, Reginald, younger brother of William third Earl of Warren and Surry. A critical attention to all that Dr. Watson, with the aid of these authorities, has been able to urge in favour of the latter mode, induces me to confess that he leaves the matter in very great doubt.

The writer of this article is willing to pay due respect to the authority of Robert Glover; but his experience has induced him never to rely on the unsupported dicta even of this learned genealogist in points of descent, removed so far from his own time. He considers the signature of an eminent herald, in the exercise of his official capacity, to be strong (not conclusive) evidence of those parts of a pedigree, which have occurred in his own time, and perhaps for two or three generations above; though many of the records of the Heralds' College compiled during the existence

of

of Visitations, may be proved by abundant and irrefragible evidence to be not only unaccountably omisive, but not unfrequently positively erroneous. But in the earlier parts of these pedigrees, they are often so bare, so palpably false, and full of such ridiculous blunders, as almost to exceed the belief of any man not very conversant with them. Glover seems to have been the first who set the example of examining the record offices at the Tower, at Westminster, and the Rolls; but all his MSS. prove that these researches were yet in their infancy; and that he was overwhelmed with the multiplicity of materials that were thus opened to his enquiries. He could not upon every occasion abandon the use and the authority of those meagre pedigrees, by which his predecessors had been guided. They, who are in the habit of bowing to a name, without examining the basis on which it stands, will stare at this assertion; but the writer has not made it without repeated proofs of its truth.

To proceed then to the case before us. The charters in the Register of Lewes Priory, demonstrate that the 3d Earl Warren had a brother Reginald, and that the last had a son William de Warren; and hence it seems that for two generations we stand upon the mere dicta of these heralds, which, as they profess to have made out this genealogy upon public and private evidences, yet cite neither records nor deeds, I consider to be so slight, as to be nothing more than a guess. The son of William de Warren is said here to have been Sir John de Warren, Kt. who married Alice, daughter of Roger de Townsend of Norfolk, (a marriage not found in the Townsend pedigree) and to have had John de Warren, who by Joan daughter of

Sir Hugh de Port * of Etwall, Kt. had Sir Edward de Warren, Kt.

This is the point at which the principal dispute arises. Flower and Glover say that Sir Edward de Warren, Knt. married "*Matild. de Nerford, dña de Skegton and Boton, 20 Ed. II.*" daughter of Richard de Skegton, and sister and coheir (with Alice Hauteyn) of Sir Ralph de Skegton, Kt. Now here at least occurs an unlucky confusion of names; for Dugdale cites unquestionable records to prove that John the last Earl of Warren was divorced from Joan his wife upon pretence of a former contract made by him with Maud de Nereford, a person of a great family in Norfolk; and that he had two sons by the said Maud de Nereford, John and Thomas, who were surnamed Warren." This John, he adds, bore for his arms, checky or, and azure, a canton gules with a *lion rampant ermine* thereon, the proper coat of *Nereford*; but it must be recollected that this last merely stands on the dictum of Vincent.

"This tends to shew, says Dr. Watson, "that there were two Maud de Nerefords,"—and in truth, some of the arguments, which he uses, go some way in establishing this opinion; for it is clear that the Earl of Surry made an entail of Coningsburgh, Sandal, and many large estates on the issue male of his sons by Maud de Nereford; and if the fact be, as Dr. W. asserts, that those estates reverted to the Crown, on the Earl's death, (which by the bye was only the next year) then the inference can scarcely be disputed, that these bastards must then have been dead without sons,

* Qu. whether the Ports were settled so early at Etwall?

and

and therefore could not be ancestors of the Warrens of Poynton. On the other hand, Dr. W. gives extracts from records to prove that the 2d Sir Edward Warren held lands, 20 Edward III. (the very year before Earl Warren died), in Skegton and Boton, which were formerly the lands of John de Skegton; and moreover that he inherited these lands from his father, which certainly seem strong evidence that Maud de Nereford, who was heiress of Skegton, left not only issue, but legitimate issue; and the words "descendebat post mortem Domini Edwardi patris nostri" might have arisen from the father's surviving his wife, and having held the estates as life-tenant.

Vincent seems to place strong reliance on the distinction used in the arms of the Warrens of Poynton, a canton, with the coat of Nereford. But Dr. W. argues that it was not the coat of Nereford, but of Moubray, which differs from the former only in having the lion silver, instead of ermine.

Sir Edward Warren the younger, of Boton in Norfolk aforesaid, married Cicely daughter and heiress of Sir Nicholas de Eton, Kt. by Joan his wife the heiress of the Barony of Stockport in Cheshire, to which estate his son Sir John de Warren succeeded 44 Ed. III. and from him the descent of the late Sir George Warren, who died possessed of that inheritance, is beyond all question.

[To be continued in another Number.]

ART. III. "*Resolves Divine, Morall, & Political, in Two Centuries. London, 1628, 4to. 1631, &c. By Owen Feltham.*"—*Bodl. Catalogue.*

OWEN FELTHAM.

"Of this Feltham," says Oldys,* "there has been little written. He was a poet of those times, but more noted as a moralist for his book of *Resolves*, upon which T. Randolph has written a good poem. His father, Thomas Feltham, was a Suffolk man; he died the 11th of March 1631, aged sixty-two, and was buried at Babram in Cambridgeshire; with a monument on which a Latin inscription was written, composed by this Owen, one of his three children. William Loughton, the schoolmaster, in Kensington, is the only person I have met with, who knows any thing more of him. I think he told me once, near thirty years since, that he, or some of his family, was related to Owen Feltham, and that he lived in some noble house in quality of Gent. of the Horse, or Secretary to some nobleman, with several other particulars now forgot. His book of *Resolves* was published in 4to. 1631, 1636, 1661, &c. having been looked upon by some readers as a treatise full of good counsels and fine conceits. But Mr. John Constable, in his *Reflections* upon accuracy of style, 8vo. 1734, has in many instances exposed his pedantical, affected, and unnatural phrase. Yet have the said *Resolves* had a modern impression in 8vo. 1709.

"In 1677 the said *Resolves* were published in folio,

* From his MS. notes to Langbaine.

to which are joined some occasional pieces of poetry by the same Author, entitled "Lusoria;" but among them I think there is not the Answer to Ben Jonson's famous Ode, "Come, leave the loathed Stage," which is inserted in "Langbaine's Dramatic Poets."

"If the Author was not dead before that edition, one may presume he did not live long after. I think there was an edition in folio 1696."

The following are the two last stanzas of Feltham's Ode, as inserted by Langbaine:

" Alcæus lute had none,
Nor loose Anacreon
Ere taught so bold assuming of the bays,
When they deserv'd no praise.
To rail men into approbation,
Is new to yours alone;
And prospers not; for know
Fame is as coy, as you
Can be disdainful; and who dares to prove
A rape on her, shall gain her scorn, not love.
Leave then this humour vain,
And this more humorous strain
Where self-conceit and choler of the blood
Eclipse what else is good:
Then if you please those raptures high to touch
Whereof you boast so much;
And but forbear your crown,
Till the world puts it on:
No doubt from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver theme no Phœbus ever saw."

This Answer is also printed in Abraham Wright's *Parnassus Biceps*, or *University Poems*, 8vo. 1656.

Thomas Randolph wrote a defence of Jonson, in an
Ode

Ode entitled "An Answer to Mr. Ben Jonson's Ode to persuade him to leave the stage," beginning

" Ben, do not leave the stage
'Cause 'tis a loathsome age."

This Ode is printed in Randolph's poems, and also by Langbaine.

Thomas Carew also has verses "to Ben Jonson upon occasion of his Ode of defiance annexed to his play of the New Inne," which are inserted at p. 108 of the first edition of his Poems, 1640.

But Feltham was, notwithstanding this, a friend of Randolph, who addressed a poem "to M. Feltham on his Book of Resolves" in which are these lines:

" The book I read, and read it with delight,
Resolving so to live, as thou dost write,
And yet I guess thy life thy book produces,
And but expresses thy peculiar uses,"

and the following lines close it ;

" Such is thy sentence, such thy stile, being read
Men see them both together happily wed,
And so resolve to keep them wed, as we
Resolve to give them to posterity.
'Mongst thy Resolves put my Resolves in too ;
Resolve who's will, thus I resolve to do ;
That should my errors choose another's line
Whereby to write, I mean to live by thine."

Before Randolph's Poems, Feltham has verses "On his beloved Friend the Author, and his ingenious poems" subscribed "Owen Feltham, Gent."

ART.

ART. IV. THOMAS RANDOLPH.

Thomas Randolph was born 1605, and died 1634. His poems were first published with the following title, "Poems, with the Muses' Looking Glass, and Amyntas. By Thomas Randolph, M. A. and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Oxford, printed by L. Lichfield, Printer to the University, for Fr. Bowman,* 1638," Quarto. The Fifth Edition, Oxford, for Fr. Bowman, 1668. Duod.

Oldys has recorded the following curious anecdote of him.

"When Queen Henrietta-Maria was at Cambridge, she upon some occasion pleasantly objected to Randolph, "Pauper ubique jacet," to which Randolph wittily replied,

"In thalamis, Regina, tuis hâc nocte jacerem,
Si verum hoc esset "Pauper ubique jacet."

Sir Aston Cokayne, who knew Randolph, ascribes these verses to him, and old Rodney Fane, who never read Cokayne, also ascribed them to Randolph.

* So says T. Warton; but Oldys mentions an edition in quarto, 1634, which, though he afterwards seems to doubt, yet he adds that "There seems to be one earlier than 1638, by the date of Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Milton the 13th of April that year, in which he says he had seen his Masque of Comus bound up in the close of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, *some good while before*. These are certainly meant for Randolph's poems, and there follows a reflection upon them, which I believe Sir Henry would not make. That Masque was acted on Michaelmas eve in 1634, and one edition was in quarto, 1637. Milton published that letter before the 8vo edition of the Masque, printed with his Poems, 8vo. 1645, above five years after Sir Henry's death."

Yet

Yet I have heard these verses were spoken by somebody, and that he was afterwards made a Bishop."

But a very learned critic remarks that "he much doubts whether Queen Henrietta-Maria could speak Latin; though Queen Elizabeth could."

Randolph translated his Ode in defence of Jonson into Latin; and Oldys had it with William Strode's translation of Jonson's Farewell, in MS.

ART. V. *Emmæ Anglorum Reginæ, Richardi I. Ducis Normannorum filia, Encomium. Incerto Auctore, sed coætaneo. Item Gesta Guillelmi II. Ducis Normannorum, Regis Anglorum I. A Guillelmo Pictavensi, Lexoviorum Archidiacono, contemporaneo, scripta. Ex Bibliotheca nobilissimi Viri Roberti Cottoni, Equitis Aurati et Baronetti, primum edita Lutetiæ Parisiorum, Anno Domini 1619, a doctissimo viro Andrea Duchesne, Turonensi: nunc denuo edita Londini, Anno Domini 1783. To these are added, Excerpta ex Orderici Vitalis, Uticensis Monachi, Ecclesiasticæ historiæ libris tertio & quarto: quorum ope suppleri quodammodo possint defectus in manuscripto codice Cottoniano supra memorato Historiæ Gulielmi Ducis Normannorum et Regis Anglorum, A Guillelmo Pictavensi, scriptæ.—Also, Annalis Historia Brevis in Monasterio Sancti Stephani Cadomensis conscripta.—And at the end are—Excerpta quædam ex Appendice doctissimi viri Andrea Du Chesne ad rerum Normannicarum scriptores, viz. 1. Nomina Normannorum, qui floruerunt in Anglia ante Conquestum 2. Cognomina Nobilium, qui*

qui Guill. Norm. Ducem in Angliam secuti sunt.
 3. *Cognomina eorum qui cum Guilielmo Conquæstore Angliam ingressi sunt.* 4. *Magnates superstites Anno XX. Regni Willelmi Conquæstoris; & quibus in comitatibus terras tenuerunt.* 5. *Catalogus Nobilium, qui immediate prædia a Rege Conquæstore tenuerunt.* London, for B. White, Fleet-street, 1783. 4to. pp. 380.

This book was printed, I believe, for private distribution only, with that disinterested love of literature, which through a long life has adorned and dignified the various and profound studies of Baron Maseres. The text is selected from the numerous pages of Duchesne's *Scriptores Normanni*, and illustrated with very ample and curious English notes, and marginal abstracts of the contents, by the present Editor.

The principal article here selected is the History of William the Conqueror by William of Poitiers, Archdeacon of Lisieux in Normandy. This author, who had been first a soldier himself, and afterwards the Conqueror's chaplain, relates actions which he saw with his own eyes, and in which he was himself engaged; but he did not continue his history beyond the year 1070, which was the fourth of that king's reign in England; and unluckily even of this the latter part is lost, and what remains scarce extends beyond the battle of Hastings. "Perhaps," says Mr. Maseres, "the deficient part exists in some old manuscript, that has not been attended to by the learned, in the library of some old monastery of France or Normandy. And, if it does exist, it is a pity it should not be produced; as it is probable that it contains a more exact
 account

account of the events of the four first years of the Conqueror's reign than is elsewhere to be found."

Mr. Maseres, having observed that Ordericus Vitalis, in his account of the first part of the Conqueror's reign, took most of his facts from William of Poitiers, only relating them with more brevity, has therefore added from Ordericus the history of that period, of which the relation by Poitiers is lost.

"Thus much therefore of this fourth book of Ordericus Vitalis," says the learned Editor, "is all that is necessary to supply the loss of the latter part of the manuscript of that curious history. But as the remaining part of this Fourth book of Ordericus's work contains many important particulars concerning the Conqueror's government of England after he had completed the conquest of it, I shall here present the reader with a new edition of it. The following books of our author's history (the whole of which is divided into thirteen books) are likewise full of interesting matter, and very fit to be republished with marginal abstracts of the contents, and with explanatory notes, in the same manner as this Fourth Book, in order to render them inviting and agreeable to the lovers of English history. But this would be an expensive and tedious work, which it will not be convenient to me to undertake. I hope, however, that some other gentlemen, that are fond of these researches into our ancient history, may be hereby induced to complete this new edition of our author, or at least to carry it on to the end of the Seventh Book, or the death of William the Conqueror. For I believe there is no other book extant that gives so full and authentic an account of the transactions of that important reign. If one gentleman
would

would republish in this manner the remaining part of the reign of William the Conqueror, and another would give us the reign of William Rufus, and a third those of Henry the First and King Stephen, to the year 1141, (with which the History concludes), the labour and expence, being thus divided, would not be very great, and the work would, I presume, be thought a matter of great accommodation and real benefit by all curious enquirers into the ancient history of England."

ART. VI. *Historiæ Normannorum Scriptores Antiqui, Res ab illis per Galliam, Angliam, Apuliam, Capuæ Principatum, Siciliam, & Orientem gestas explicantes, ab anno Christi DCCC XXXVIII ad annum MCCXX. Insertæ sunt Monasteriorum foundationes varicæ, series Episcoporum ac Abbatum: genealogiæ Regum, Ducum, Comitum, et Nobilium; Plurima denique alia vetera tam ad profanam quam ad sacram illorum temporum historiam pertinentia. Ex MSS. codd. omnia fere nunc primum edidit Andreas Du Chesne Turonensis. Lutetiæ Parisiorum MDCXIX. Cum privilegio Regis.*

Andrew Du Chesne, a learned and voluminous collector and publisher of the ancient historians, particularly of France, was born in Touraine 1584, and crushed to death by a cart as he was passing to Paris from his country house in 1640. The titles of his other works are,

Andre du Chesne *Bibliothèque des Auteurs qui ont écrit l'Histoire et Topographie de la France*, 8vo. Paris, 1637. A rare book.

Les

Les Antiquitez & Recherches des villes & chateaux de France, in 8vo. Paris, 1624. Id. in 12mo. Paris, 1668, 2 vol. This ill-written piece has some curious things in it. The edition in twelves is the best.

Historiæ Francorum Scriptores Coætanei ab ipsius gentis origine ad Philippum Pulchrum, in fol. Paris 1636, 1641, and 1649, 5 vol. This is an excellent and scarce collection. It is a misfortune that Mr. Du Chesne did not pursue his design, which would have made at least twenty-four volumes of original authors of the History of France. The fifth volume was published by his son.

Les Antiquitez, & Recherches de la Grandeur & Majeste des Roys de France, in 8vo. Paris, 1609. This is a curious and rare book.

Histoire des Rois, Ducs, & Comtes de Bourgogne & d'Arles in 4to. Paris, 1619 and 1628, 2 vol. or in the collection of his works.

Histoire des Papes, in fol. Paris, 1658. This book, of which this is the best edition, is not much esteemed.

Histoire d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse, & d'Irlande, in fol. Paris, 1634.—In fol. Paris, 1666. 2 vol.

Histoire Genealogique des Rois, Ducs, Comtes de Bourgogne & d'Arles, extraites de diverses Chartes & Chroniques anciennes, in 4to. Paris, 1619.

Histoire Genealogique des Ducs de Bourgogne, de la Maison de France, des Dauphins de Viennois, & des Comtes de Valentinois, justifiée par preuves authentiques, 4to. Paris, 1628. These two volumes of Mr. Du Chesne are rare and much sought for.

Histoire Genealogique de la Maison de Dreux, in fol. Paris, 1632—**De Montmorenci & de Laval**, in fol. Paris, 1624—**De Chastillon**, in fol. 1621—**De Be-**

thune, in fol. Paris, 1639.—Des Chasteigniers, in fol. Paris, 1634—De Guines & Ordes, in fol. Paris, 1631.—Du Vergy, in fol. Paris, 1625. *

Du Fresnoy observes that “long since it was said of Andrew Duchesne, that he succeeded well in particular histories, but that he has ever halted, and even forced his genius in the general histories he has printed. That of England is worse than any of his others. It cannot be termed a history, but facts loosely tacked to each other. He writes in a languid stile, enters shallowly into affairs, as if he was unacquainted with the art of knowing men, and has nothing but a bare relation of their actions, which, without doubt, proceeds from the little pains he had taken to study human passions. He had applied himself to nothing but searching libraries, or archives of princes, and churches, which afford a light for partioular history; and in this it must be acknowledged he succeeded well.” †

With regard to the “*Scriptores Normannici*,” of which the full title is given at the head of this article, Dufresnoy observes that “he who would consider the beginnings of that nation may see what Duchesne has collected in that work.”

I have not here room or leisure to enter very particularly into the contents of this bulky volume, of which the preface gives a minute account. The first article, by an anonymous writer, comprehends a space of fifty-nine years from the first irruption of the Normans from the North in 837 to the settlement of Rollo in Normandy in 896.

* All these titles are taken from Du Fresnoy's *Method of studying History*, by Rawlinson, in 2 vol. 8vo. London, 1730.

† Ibid. I. 160.

The fifth article is a poem in hexameters in two books on the siege of Paris by the Normans. It begins at page 37, and ends at page 48. Then follows Dudo Dean of St. Quintin's panegyric on the manners and acts of the first Dukes of Normandy, which ends at page 160.

The next article is the "Emmæ Encomium," republished as above mentioned, by Baron Maseres, and this is succeeded by the work of William of Poitiers, which extends to page 213, and forms the principal part of Maseres's new edition.

Next follow "Willelmi Calculi Gemmeticensis Monachi, Historiæ Normannorum Libri VIII. which end at page 318, and which are also printed in Camden's collection of ancient historians of England. *

At page 319 commences "Orderici Vitalis Angli- genæ, Cœnobii Uticensis Monachi, Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ Libri XIII. in iii. partes divisi, quarum postremæ duæ res per Normannos in Francia, Anglia, Sicilia, Apulia, Calabria, Palastina, pie strenueque gestas, ab adventu Rollonis usque ad annum Christi MCXXIV complectuntur." This forms by far the largest article in the work, and extends to page 925.

Ordericus Vitalis was born in England in 1075, the son of Odelinus, chief counsellor of Roger de Montgomery Earl of Shrewsbury. At five years old he was sent to school at Shrewsbury, and at ten was sent over to Normandy to the monastery of St. Eurolé's (Utici), and in his eleventh year became a member of the order of that society; where he had already passed

* Entitled, "Anglica, Normannica, Hibernica, Cambrica, a veteribus scripta." In fol. Frankfort, 1603.

fifty-six years, when he wrote this account of himself, complaining that he then was loaded with age and infirmities, and that it was time for him to lay down his pen. In his thirty-third year he says he entered into the priesthood.

Nicholson in his *Historical Library* seems too severe upon this historian. "The most of his thirteen books," says this writer, "are spent in the affairs of the church within his own *native* * country: but towards the latter end, he has intermixed a great many passages that relate to us. There are in his writings two faults, (and they are great ones) which Lucian of old condemned in history: for, first, he is immoderate in the praise of his friends, and the dispraise of his enemies; either all panegyric, or all satire. Now such discourses are rightly observed to be strangely monstrous and unnatural productions: they want metre to become poems, and truth to make them just histories; secondly, he is too large in the description of little petit matters; and on the contrary passes too cursorily over some things of such weight as would well endure reflection and a second thought."

We have already seen that Mr. Maseres estimates this historian much more highly: and it may be remarked that he has preserved many curious and interesting particulars of the birth and actions of our first Norman nobility, of which Duglale experienced the advantage in the compilation of his *Baronage*. And I concur most heartily with the late learned Editor in wishing to see a new edition of the remaining books of

* This appears a mistake, if he means Normandy, for the historian's *native* country was England.

this author, more especially if they can be illustrated by such entertaining and useful notes as that industrious and accomplished critic has subjoined to the portion he has reprinted. *

(Of the remaining contents of this volume of Du Chesne, which contains eleven hundred and four closely printed pages, besides a full index, the principal are reprinted in the book of Maseres; but there is an useful article of genealogical tables at the end, entitled "*Familie Regum, Ducum, Comitum, et aliorum Nobilium quæ in hoc volumine deducuntur.*"†

ART. VII. VALENTINE OLDYS.

"In a book printed under the title of "Poems, divine, moral, and satirical, by N. R. 12mo. 1632," probably Nathaniel Richards, the dramatic writer, is an acrostic upon Valentine Oldis, the elder, celebrating his great fortitude under some great calamities.

"The said Valentine Oldis was buried in Great St. Helen's, by St. Mary Axe, in the middle isle, 1644. He was the father of Dr. Valentine Oldis, who was a poet and a great encourager of poetry. He was educated at Cambridge, and created M.D. in 1670. He published a poem to King Charles on his Restoration, in folio, 1660: to Alexander Brome, on his poems, 8vo. 1668: and before the poems of Henry Bold, of New College, Oxford, 8vo. 1654. John Phillips

* See also Gibbon's Address on the proposed republication of our old historians, in his "Miscellaneous Works," by Lord Sheffield, Vol. II. p. 707.

† In some future Number I propose to insert a disquisition on the Roll of Battle-Abbey, printed by Du Chesne.

dedicates

dedicates his "Maronides; or, Virgil Travestie, 8vo. 1673, to the said Dr. Val. Oldis. He died in 1685, aged sixty-five years, and was buried near his father. See the pedigree of the Oldis's."*

ART. VIII. THOMAS RAWLINS.

This person was engraver to the Mint, 1648. He died in that employment in 1670.

He was author of a Tragedy, called "Rebellion," 1640, 4to. and again 1654, 4to.

He also published a book of Poems, under the title of "Calanthe," 8vo. 1648; and likewise, if not the same "Good Friday; or, divine Meditations on the Passion of Christ;" and with it some other small pieces of poetry, 4to. 1663. †

ART. IX. THOMAS JORDAN.

Jordan was first a player in the company at the Red Bull. After the Restoration he was city poet, and described several Lord Mayors' Shows. He was succeeded by Matthew Taubman, and he by Elkanah Settle, who was the last.

There was a little collection of Jordan's verses,

* From Oldys's MS. notes to Langbaine. In the article Oldys, in the General Biographical Dictionary, Vol. XI. p. 315, are mentioned "Memoirs of the Oldys family" which in a note are said to be among the Birch MSS. No. 4240, and to contain an account of the family, drawn up by W. Oldys himself. Alexander Oldys called "The Little Poet," and sometimes "The English Scarron," appears by this MS. to have been a relation of W. O.

† Oldys's MS. ut supra. See also Walp. Anecd. of Painting, ii. 256.

called, "Wit in a Wilderness of Promise----Poesie," in 8vo. a pamphlet without date, dedicated to Dr. Thomas Turner, Dean of Canterbury, printed in Oliver's time by the encomiums on red noses in it. He has also some acrostics, anagrams, and epigrams; and in most of his other compositions, instances of low wit, and poor stile. Yet his friend Henry Stone-street has two copies in praise of him, and in praise of his old acquaintance John Tatham.

Thomas Jordan also published "A royal arbour of loyal poems, &c." 1663; also "Pictures of passions, fancies, and affections, in variety of characters," 8vo. no date: also "Piety and Poetry," &c. 8vo. no date: also "The Muses Melody, in a consort of Poetry," &c. by the same, 8vo. no date: also, "Jewels of ingenuity set in a coronet of poetry," 8vo. no date: also "A nursery of novelties for delightful censure, 8vo. no date: also "A Rosary of rarities in a garden of poetry:" also "Music and poetry in raillery and drollery:" also "Clarigil and Clarinda in a forest of fancies," 8vo. no date.

In the "Rosary of rarities in a garden of poetry," 8vo. no date, but printed about 1662, is a comical entertainment made for Sir Thomas Allen, Lord Mayor, and the Aldermen, in 1659.

He has besides "Jordan's Cabinet of Mirth," in two parts, or vols. 8vo. 1674, consisting of jests, stories, &c. "Rules to know a Royal King from a disloyal subject, &c." by T. Jordan, 4to. 1647.

He died about the latter end of Charles II.*

For his dramatic works, see the *Biographia Dramatica*.

* Oldys's MSS. ut supra.

ART. X. THOMAS HEYWOOD.

This author, who was an actor, and lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles I. was the most voluminous dramatic writer, that this nation or indeed any other ever produced, except the celebrated Spanish playwright, Lopez de Vega.

He wrote a poem, called "The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, with notes," fol. Lond. 1635. "In reading over this book," says Langbaine, "I find our author informing the world that he intended to commit to the public view the lives of the poets, foreign and modern, from the first before Homer to the novissimi and last, of what nation or language soever, so far as any history or chronology would give him warrant." "But this work," continues Langbaine, "notwithstanding our author's intention, I presume, was never completed, or at least published."

On this Oldys observes, "it was too wide a plan: he would have found enough to have made him weary in giving an account of the poets of his own country, which no man has yet done. The scheme of William Brown, the pastoral poet, was more modest and practicable; of whom, Nat. Carpenter in his *Geography*, lib. ii. p. 364, says "that as Brown had honoured his country with elegant pastorals, so he further graced it by drawing out the line of his poetical ancestors from Josephus Iscanius down to himself; a noble design had it been effected." *

* Oldys's MSS. ut supra.

ART. XI. *The Muses Sacrifice; or, Divine Meditations.* London, Printed by T. S. for George Norton, and are to be sold at his Shop, under the Black Bell within Temple Bar, 1612. 12mo.

This was written by John Davies of Hereford, as appears by his name subscribed to the dedication. The author died about 1618, and an account of him may be found in Wood's *Athenæ*, I. 444.

These meditations are in verse, and dedicated "To the most noble and no less deservedly renowned Ladies, as well darlings as patronesses of the Muses, Lucy Countess of Bedford, Mary Countess Dowager of Pembroke, and Elizabeth, Lady Cary, wife of Sir Henry Cary, glories of women," in a poetical epistle.

The first meditation is "A Confession of Sinnes, with petition for grace," consisting of twelve four lined stanzas of alternate rhyme, with a couplet at the close of the poem. This is followed by forty more meditations on similar subjects, which end at page 100. Then succeeds "The Doleful Dove; or, David's Seven Penitential Psalms, somewhere paraphrastically turned into verse."

At page 110 commences "Rights of the living and the dead; being a proper Appendix to the precedent meditations." Of these the first article is "A Funeral Elegie on the death of the most vertuous and no less lovely Mrs. Elizabeth Dutton, eldest daughter of the worthy and generally beloved Sir Thomas Egerton, Knight, eldest sonne to the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Ellesmere, Lord Chancellor of England: which Elizabeth was, at the age of eleven years, married to John Dutton of the age of fifteen years, sonne and heyre

heyre of Thomas Dutton, of Dutton in the Countie of Chester, Esquier; which John deceased about the age of seaventeene yeeres, and left the said Elizabeth a virgin-widow: who so lived, till she died the first of October, at the age of sixteene yeeres and a halfe, in anno 1611." This is followed by "An Epitaph on the death of the right vertuous Lady Leigh, sole daughter of the same Right Honourable Lord Ellesmere, Lord Chancellor of England; which Lady deceased the third day of April, A. D .612."

At page 158 are lines "To the Lady Anne Glemmam, upon the death of her noble Father;" and at page 165, "To my most honored and approved best friend and ally, Sir Franc. Lovell, Knight."

The following short poem is at page 171. "To my most deare and no lesse worthily-beloved friend and pupill Henry Mainwarring, Esquier, with the truely noble and venterous Knight, Sir Henry Thynne, accompanying into Persia the meritoriously-farre-renowned Knight, Sir Robert Sherley, Englishman; yet Lord Ambassadour sent from the great Persian Potentate to all Christian Princes, for the good of Christendome."

Heroic Pupil, and most honour'd friend,
 To thee, as to my moiety, I bequeath
 Half th' other half; beginning at mine end,
 To make, I hope, me triumph over death;
 My son, sole son, and all I ever had,
 Unto thy care and service I commend;
 So make me sonless, till you make me glad
 With your return from this world's farther end,
 The absence of so dear a son as these,
 Must needs affect thine honour'd sire with grief;
 But

T

But for thy good he doth his grief subdue:
So do I mine by his, sith his is chief!
Then, with my son, take thou my heart and these
Celestial charms in storms to calm the seas.

ART. XII. *The Shepherd's Hunting: Being certain Eclogues written during the time of the author's imprisonment in the Marshalsey. By George Wyther, Gentleman. London, Printed by W. White for George Norton, and are to be sold at the signe of the Red Bull near Temple Bar, 1615.*

George Wither was born in 1583, at Bentworth in Hampshire, and died in 1667, aged seventy-nine. For a full account of him see Wood's *Athenæ*, II. 391, and some remarks on his poetry by Mr. Gilchrist, in *Gent. Mag.* vol. lxx p. 1149.

For his "Abuses stript and whipt: or, satyrical essays," in two books, London, 1613, 1614, 1615, and 1622, in 8vo. he was imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and wrote there the above poem. This publication, Wood asserts, contains more of poetical fancy than any other of his writings.

The fourth Eclogue is addressed to his truly beloved loving friend, Mr. William Browne,* of the Inner Temple.

He gives the following as the

ARGUMENT.

Roget here on Will; calls
To sing out his Pastorals:

* The pastoral poet.

Warrants

43

Warrants Fame shall grace his rhymes,
Spite of Envy and the Times ; *
And shews how in care he uses
To take comfort from his Muses.

Of this Eclogue the following long extract is worthy
notice. *

Roget.

Chear thee, honest Willy, then,
And begin thy song again.

Willy.

Fain I would, but I do fear
When again my lines they hear,
If they yield they are my rhymes,
They will feign some other crimes;
And 'tis no safe venturing by,
Where we see Detraction lie,
For do what I can, I doubt
She will pick some quarrel out;
And I oft have heard defended,
“ Little said, and soon amended.”

Roget.

See'st thou not, in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs could Heavens raise?
And the vapours that do breathe
From the Earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem they not with their black steams
To pollute the Sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it (unblemish'd) fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With Detraction's breath and thee.

* After it had been transcribed for the press, the Editor discovered that
part of it had been already given by Mr. Gilchrist in the *Gent. Mag.*

It shall never rise so high,
 As to stain thy poesy.
 As that sun doth oft exhale
 Vapours from each rotten vale;
 Poesy so sometimes drains
 Gross conceits from muddy brains;
 Mists of envy, fogs of spight,
 'Twixt men's judgments and her light;
 But so much her power may do
 That she can dissolve them too.
 If thy verse do bravely tower,
 As she makes wing, she gets power!
 Yet the higher she doth soar,
 She's affronted still the more:
 Till she to the high'st hath past,
 Then she rests with Fame at last.
 Let nought therefore thee affright,
 But make forward in thy flight:
 For if I could match thy rhyme,
 To the very stars I'd climb;
 There begin again, and fly
 Till I reach'd eternity.
 But, alas, my Muse is slow;
 For thy pace she flags too low.
 Yes, the more's her hapless fate,
 Her short wings were clipp'd of late;
 And poor I, her fortune ruing,
 Am myself put up a muing.
 But if I my cage can rid,
 I'll fly, where I never did.
 And though for her sake I'm crost,
 Though my best hopes I have lost,
 And knew she would make my trouble
 Ten times more than ten times double;
 I would love and keep her too,
 Spite of all the world could do.

For

For though banish'd from my flocks,
 And confin'd within these rocks,
 Here I waste away the light,
 And consume the sullen night ;
 She doth for my comfort stay,
 And keeps many cares away.
 Though I miss the flowery fields,
 With those sweets the spring tide yields ;
 Though I may not see those groves,
 Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
 And the lasses more excel
 Than the sweet-voic'd Philomel ;
 Though of all those pleasures past,
 Nothing now remains at last,
 But Remembrance, poor relief,
 That more makes than mends my grief :
 She's my mind's companion still,
 Maugre Envy's evil will :
 Whence she should be driven to,
 Wer't in mortals power to do.
 She doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
 Makes the desolatest place
 To her presence be a grace,
 And the blackest discontents
 Be her fairest ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss,
 His divine skill taught me this,
 That from every thing I saw,
 I could some invention draw ;
 And raise pleasure to her height
 Through the meanest object's sight :
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rusteling

By

By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed;
 Or a shady bush or tree,
 She could more infuse in me,
 Than all Nature's beauties can,
 In some other wiser man.
 By her help I also now
 Make this churlish place allow
 Some things that may sweeten gladness
 In the very gall of sadness :
 The dull loanness, the black shade
 That these hanging vaults have made,
 The strange music of the waves,
 Beating on these hollow caves,
 This black den, which rocks emboss,
 Overgrown with eldest moss ;
 The rude portals, that give light
 More to terror than delight,
 This my chamber of neglect,
 Wall'd about with disrespect,
 From all these, and this dull air,
 A fit object for despair,
 She hath taught me by her might
 To draw comfort and delight.

Therefore then best earthly bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this !
 Poesy, thou sweet'st content
 That ere Heav'n to mortals lent ;
 Though they as a trifle leave thee,
 Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
 Though thou be to them a scorn,
 That to nought but earth are born ;
 Let my life no longer be,
 Than I am in love with thee !

Though

Though our wise ones call it madness,
 Let me never taste of gladness
 If I love not thy mad'st fits
 Above all their greatest wits!
 And though some, too seeming holy,
 Do account thy raptures folly,
 Thou dost teach me to contemn,
 What makes knaves and fools of them!

TO HIS FATHER.

Epigr. 12. *

Others may glory that their fathers' hands
 Have scrap'd together mighty sums of gold,
 Boast in the circuit of new purchas'd lands,
 Or herds of cattle more than can be told :
 God give them joy ; their wealth I'll ne'er envy,
 For you have gotten me a greater store.
 And tho' I have not their prosperity,
 In my conceit I am not half so poor.
 You learnt me with a little to content me,
 Shewed how to bridle passion in some measure ;
 And thro' your means I have a talent lent me,
 Which I more value than all Indies' treasure.
 For when the almost boundless patrimonies
 Are wasted, those by which our great ones trust
 To be eterniz'd : when their ceremonies
 Shall be forgotten, and their tombs be dust ;
 Then to the glory of your future line,
 Your own and my friend's sacred memory,
 This little poor despised wealth of mine,
 Shall raise a trophy of eternity :
 Which fretting Envy, nor consuming Time,
 Shall ere abolish, or one whit offend :

* At the end of his Satires, p. 295.

A topless statue, that to stars shall climb,
 Far greater than your art shall comprehend :
 But I must needs confess, 'tis true, I yet
 Reap little profit in the eyes of men,
 My talent yields small outward benefit,
 Yet I'll not leave it for the world again.
 Tho' it bring no gain that you, by artful sleight,
 Can measure out the earth in part or whole;
 Sound out the center's depth ; and take the height
 Either of th' Arctic, or Antartic Pole;
 Yet 'tis your pleasure, it contentment brings :
 And so my Muse is my content and joy ;
 I would not miss her to be rank'd with kings,
 However some account it as a toy :
 But having then, and by your means obtain'd
 So rich a patrimony for my share,
 For which with links of love I'm ever chain'd ;
 What duties fitting for such bounties are ?
 Moreover Nature brought me in your debt,
 And still I owe you for your cares and fears :
 Your pains and charges I do not forget
 Besides the interest of many years :
 What way is there to make requital for it ?
 Much I shall leave unpaid do what I can :
 Should I then be unthankful ? I abhor it :
 The will may serve, when power wants in man.
 This book I give you then ; here you shall find
 Somewhat to countervail your former cost :
 It is a little index of my mind ;
 Time spent in reading it will not be lost :
 Accept it, and when I have to my might
 Paid all I can to you ; if powers divine
 Shall so much in my happiness delight
 To make you grandsire to a son of mine ;

Look what remains, and may by right be due,
 I'll pay it him as 'twas receiv'd from you.

Your loving Son,

GEORGE WITHER.

SONNET FROM THE FIRST ECLOGUE OF THE
 SHEPHERD'S HUNTING.

Reget.

Now that my body dead-alive,
 Bereav'd of comfort lies in thrall,
 Do thou, my soul, begin to thrive ;
 And unto honey, turn this gall :
 So shall we both through outward woe
 The way to inward comfort know.

For as that food my flesh I give,
 Doth keep in me this mortal breath ;
 So souls on meditations live,
 And shun thereby immortal death :
 Nor art thou ever nearer rest,
 Than when thou find'st me most oppress.

First think, my soul, if I have foes
 Take a pleasure in my cares,
 And to procure these outward woes,
 Have thus entrapp'd me unawares :
 Thou shouldst by much more careful be,
 Since greater foes lie wait for thee.

Then when mew'd up in grates of steel,
 Minding those joys mine eyes do miss,
 Thou find'st no torment thou dost feel,
 So grievous as privation is ;
 Muse how the damn'd, in flames that glow,
 Pine in the loss of bliss they know.

Thou see'st there's given so great might
 To some that are but clay as I,
 Their very anger can affright,

Æ

Which

Which if in any thou espy,
 Thus think, if mortal's frowns strike fear,
 How dreadful will God's wrath appear?

By my late hopes that now are crost,
 Consider those that firmer be,
 And make the freedom I have lost,
 A means that may remember thee :
 Had Christ not thy Redeemer been,
 What horrid thrall thou hadst been in.

These iron chains, the bolts of steel,
 Which other poor offenders grind,
 The wants and cares which they do feel,
 May bring some greater thing to mind :
 For by their grief thou shalt do well
 To think upon the pains of hell.

Or when thro' me thou see'st a man
 Condemn'd unto a mortal death,
 How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
 Drawing with fear his panting breath :
 Think if in that such pain you see,
 How sad will " Go, ye cursed," be !

Again, when he that fear'd to die,
 (Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
 Read but the joy that's in his eye,
 And then convey it to thy thought :
 There think betwixt my heart and thee,
 How sweet will " Come, ye blessed," be,

Thus if thou do, tho' closed here,
 My bondage I shall deem the less ;
 I neither shall have cause to fear,
 Nor yet bewail my sad distress :
 For whether live, or pine, or die,
 We shall have bliss eternally.

ART.

ART. XIII. BIBLIOTHECÆ.

In entering upon the subject of scarce and curious books in English literature, I feel considerable diffidence. Neither my inclinations nor my opportunities have enabled me to pay that attention to it, which has rendered so very perfect the skill of men, whose industry has embraced the means afforded by a long residence in the metropolis, or near public libraries. But almost from my childhood my mind has been awake to a moderate and regulated research in this field of enquiry: it is true that I could neither forsake for it the regions of fancy, nor much restrain my insatiable thirst for the more elegant, if not more solid, entertainments of modern literature. The black-letter mania never took exclusive possession of my head; and therefore I have often felt myself a mere novice in these acquirements among many, whose extensive knowledge of title-pages, editions, and dates, excited not only my wonder, but, may I add, my disgust! Of such I not only despair of increasing the knowledge, but even of avoiding the contempt. There are others, not infected with this excess of antiquarian curiosity, who may be gratified with less recondite information regarding the literature of our ancestors; who may be glad to know what has been already written on subjects, on which every day is producing new publications, and find it a pleasing and useful employment to compare the past with the present; and to learn to what authors they can effectually apply for such future enquiries as may occur to them. The mere black-letter collector, who seldom looks at any but the first and last pages of his book, and cares nothing for the in-

trinsic merits of its contents ; but would value the most despicable nonsense above the noblest effort of genius, in proportion as it was rare or unique, is a being, to whose skill I would not, if I could, contribute ; and whose praises I have no desire to obtain.

I trust I shall not be accused of wanting a due share of veneration for what is ancient ; something perhaps even beyond its real worth I am sufficiently inclined to discover in that which bears the imposing stamp of time : but it is impossible to surrender all taste and feeling and discrimination to the ridiculous judgments and conceited arrogance of trifling and selfish collectors. If therefore the old books I may endeavour to bring back into notice, shall seem to them unworthy of attention, because copies of those books may not be difficult to be obtained, I warn them again that such a test of value I utterly disclaim. I wish to aid the researches, and mingle in the discussions of more rational enquirers ; I would tear back the veil of oblivion from unjustly neglected authors, and restore and revive the faded laurel to the brows of unfortunate and forgotten poets !

The late ingenious Dr. Farmer, and still more ingenious George Steevens, though both were, I think, infected with this mania a little beyond what a severe judgment and exact taste can approve, yet both made good use of the copious libraries they formed, as is evinced by the sagacious *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, and the acute illustrations of that incomparable dramatist. The mere sale catalogues of their books furnish much valuable information. To extend therefore the recollection of these catalogues, I shall insert their titles here, accompanied by some remarks.

Bibliotheca

Bibliotheca Farmeriana. A Catalogue of the curious, valuable, and extensive Library, in print and manuscript, of the late Rev. Richard Farmer, D.D. Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, Master of Emanuel College, and Fellow of the Royal and Antiquary Societies, deceased: comprehending many rare editions of the Greek and Roman Classics, and of the most eminent philologers; a fine Collection of English History, Antiquities, and Topography, including all the old Chronicles; the most rare and copious assemblage of old English poetry, that, perhaps, was ever exhibited at one view; together with a great variety of old plays, and early printed books, English and Foreign, in the Black Letter, many of which are extremely scarce." &c. &c.

The sale to commence Monday, May 7, 1798, and continue 35 days.

This catalogue extends to 379 pages, and the articles of books amount to 8155. It seems that Dr. Farmer once proposed himself to have had a catalogue taken of his library, to which he intended to have prefixed the following Advertisement.

"This collection of books is by no means to be considered as an essay towards a perfect library; the circumstances and the situation of the collector made such an attempt both unnecessary and impracticable. Here are few publications of great price, which were already to be found in the excellent library of Emanuel College: but it is believed, that not many private collections contain a greater number of really curious and scarce books; and perhaps no one is so rich in the ancient philological English literature. R. Farmer."

The other Catalogue is entitled,
*Bibliotheca Steevensiana. A catalogue of the curious
 and valuable Library of George Steevens, Esq.
 Fellow of the Royal and Antiquary Societies, lately
 deceased: comprehending an extraordinary fine col-
 lection of books, in classical, philological, histori-
 cal, old English, and general literature; many of
 which are extremely rare, &c. &c.*

*The sale to commence Tuesday, May 13, 1800, and
 continue 10 days.*

The articles of books in this catalogue, which consists of 125 pages, only amount to 190.

In both these libraries, I believe, the rarest articles were those of old English poetry; the former possessed the greatest number; but in the latter there were some books of uncommon curiosity. It seems a little singular that on this subject both the Bodleian Library, and that of the British Museum, are very deficient. To the late Mr. Herbert, therefore, in his new edition of Ames's useful publication of *Typographical Antiquities*, these private collections were eminently serviceable. And Mr. Joseph Ritson, unilluminated by a particle of taste or fancy, and remarkable only for the unceasing drudgery with which he dedicated his life to one of the humblest departments of literary antiquities, and for the bitter insolence and foul abuse with which he communicated his dull acquisitions to the public, was equally indebted to the same sources, particularly in his "*Bibliographia Poetica*," 1802. Whoever is acquainted with that strange, but not totally useless, book, will wonder how it was possible for a man, with such a fund of materials before him, to compile a work so utterly lifeless and stupid, so uncheered by one single ray of light, or one solitary flower
 admitted

admitted even by chance from the numerous and varied gardens of poetry, over which he had been travelling! But, poor unhappy spirit, thou art gone! Perhaps thy restless temper was disease: and mayst thou find peace in the grave! *

Above all men the late Laureat, whom this pitiable critic has loaded with the coarsest epithets, has taught us what use to make of dark and forgotten materials. And, among many other instances of the living, Mr. George Ellis, in his "Specimens of our early poetry" and Mr. Walter Scott in his interesting "Minstrelsy of the Scottish borders" have exhibited the happy result of the most minute and patient investigations of this kind with the most splendid talents. Nor ought I to omit (if delicacy did not make me hesitate) my friend Mr. Park, who, with a very accurate and extensive skill in black-letter literature, combines a most elegant taste and rich and cultivated imagination.

ART. XIV. DR. BEATTIE.

The following just character of this amiable and exquisite poet appeared in the Sun Newspaper of Sept. 3, 1803.

"Dr. Beattie, who died a few days ago at Aberdeen, was one of the few poets of the present time, whose works will descend to posterity. His chief work, the Minstrel, has received high eulogiums from the best cotemporary critics and poets. It is indeed a beautiful work. The character of a poetical Enthusiast,

* He died in August or September 1803. See a very affecting account of his death in the British Critic at that period.

from the first dawn of sentiment through all the progressive feelings arising from a more enlarged knowledge of Nature, is delineated with truth, delicacy, tenderness, and expression. The varied emotions of the heart, and the expansive powers of the mind, as well as the richness and sublimity of Nature, are painted in this work with all the splendour of poetry. But a moral charm predominates over the whole of this interesting and animated work, which no man could read without a refinement of his affections. But Dr. Beattie was not merely a poet or moralist; he was also a powerful reasoner; and though he might not be able to triumph over the profound and subtle philosophy of Hume, he succeeded in placing it in an unfavourable light in the opinion of the world in general, and induced all the readers of his work, against the acute sceptic, to say in his (Dr. Beattie's) own words:

“Perish the lore, that deadens young desire.”

“His Essays on literary, philosophical, and moral subjects, display sound taste, and an amiable mind; and altogether the Historic Muse of the British Empire will record with pride and pleasure the name of Beattie.

“The death of his son, who very early in life manifested strong proofs of extraordinary genius, was a shock to his feelings, from which he was not able to recover; and he has left an elegant and affecting memorial of parental admiration and regret.”

The meagre and imperfect life, lately published, of this enchanting writer, in which little is said illustrative of his character, and scarce any thing of his poetry, induces me to transcribe for the sake of juxtaposition, what is sufficiently known. “Gray” (says Johnson)
“having

“ having undertaken a journey into Scotland, 1765, naturally contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, whom he found a poet, a philosopher, and a good man.”

Gray in a letter to Beattie, dated 2d July 1770, writes :

“ I rejoice to hear that you are restored to a better state of health, to your books, and to your Muse once again. That forced dissipation and exercise we are obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almost as bad as the distemper we would cure ; yet I too have been constrained of late to pursue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head (a sensation unknown to me before) and of great dejection of spirits. This, Sir, is the only excuse I have to make you for my long silence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourself), any secret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the specimen you so kindly sent me of your new Poem (the Minstrel). On the contrary, if I had seen any thing of importance to disapprove, I should have hastened to have informed you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have seen, and wish to see more. The design is simple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet seems somehow imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when necessity has driven him to take up the harp, and assume the profession of a minstrel, do some great and singular service to his country? What service, I must leave to your invention : such as no general, no statesman, no moralist could do without the aid of music, inspiration, and poetry. This will not appear an improbability in those early times,

times, and in a character then held sacred, and respected by all nations. Besides, it will be a full answer to all the hermit has said, when he dissuaded him from cultivating these pleasing arts; it will shew their use, and make the best panegyric of our favourite and celestial science. And lastly, what weighs most with me, it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest, into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject. Your ideas are new, and borrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery."

Mr. Gray in the remainder of the letter commends the "Essay on Truth;" of which he says on another occasion, "I am happy to hear of your success in another way, because I think you are serving the cause of human nature, and the true interests of mankind."

There is another poem of Beattie, spoken of in a letter of Gray, 1767, which has not yet seen the light, but to which Mr. Bower does not make the slightest allusion. It contained, says Mason, many touching reflections on morality, "The specimen," says Gray, "I think excellent; the sentiments are such, as a melancholy imagination naturally suggests in solitude and silence, and that (though light and business may suspend or banish them at times) return but with so much the greater force upon a feeling heart: the diction is elegant and unconstrained; not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into prose: the versification is easy and harmonious."

It seems a subject of deep regret, that Beattie neglected the exercise of that genius, with which Nature
 had

had so richly endowed him, for philosophical enquiries to which his powers were less adapted. Yet it adds to the glory of the Muses, that the most subtle and dangerous of modern philosophers should have been completely vanquished on his own ground by a poet ! The Essay on Truth however raised a host of enemies against the bard ; for he struck at the root of that species of literary merit, to which a large portion of his own countrymen had been lately addicted. Dull, and useless, if not dangerous, metaphysics, and a silly spirit of *philosophizing* on every occasion, had nearly infected the whole nation ; and instead of the effusions of genius, and those moral discussions, which “ come home to men’s business and bosoms,” had turned the general attention to abstruse and deceitful theories, which ended in scepticism, depressed the vigorous productions of natural talent, and fostered the offensive and overbearing conceit of heavy, plodding, and half-witted coxcombs. Yet let me not be understood to mean any reflection on the genius of Scotland, which, in the rarest department of intellectual excellence, produced in the same century, Thomson, and Beattie, and Burns !

ART. XV. *Political Arithmetic: containing a catalogue of writers on the subject, from Petty to Thornton, with remarks.*

SIR WILLIAM PETTY.

Several Essays on Political Arithmetic. By Sir William Petty, Knt. F.R.S. The fourth edition corrected. London, 1755, 8vo.

These

These Essays consist of

I. An Essay concerning the multiplication of mankind: together with another Essay in political arithmetic, concerning the growth of the city of London, with the measures, periods, causes, and consequences thereof, 1682.

II. Observations upon the Dublin bills of mortality, 1681, and the state of that city: and further observations on the same, 1682.

III. Two Essays concerning the people, houses, hospitals, &c. of London and Paris, 1685.

IV. Observations on the cities of London and Rome, 1685.

V. Five Essays in political arithmetic, 1687; viz.
 1. Objections from the city of Rey in Persia, and from Monsieur Auzout, against two former Essays answered, and that London hath as many people as Paris, Rome, and Rouen, put together. 2. A comparison between London and Paris in fourteen particulars. 3. Proofs that at London, within its 134 parishes named in the bills of mortality, there live about 696,000 people. 4. An estimate of the people in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Venice, Rome, Dublin, Bristol, and Rouen, with several observations upon the same. 5. Concerning Holland, and the rest of the seven United Provinces.

VI. Political Arithmetick; or, a Discourse concerning the extent and value of lands, people, buildings; husbandry, manufactures, commerce, fishery, artizans, seamen, soldiers; public revenues, interest, taxes, superlucration, registries, banks; valuation of men, increasing of seamen, of militias, harbours, situation, shipping, power at sea, &c. as the same relates to
 every

every country in general, but more particularly to the territories of his Majesty of Great Britain, and his neighbours of Holland, Zealand, and France, 1691.

Sir William Petty, the founder of the Shelburne family, was son of a clothier at Romsey in Hampshire, was born 26 May 1623, and died 16 December 1687, æt. 64. By his last will he appears to have estimated his real estate at 6,500l. per annum, and his personal property about 45,000l. and the demonstrable improvements of his Irish estates at 4000l. per annum—a prodigious fortune to have raised from so small a beginning.

DR. DAVENANT.

As a collection of early editions of the principal works, on this subject, of Dr. Davenant lies before me, I shall here insert them.

I. An Essay upon Ways and Means of supplying the War. The Second Edition. London, for Jac. Tonson, 1695, 8vo.

II. Discourses on the public Revenues, and on the trade of England. In two parts, viz. 1. Of the use of political arithmetic, in all considerations about the revenues and trade. 2. On credit, and the means and methods by which it may be restored. 3. On the management of the King's Revenues. 4. Whether to farm the revenues may not in this juncture be most for the public service? 5. On the public debts and engagements. By the Author of the Essay on Ways and Means. Part I. To which is added, a discourse upon improving the revenue of the state of Athens: Written originally in Greek by Xenophon; and now made English from the original, with some historical

notes

notes by another hand. London, for J. Knapton, 1698, 8vo.

III. Discourses on the public revenues, and on the trade of England; which more immediately treat of the foreign traffick of this kingdom: viz. 1. That foreign trade is beneficial to England. 2. On the protection and care of trade. 3. On the plantation trade. 4. On the East India trade. By the author of the *Essay on Ways and Means*. Part II. To which is added the late *Essay on the East India Trade*. By the same hand. London, for J. Knapton, 1698, 8vo.

IV. An *Essay upon the probable methods of making a people gainers in the balance of trade: Treating of these heads; viz. of the people of England: of the land of England, and its product: of our payments to the public, and in what manner the balance of trade may be thereby affected: that a country cannot increase in wealth and power but by private men doing their duty to the public; and but by a steady course of honesty and wisdom, in such as are trusted with the administration of affairs.* By the author of the *Essay on Ways and Means*. London, for J. Knapton, 1699, 8vo.

V. *Essays upon Peace at home, and War abroad, in two parts* Part I. By Charles D'Avenant, LL.D. The second Edition. London, for J. Knapton, 1704, 8vo.

VI. *Essays upon* 1. The Balance of Power. 2. The right of making war, peace, and alliances. 3. Universal Monarchy. To which is added an Appendix, containing the records referred to in the second *Essay*. London, for J. Knapton, 1701, 8vo.

VII. *A discourse upon grants and resumptions:*
Showing

Showing how our ancestors have proceeded with such Ministers as have procured to themselves grants of the Crown-Revenue; and that the forfeited estates ought to be applied towards the payment of the public debts. By the author of the *Essay on Ways and Means*. The second Edition. London, for J. Knapton, 1700, 8vo.

To these the *Biographia Britannica* adds

VIII. The true picture of a Modern Whig, in two parts, 1701-1702.

IX. Reflections on the constitution and management of the trade to Africa. London, 1709, fol. in three parts.

X. Reports to the Commissioners for stating the public accounts, in two parts, 1712, 8vo. And Dr. Kippis adds, that the "True Picture of a Whig" was carried on by him in 1710, in 2 volumes, 8vo. entitled "New dialogues on the present posture of affairs, the species of money, national debts, public revenues, Bank and East India Company, and the trade now carried on between France and Holland. By the author of the *Essay on Ways and Means*." Sir John Sinclair, from whom Dr. Kippis acknowledges to have received this information, says, "there are very few who on the whole can rival Davenant as a political writer." Sir Charles Whitworth republished these works 1771, in 5 vols. 8vo. But Mr. Chalmers asserts that Davenant was more indebted even than he owned to the following writer.

GREGORY KING.

Gregory King was born at Litchfield, 15 Dec. 1648; was appointed Rouge dragon Herald, 1677, and afterwards Lancaster Herald, in which office he performed, probably, the most valuable services and left the best records

records of any one who ever belonged to it, and died 29 Aug. 1712.

Mr. Chalmers at the end of the third edition of his "Estimate" 1802, has at length published, what had hitherto remained in MS. in the British Museum :

"Natural and political observations and conclusions upon the state and condition of England, 1696; by Gregory King, Esq. Lancaster H." These contain 1. The number of people in England and Wales, calculated from the assessments on marriages, births, and burials. 2. The proportion of England in acres and people to France, to Holland, to Europe, and to the world in general; with a calculation of the number of people now in the world. 3. The several distinctions of people; as to males and females, married and unmarried, children, servants and sojourners. 4. The several ages of the people. 5. The origination and increase of the people of England, with some observations about procreation. 6. The annual income and expence of the nation, 1688; with a scheme of the income and expence of the several families respectively; and a calculation of the quantity of silver and gold in England, France, and Holland, in Europe, and in the world in general, and of the increase and consumption thereof. 7. The several sorts of land in England, and the value and product thereof; with a scheme of the live stock of the nation, in cattle, &c. and of the flesh yearly consumed as food. 8. The beer, ale, and malt, annually consumed in England; and the revenue of excise arising thereby. 9. A calculation of the produce of the poll-bills, and some other taxes; viz. the tax on marriages, births, and burials, and on houses and windows; and what may be raised on some commodities

modities not yet taxed. 10. The state of the nation, anno 1695; and what may be the effect of continuing the war to 1698, inclusive. 11. The state of France and Holland in 1688, and 1695. 12. The state and condition of the three nations of England, France, and Holland, compared one with another with respect to the years 1688, and 1695. 13. The expence of the three nations, proportioned for the years 1688 and 1695: to these are added a scheme of the inhabitants of the city of Gloucester, and a computation of the endowed hospitals and alms' houses in England.

These three celebrated authors, Petty, Davenant, and King, were the founders of our political arithmetic, a science in which several of our cotemporaries have shewn both industry and skill.

It is not my intention, nor have I indeed the materials at this moment before me to enable me, to give a complete series of the subsequent authors on this subject; among whom I should have been glad, had I been able to have furnished an adequate Memoir of Sir Matthew Decker, a man of uncommon skill in commercial arithmetic, who was born at Amsterdam, came into England 1702, and settled himself as a merchant in London, and was representative in parliament for Bishop's-Castle in Shropshire, temp. Geo. I. was created a Baronet 1716, and had three daughters by Henrietta, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Richard Watkins, Rector of Wickford, in Warwickshire: Katharine wife of Richard, sixth Viscount Fitzwilliam of Ireland, and mother of the present Viscount; Maria, married to the Honourable John Talbot; and

Mary, married to William Crofts of Saxham, in Suffolk, Esq.*

MALACHY POSTLETHWAYT. †

This person was the author of "the English Commercial Dictionary," in 2 vols folio; a work much and justly esteemed. He also wrote the following:

"Great Britain's true System: wherein is clearly shewn, 1. That an increase of the public debts and taxes must in a few years prove the ruin of the monied, the trading, and the landed interests. 2. The necessity of raising the supplies to carry on war within the year. 3. That such a design, however seemingly difficult, is very practicable. 4. An Expedient, which will support the public credit, in all times of public distress and danger. To which is prefixed, An introduction relative to the forming a new plan of British politics, with respect to our foreign affairs, and our connections on the Continent. Humbly submitted to all the great men in and out of power. By Malachy Postlethwayt, Esq. London, for A. Millar, 1757, 8vo."

In the introductory discourse to this volume he feelingly complains of neglect. "The public encouragement" says he, "Monsieur Savary met with in France, to induce him to engage in compiling his Dictionary of Commerce, was very engaging, and sufficient to influence him to the undertaking. He had the joint aid and assistance of a great number of

* Coll. Bart. V. 185.

† Archibald Hutchinson, Esq. Treasurer of the Middle Temple, and Member for Hastings, died 12th August 1740, aged nearly 80, famous for his calculations on the public debts.

persons to accumulate matter for that work. Not only merchants of the first eminence, but personages of various conspicuous ranks in the state, distinguished for their superior knowledge in trade, cheerfully united to help him; all the public offices of the kingdom, the royal council of commerce, and even the first ministers of state themselves contributed to his commercial fund for the benefit of France; and the author was not only honoured with the peculiar encouragement and patronage of all the great men in power, but he was liberally rewarded by them, and enjoyed a lucrative and honourable post to his death. This was the treatment that the author of the French Universal Dictionary of Commerce met with. I do not choose by way of contrast to make any declaration at present, what treatment the author of the English Universal Dictionary of Commerce has hitherto met with; reserving that perhaps for an humble appeal to the public, previously to the further tender of my best services to them. To which reservation I am the more readily induced from the public-spirited declaration of some persons of distinction, who have spontaneously done me the honour to declare, that they will use their good offices that some public notice may be taken of the disinterested zeal, and indefatigable industry, that has been shewn throughout that undertaking: and it is well known that I several times hazarded my life in the prosecution of that work.

“ Every man of candour and impartiality will grant, that the person who, in a private capacity, importantly serves his king and country, is no less entitled to a reward suitable to the service done, than he who does the same in a public one. The speculative person may

be as useful to the state as the active: and when a person takes upon him the contemplative recluse, rather than the bustling life, either from choice or tenderness of constitution, or from other motives that induce him to think that he may be more serviceable in the one capacity than he could be in the other, it is a sign that he has made the best choice in regard to the public service; and if such service has been accepted, no man will say but he has just pretensions to be paid for it.

“Had the writer of these papers given no public or private testimony of his turn to studies that have proved useful to the state, it might be unreasonable, it might have been justly thought presumptive in such an one to expect to make terms for his future intended services; but as the case is otherwise, he humbly hopes that some people will be candid and ingenuous enough to think that he has a right to be treated upon a footing something different to that of an upstart, idle schemist, or projector, who has never given proof of any talents that might deserve the public regard and attention.

“Nature having given me but a very tender and weak constitution, I have studiously declined and avoided as much as I well could, every degree of the public life, as being inconsistent with, and indeed destructive of that small state of health, which I have several years enjoyed; and it will easily be believed, that the studies I have been engaged in have not mended it. I therefore considered in what capacity I might prove any way useful to society; and accordingly betook myself to the studious life; experiencing that to be more consonant to my preservation, than that of
the

the active and public one, as it left me at liberty to live in a way agreeable to myself, and not conformable to that of others.

“ In this my retired and contemplative state, I am willing to think, that I have made such unprejudiced and disinterested observations upon men and things, that may not only prove of peculiar utility to these kingdoms, and especially with respect to the present situation and circumstances of public affairs, but to mankind in general; having made some discoveries from my philosophical speculations into nature, that may one day not a little surprize the learned world; and many of them tend importantly to such improvements in the active life, as will greatly benefit and advantage society in general.” He died 1767.

Nothing needs at present to be said of a book so well known as Adam Smith’s * “Wealth of Nations,” first published in 1776. Nor shall I here discuss the financial calculations of Dr. Price †, the late Lord Stair ‡, and others. Still less can I at present give an account of Sir John Sinclair’s copious “History of the Revenue.”

Arthur Young more than thirty years ago published a volume entitled “Political Arithmetic; or, Observations on the present State of Great Britain, and the principles of her policy respecting agriculture; addressed to the OEconomical Societies of Europe.”

But one of the most useful and conclusive books both for the extent and accuracy of its researches, and the force of its reasonings was

* Adam Smith was born June 5, 1723, and died July 1790.

† Dr. Price was born 1723, died 1791.

‡ Lord Stair died October 1789.

"The Estimate of the comparative strength of Great Britain, and of the losses of her trade from every war since the Revolution." By George Chalmers, F.R.S. S.A.; of which the first edition was published in 1782, and the last with many additions in 1802, 8vo. to which were annexed Gregory King's "Political Conclusions" and a brief memoir of the life of that ingenious calculator, as already mentioned.

Something of the same kind, but certainly without the same originality, or the same masterly command over the subject, is the work, entitled,

"Financial and political facts of the eighteenth century, with comparative estimates of the Revenue, Expenditure, Debts, Manufactures, and Commerce of Great Britain. By John M'Arthur, Esq. author of a treatise on Naval Courts Martial. Third Edition, with an Appendix of useful and interesting documents, &c. London, 1801, 8vo.

Here also may be mentioned the Rev. Dr. Clarke's "Survey of the strength and opulence of Great Britain," 1801.

The eminent skill in figures possessed by Mr. William Morgan, the nephew of Dr. Price, has always secured the greatest attention to his financial pamphlets. His last publication is entitled, "A comparative view of the public finances from the beginning to the close of the late administration," 1803, 8vo. But the great objection to the result of his arguments is, that he confines them to a mere question of figures; whereas true political arithmetic surely requires a wide extent of collateral considerations *. This defect has exposed Mr.

* See the British Critic; and also the Edinburgh Review, Vol. iv. p. 75.

Morgan to various replies, among which Mr. Nicholas Vansittart first distinguished himself. And here perhaps it may be proper to mention the two pamphlets by Mr. Rose in 1792, and 1799, containing "A brief examination of the Revenue," which afforded very satisfactory information to desponding minds. A similar purpose was, I believe, effected by Mr. D. Wakefield, in his "Answer to Morgan," 1802.

Perhaps I ought in this place to give an account of the very useful, solid, and important publications of Lord Sheffield; but they will, I think, come more properly under the head of "Works on Commerce;" which, though it embraces a very large and essential part of political Arithmetic, yet requires a separate division.

That great luminary, Burke, whose research was occasionally as laborious, and information as copious and minute, as his fancy, eloquence, and wisdom were extensive and splendid, both in the outset and close of life, shewed himself a master of this science, as his "Observations on a late publication, entitled, "The present state of the nation, 1769," and his posthumous "Third letter on a Regicide Peace" sufficiently evince.

This article shall be closed with four recent publications.

1. A Letter to the Right Honourable William Pitt on the influence of the stoppage of issues in specie at the Bank of England; on the price of provisions, and other commodities. By Walter Boyd, Esq. M. P. 1801.

2. An Enquiry into the nature and effects of the paper credit of Great Britain. By Henry Thornton, Esq. M. P. 1802.

3. Thoughts on the restriction of payments in specie at the Banks of England and Ireland. By Lord King, May 1803.

4. Remarks on Currency and Commerce. By John Wheatley, Esq. 1803 *.

Party prejudices, and suspicions arising from the unfortunate circumstances under which the writer of the first of these articles at that time laboured, much weakened the effect due to his arguments. The British Critic in particular gave an account of it ill-becoming the skill it has generally shewn on such subjects: an account which could scarcely have been written by the profound and masterly commentator on the "Enquiry" of Mr. Thornton, which has been only concluded in the Review for January 1805. The signature at the close of this article (J. B---d.) accounts for the extraordinary ability with which it is written. The Rev. John Brand, to whom alone this subscription can belong, has long been known for his acuteness and depth in similar investigations †. By the secrets discovered by Mr. Thornton, as they are drawn forth in Mr. Brand's criticism, the evils arising from the in-

* I may add here "An Inquiry into the nature and origin of Public Wealth, and into the means and causes of its increase. By the Earl of Lauderdale," 8vo. 1804.

† He has often been strangely confounded with the Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, of the same name, who is author of the History of Newcastle upon Tyne, and Editor of Bourne's Antiquitates Vulgares: and whose pursuits have been in a very different track.

Mr. Brand, the politician, distinguished himself at Cambridge, principally in Mathematics, where he became A.B. 1766, and has written several pamphlets of great merit; particularly on the alteration of the constitution of the House of Commons, 1793, and on the Price of Wheat, 1800. Probably the suggestions of Mr. Thornton have furnished him with some new light on this subject.

crease

crease of the quantity of the circulating medium, combined with its augmented power from a more skilful and more economical use, are truly alarming. They, who from the mere operation of what Beattie defines to be "common sense" have long beheld these results with sorrow and lamentation, and expressed them with the ardor of a moral and justly directed sensibility, have been considered as prejudiced and narrow-minded declaimers. But perhaps when these effects are deduced and accounted for, in a mode which scarcely falls short of mathematical demonstration, they will not be so easily rejected by the scornful taunts of such half-witted pretenders to an enlightened philosophy. I am irresistibly impelled therefore to transcribe two or three paragraphs even from so recent a publication, which must be in every body's hands, thinking that I shall be well repaid, if I can in the smallest degree add to the circulation of remarks so truly important, and so worthy the consideration of every thinking mind.

"The private distress," says the Critic, "arising from the rapid increase of prices from these causes, the increase of the notes of the bank, the unrestrained augment of country paper, the increased power of currency of all kinds, and the monopoly, we shall pass by, to note another and more natural consequence, arising from the effect of a revolution, which it silently introduces in the classes of society; undermining civil subordination, that great supplement to law, acting while in vigour with a more extensive, more constant, and more moral effect. Men of property are customarily divided into three classes; the mercantile, the monied, and the landed interests; the spirit of subordination in cities and great trading towns is maintained

tained by the two former ; and in such places, as a manufacturing populace increases, it becomes more refractory, more debauched, and more seditious, notwithstanding any increase of wealth, and number of the greater traders ; and on the monied men their dependence is indefinitely less, and may be taken as nothing.

“ The effect of this increase of prices on the spirit of subordination in the country, is now to be enquired after. The incomes of the commercial and monied men have been increased with a much greater celerity than that of the landed interest ; with respect to the former this is self-evident ; and of late years the addition to the interest of the public debt forms a part, and a part only, of the augment of the income of the latter. Now in any one year each of these classes will divide the commodities produced for all collectively, in proportion to its income ; and as the income of the landed class is perpetually declining in proportion to that of the other two, its share in the whole product of the year will be less than of those preceding ; together with that of every individual on the average. Now the real opulence of the class, like that of the individual, is as that share ; and the circumstance of character being taken equal, and such as neither adds to nor subtracts from it, his consequence will be as his share of opulence ; and this is the root of the subordination of the inferior to the superior class ; with this it increases ; with this it declines, and with this it perishes.

“ In this universal progress of descent, many of the old gentry of the land are unable to conquer their old habits of consumption, or to diminish their former appearance ;

appearance; they may, by preserving it preserve that consequence a little while; but it terminates in the sale or diminution of their lands: thus their weight must be daily decreasing, their number rapidly diminishing, and the vacuity supplied by the new men who retire from commerce after having made their fortunes. But let the new proprietor be in character, and in income, equal to the individual of an old family, whose place he takes; the neighbouring yeomanry and peasantry will not look up to him with that respect, with which they recently regarded the representative of a family, whom their ancestors have revered for generations; hence by a rapid change of landed proprietors, subordination is weakened in the country at large.

“ Besides, as the landed interest is in a state of swift relative decline, the daily increasing opulence of the monied and commercial men will be perpetually adding to their ascendancy in the House of Commons; which will be far from an improvement of its spirit; and of the great number of these classes who have had seats in that house for the last half century, we do not recollect one, who has been even reputed a great general politician. This evil also affects the commercial gentry themselves, as soon as they retire to enjoy their acquisitions. He, who forty years ago converted his capital into a monied income, finds its power or command of commodities and services already reduced in the proportion of 61 to 100, or 39l. per cent.; and they, who invested their property in land, notwithstanding the rise of rents, find theirs reduced by about the half of that rate; and even the merchant who, after thirty years successful traffic, shall to-morrow withdraw from business, will find the acquisitions of the first two thirds

tion, perhaps, greater than may be justified by their comparative value among the various pursuits of life and constituents of happiness. Dwelling on the nature and causes of the wealth of nations, both theorists and politicians by too exclusive attention to that one subject, have frequently been led into an imagination that the supreme constituent of national good was opulence, an idea totally inconsistent with a knowledge of human powers and enjoyments, the experience of happiness, and the history of nations.* This very high estimation of wealth, as the supreme excellence of a country, co-operated with the mercantile character so prevalent in Britain, and many in the various departments of active (especially trading) life considered commerce and finance as the principal objects of executorial conduct. Mr. Pitt, though too enlarged in his views to admit the opinion in the common extent, yet regarding trade, and especially revenue, as most immediately urgent, in forming his plans for the first session of the new parliament, directed his mind chiefly to commerce and finance; and these constitute the principal subjects of his Majesty's introductory speech to parliament."

* Compare for instance, the Greeks and Persians, the Romans and Carthaginians, the Europeans and Hindoos. The heroes sent by poverty from the north, to the dastardly and enervated defenders of the riches of the south, These in the monuments of Gillies, of Fergusson, and Gibbon, shew how falsely a political reasoner would conclude, who should measure national glory and happiness by national receipts.

ART. XVI. TOPOGRAPHY.

The dull manner in which this department of literature has been generally conducted, without one faint ray of fancy to illuminate the dreary paths of antiquity, has brought it into contempt with men of elegant learning and feeling hearts. It cannot be denied, that to extract from court-rolls, deeds of feoffment, and parish registers, to copy tombstones, and epitomize wills, to hunt indexes for inquisitions, and transcribe meagre pedigrees of obscure names, is a very humble exercise of some of the lowest qualifications of an attorney's clerk—But to elucidate local history in the manner in which it ought to be elucidated, is to rescue the worthy from oblivion, to delineate the changes of manners, and the progress of arts, and call back to the fancy the pomp and splendour of ages that are gone; to restore the ruined castle; to repeople the deserted mansion, and bid for a moment the grave render back its inhabitants to the fond eye of regret. To execute works of this kind would require powers very different from those of most of our Topographers, and not very compatible with that industry which the necessary researches would call for. Few men have united, with the powers of fancy and taste, such laborious investigation, as the late Mr. Thomas Warton. His specimen of a History of Oxfordshire, in his account of the parish of Kiddington, is a model for such compilations, and shews how instructive and entertaining he could have made the account of a more favoured spot.

But the principal purpose of my entering at present on this subject is to introduce the fragment of a Poem,
in

In which it is attempted to describe the feelings of a tender heart on re-visiting the scenes of former happiness. It seems to me that such effusions come strictly within the plan of the most valuable part of topographical memoirs; and would add life, interest, and moral charms to what is now considered as the most useless and unattractive branch of modern reading.

A POETICAL FRAGMENT

*On a deserted mansion, the supposed place of nativity
of the person in whose character it is written.*

Ah! poor deserted solitary dome!
Thou wast, tho' now so dreary, once my home!
From these lov'd windows was I wont to mark
The swain at noontide cross the chearful park;
And oft as pensive eve began to draw
O'er the sweet scene her shadowy veil, I saw
The weary woodman thro' the twilight pace,
His hearth's domestic circle to embrace!
Unnoticed now his mournful path he treads;
No casual ray thy gloomy window sheds;
From thy chill halls no clouds of smoke appear:
No sound of human habitant is here.
The angry spirits of the wind alone
Shriek thro' thy rooms and 'mid thy turrets groan;
While the poor villager, who wont to stay,
And near this spot to linger on his way,
Now passes fearful on, nor looks around,
Starts at each bough; and quakes at every sound.
With trembling footsteps I approach thy gates;
The massy door upon the hinges grates;
Hark! as it opens, what an hollow groan
'Cross the dark hall and down the aisles is thrown!

Still

Still as each lov'd apartment I explore,
 The ghosts glide by of joys that are no more;
 Cold tremors seize my frame, and to my heart
 Despair's chill shafts in clouds of sorrow dart!
 O where are all the crew, whose social powers
 Speeded beneath these roofs my youthful hours:
 Some near yon fane, beneath the turfy mound,
 From worldly cares have early quiet found
 Wide o'er the globe dispersed the rest are seen;
 Vast lands extend, deep oceans roll between.
 Some in the burning suns of Asia toil
 To win deceitful Fortune's gaudy smile;
 Some in the battle's perils spend their breath,
 And grasp at honour in the arms of death;
 On Egypt's sandy plains, or 'mid the crew
 Of mad rebellion still their course pursue;
 Some to the gentler arts of peace apply,
 Or with the gown's or senate's labours vie;
 Watch with the moon thro' midnight's tranquil hour,
 Learning's exhaustless volumes to explore;
 Or paint bright Fancy's shadowy shapes, which throng
 Before the raptured sight, in living song,
 While fondly as the fairy structure grows
 With hope of endless fame the bosom glows.
 But where are they, whose softer forms display'd
 Beauty in all the charms of youth array'd?
 Which first the breast with love's emotion fill'd,
 And with new joys the dove-winged moments thrill'd.
 Here glimmered first, amid a thousand wiles,
 Thro' the deep blush, affection's purple smiles,
 In murmurs died the voices melting tone,
 And the heart throb'd with softness yet unknown.
 On yonder lawn in yonder tangled shade
 Till twilight stole upon our joys we played;

Danced on the green, or with affected race
 Pursued thro' winding walks the wanton chase ;
 Or sat on banks of flowers, and told some tale
 Where hapless lovers o'er their fate bewail ;
 Or bad soft echo from her mossy seat
 The floating music of their songs repeat !
 Ye dear companions of my boyish days,
 Fair idols of my vows and of my lays,
 O whither are ye gone ? what varied fate
 Has heaven decreed your riper years to wait ?
 The bloom of youth no longer paints your cheeks ;
 In your soft eyes gay hope no longer speaks ;
 Bright as the hyacinthine rays of Morn
 Your cheeks no more the auburn locks adorn.
 Some in the distant shades of privacy
 With watchful looks a mother's care supply ;
 Some in the realms of fashion feed their pride,
 Wafted on dissipation's vapoury tide :
 And some alas ! ere yet the silver hair
 And tottering footsteps warn'd them to prepare,
 Of life's vain course have closed the fickle race,
 And sudden sunk in chilling death's embrace.

But happy they, who, in the quiet grave,
 The world's relentless storms no more must brave ;
 For here no more had childhood's pure delights
 Bless'd their sweet days, and hover'd o'er their nights.
 Here cruel fate had early closed the door,
 That opens to the voice of joy no more ;
 And still, where'er the wretched exiles strayed,
 Black Care had gloom'd their steps, and Fraud betray'd ;
 And Envy scowl'd upon their fairest deeds,
 And Calumny, that cursed fiend who feeds
 With most delight on those, who most aspire
 To win pure fame by virtue's holiest fire,

Had

Had damp'd the ardor of the generous breast,
 And glory's kindling visions had suppress.—
 The grave contains them now : beneath a heap
 Of mouldering turf in silent rest they sleep,
 Till the dread day when sounds the trump of fate,
 And all with trembling hope their doom must wait.

O ye deep shadowy walks ; ye forest-dells,
 Where solitude with inmost mystery dwells !
 Again I hail you ! From the leaf strown earth
 Visions of happy infancy spring forth
 At every step I tread ; and to my heart
 A momentary ray of joy impart :
 But ah ! how soon, with present ills combin'd,
 The dreadful contrast strikes the wounded mind !
 The clock that sent its undulating sounds
 With deep-ton'd stroke thro' all your distant bounds
 From yonder lofty tower, is silent now ;
 Silent the horn, that on yon airy brow,
 Blew its shrill notes thro' all your calm retreats,
 And rous'd the Nymphs and Dryads from their seats ;
 And call'd sweet Echo, bidding her prolong
 Thro' hill and grove and vale the cheerful song :
 Still is the breath of him who wak'd the horn ;
 The master's tongue, who did these scenes adorn,
 Is silent in the dust ; no more his voice
 Bids the deep coverts of your woods rejoice ;
 No more the rustics' grateful breasts he cheers,
 Nor wipes from Poverty her bitter tears ;
 No more around him draws the eager cry
 Of prattling childhood, to attract his eye,
 From whence the rays of love and kindness fly ;
 No more his lips pronounce the awful tone
 Of wisdom, and instruct the bad to moan
 Their guilty course ; and virtue still to bear
 The load of life with fortitude and prayer.

}

Beneath the pavement of yon humble fane
 Low in the earth his mouldering bones remain.
 Mem'ry shall o'er the spot her vigils keep,
 And Friendship and Affection long shall weep ;
 And he, who now attempts, in simple lays,
 His honour'd fame so weakly to emblaze,
 Shall never cease, till life its current stays,
 To love, to speak, to view with idol eyes,
 His merits kindling as they upward rise !
 O what a sudden gloom invests the heaven !
 Black clouds across the fair expanse are driven :
 No sound is heard ; save where a casual breeze
 Shakes off the rustling leaves from faded trees.
 Hark ! what a gust was that ! a fearful moan
 Along the dark'ning forest seems to groan.
 Ye holy spirits of my buried sires,
 Still e'en in death survive your wonted fires ?
 Still hovering round your once lov'd earthly walks,
 Is it your voice that in the breezes talks ?
 To him who sighs o'er all your glories gone,
 Who weeps your scatter'd grove, your ruin'd lawn ;
 Who views with bursting heart your falling towers,
 And fills with loud lament your ravag'd bowers ;
 To him, perchance your guardian cares extend ;
 O'er him perchance with favouring voice ye bend !
 O hear me, sainted beings of the air,
 One sign, ye smile upon my efforts, spare !
 That gust again ! louder it seem'd to move,
 Rushing across the center of the grove !
 Sure 'tis the signal that ye come at last
 To calm my breast, and soothe my sorrows past :
 For long Misfortune's baleful hand has spread
 Her iron tortures round my luckless head.

Cætera desunt.

ART.

ART. XVII. REV. ROBERT POTTER.

Of this very accomplished and venerable scholar, who died in August 1804, the following character appeared in the Newspapers of the day.

“Thursday last died, aged 83, the Rev. Robert Potter, M. A. Prebendary of Norwich, and Vicar of Lowestoff, in Suffolk. Mr. Potter has long been known to the literary world as the translator of three great writers of the Greek drama; of all the translations in our language, this undoubtedly possesses a superior claim to excellence; not merely from the fidelity with which it has been executed, but from the singular fidelity by which the genius and manner of the respective writers are presented to us. When we further consider the magnitude of the undertaking, and that it was the work of one man, we cannot but rank Mr. Potter (not to mention his original publications), among those to whom British literature is especially indebted. In his private character, he exhibited a mind of strong sensibility and elevated sentiments; and his principles and conduct were such as to do honour to his profession and country.”

The following article also appeared at the same time.

“Mr. Potter was one of the best classical scholars of his time. His translations of the Greek dramatic writers are proofs of poetical energy as well as profound erudition. He distinguished himself by other works of learning and genius; but he was entitled to still higher praise for the benevolence of his disposition and rectitude of his conduct. The living of Lowestoff is in the gift of the Bishop of Norwich, who will

perhaps find it a difficult matter to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Potter, who executed its duties with exemplary piety without ostentatious zeal."

ART. XVIII. JACOB BRYANT.

From the Sun Newspaper, 23 Nov. 1804.

"Jacob Bryant, Esq. We have already stated that this venerable ornament of literature died on Tuesday the 13th instant at Chippenham, Bucks, aged 89, deeply regretted by all who knew him. His death was in consequence of a wound on his shin, occasioned by his foot slipping from a chair, which he had stepped on to reach a book in his library; thus did he die, as he had lived, in search of knowledge. As a small but sincere tribute to his memory, a friend is induced to give a short sketch of his character, which an uninterrupted intercourse with him for the last thirty years enables him to do.

"Jacob Bryant, a man, whose whole life had been devoted to the acquirement of learning, and the goal of whose labours was a firm settlement of conviction in religion. He had by study amassed an erudition, which was paralleled by few and surpassed by none; his piety grew out of his learning, and was only equalled by it. With the mildness of a child, he united the firmness of a stoic; from a mind truly christian, his precepts flowed with milk and honey. Though belonging to the lay part of the community, his efforts in the cause of religion were as unceasing as they were satisfactory. His studies were chiefly directed to one
object,

object, the developement and establishment of universal truth ; this he knew could only be effected by removing the doubts of the sceptic, and softening the heart of the infidel. The tenets of his own life were those of a true Christian ; and though he looked upon Providence rather as an indulgent than an angry father, yet his walk through life shewed his conviction of the necessity of never forgetting the "one thing needful."

"Were it necessary to add any thing farther of so good a man, it might be truly said, that in society he stood unrivalled ; as a companion he was both communicative and attentive, of unaffected manners, and manly cheerfulness, willing to please, and easy to be pleased. Such a man was Jacob Bryant ; such a man his friends have lost, and such a loss they have to deplore."

ART. XIX. MRS. MONTAGU.

The following character of this lady appeared in the newspapers on her death, on August 25, 1800.

"The observation of Hume, respecting Queen Elizabeth, is applicable to this lady. We are not so much to consider her sex, as her abilities. She was an excellent scholar ; she possessed a sound judgment and an exquisite taste. Her Essay on the writings and genius of Shakspeare, in answer to the frivolous objections of Voltaire must always rank with the best illustrations of the transcendent powers of our great English poet. Her work is not an elaborate exposition of obscure passages, but a comprehensive survey of the sublimity of his genius, of his profound knowledge of human

human nature, and of the wonderful resources of his imagination. This Essay is, we believe, the only work, of which Mrs. Montagu publicly avowed herself to be the author; but it is well known that she assisted the first Lord Lyttelton in the composition of his “Dialogues of the Dead;” and some of the best of those dialogues, by his Lordship’s own acknowledgment, were the efforts of her pen. Lord Lyttelton was very much attached to her, and if he had been free from matrimonial connexions, she might have commanded his title and fortune. Mrs. Montagu however, it is imagined, was attached to Pulteney, the famous Earl of Bath.* She accompanied this nobleman and his lady on a tour through Germany.

“Mrs. Montagu peculiarly excelled in epistolary composition, and her letters, in point of learning, judgment, and elegance, far exceed those of her namesake, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, even supposing that the latter was really the author of the letters attributed to her, which have however been long known to be fictitious. †

“Mrs. Montagu was a near relation of the late celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, ‡ to whose care she devolved in early life, and who superintended her education with parental fondness.

“It is said that she made so early a display of her tendency to literature, that she had transcribed the

* This was a strangely erroneous report. Pulteney was much older than her father; and Mr. Montagu survived him many years. *Editor.*

† Another unfounded assertion! See Dallaway’s late edition of *Lady Mary’s Works*, in which the new letters have even greater merit than those before published. *Editor.*

‡ Dr. Middleton married her grandmother, Mrs. Drake. *Editor.*

whole of the Spectators, before she was eight years of age. Incredible as this story seems to be, it has been attested by the best authority, and was always solemnly affirmed by the late Dr. Monsey, Physician of Chelsea College, a particular friend of Dr. Middleton, and of Mrs. Montagu.

“ The epistolary correspondence that took place between Dr. Monsey * and Mrs. Montagu, during her tour in Germany, and indeed through the whole of their intercourse for upwards of thirty years, affords proofs of uncommon talents, original humour, and acute observation on both sides. We sincerely hope, that these letters, or at least those of Mrs. Montagu, will be submitted to the world, as they contain nothing but what would tend to impress mankind with high reverence for her capacity, her attainments, and her virtues.

“ In private life Mrs. Montagu was an example of liberal discretion, and rational benevolence. Her hand was always extended to the protection of genius, and the relief of distress; but she was careful to distinguish the objects, and not to lavish her bounty upon false pretensions. This lady’s magnificent mansion was the resort of the most distinguished characters of her time, and all were emulous to testify their esteem, and pay homage to the endowments of her mind, and the amiable qualities of her heart.

“ We are extremely sorry to conclude this impartial tribute to her worth, by informing the world, that she patiently resigned her meritorious life at a very advanced age (80) on Monday last, 25th Aug. 1800, at her house in Portman Square.”

* Dr. Monsey died 26th Dec. 1788, aged 95.

ART. XX. *Original Letter of Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. W. B.*

DEAR MADAM, *Chaillot, Sept. 19, 1776.* 2

“ I had the pleasure of receiving your obliging letter from the hands of a very lively polite French lady. Who she is I cannot learn, for at Paris every body does not know every body as at London. Miss G—— and I were going to step into the coach with an intention to pass one night at Paris; but I changed my scheme, and insisted on Madame C—— staying the evening; she has travelled a great deal, and is very amusing. I have called twice at her door, but did not find her at home; she wrote me a very obliging note to express her regret. I do not know whether I mentioned to you that I was disgusted with the noise and dirtiness of an hotel garni. I had the best apartments in the best hotel at Paris. In my drawing-room I had a fine lustre, noble looking-glasses, velvet chairs; and in my bed-chamber a rich bed with a superb canopy. Poets and philosophers have told us that cares and solitudes lurk under rich canopies, but they never told us that at Paris les punaises lie concealed there; small evils it may be said, but I assure you as incompatible with sound sleep as the most formidable terrors or the wildest dreams of ambition. I did not rest well at night, and in the day for the few hours I was chez moi I did not enjoy that kind of comfort one feels at home, so I was determined to have an habitation quite to myself. I got a pretty small house at
Chaillot

Chaillot with the most delightful prospect; it was unfurnished, so I hired furniture. I had not brought house linen, but I found a Flemish linen-draper; then I composed my establishment of servants; I have of English, French, Italians, Germans, and Savoyards; they cannot combine against me, for they hardly understand one another, but they all understand me, and we are as quiet and orderly as possible. I was not ten days from the time I hired my house before I inhabited it. I made use of it at first as an house to sleep in at night, and to visit from in the day, but I soon found out that it was an house in which one might dine and ask others to dinner. I got an excellent cook who had lived with the Prince of Wirtemberg, and have since had duchesses, and fine ladies, and learned academicians, to dine with me; and I live a la mode de Paris, as much as if I was a native. I have usually only a pair of horses; but when I go to visit, or any where at a distance, the man of whom I hire them furnishes me with six and a postillion, so that I have all manner of accommodations.

“ I placed the boys and Mr. B—— at a French school, half a quarter of a mile from hence, where they have an opportunity of talking French all day as well as learning it by rule. If they had been here, the boys must have been continually with servants, for my nephew being too old for a plaything, and not yet a man, it would have been impossible to have introduced him into company. A little child is the prettiest of animals, but of all companions, to be sure a human being before it is at years of rational discourse is the worst, except to those who have a parental affection for them; and though I think it no shame to
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own I have a wonderful delight in my nephew, whom I have, in a manner, brought up, I should be very absurd to expect other people should take more pleasure in my nephew than I do in their nephews; nor do I think the conversation of mixed society very good for children. Things are often thrown out in a careless imperfect manner, so as to be very dangerous to young minds; as indigested food fills the body, indigested opinions do the mind, with crudities and flatulencies, and perhaps there is not any place where a young person could be in more danger of being hurt by society than at Paris. Till I had conversed so intimately with the French I did not imagine they were so different from us in their opinions, sentiments, manners and modes of life as I find them. In every thing they seem to think perfection and excellence to be that which is at the greatest distance from simplicity. I verily believe that if they had the ambrosia of the gods served at their table they would perfume it, and they would make a ragout sauce to nectar; we know very well they would put rouge on the cheek of Hebe. If an orator here delivers a very highly adorned period he is clapt; at the academy where some verses were read, which were a translation of Homer, the more the translator deviated from the simplicity of Homer, the more loud the applause; at their tragedies an extravagant verse of the poets and an outrageous action of the actor is clapped. The Corinthian architecture is too plain, and they add ornaments of fancy. The fine Grecian forms of vases and tripods they say are triste, and therefore they adorn them. It would be very dangerous to inspire young persons with this contempt of simplicity before experience taught

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choice or discretion. The business of the toilette is here brought to an art and a science. Whatever is supposed to add to the charm of society and conversation is cultivated with the utmost attention. That mode of life is thought most eligible that does not leave one moment vacant from amusement. That style of writing or conversation the best that is always the most brilliant. This kind of high colouring gives a splendour to every thing which is pleasing to a stranger who considers every object that presents itself as a sight and as a spectacle, but I think would grow painful if perpetual. I do not mean to say, that there are not some persons and some authors who, in their conversation and writings, have a noble simplicity, but in general there is too little of it. This taste of decoration makes every thing pretty, but leaves nothing great. I like my present way of life so well I should be glad to stay here two months longer, but to avoid the dangers of a winter sea and land journey I shall return, as I intended, the first week in October.

I had a very agreeable French lady to dine with me to-day, and am to dine with her at Versailles on Sunday. As she is a woman of the bed-chamber to the Queen, she was obliged (being now in waiting) to ask leave to come to me; the queen, with her leave, said something very gracious concerning the character of your humble servant. The French say so many civil things from the highest of them to the lowest, I am glad I did not come to Paris when I was young enough to have my head turned.

We are going to sup with a most charming Marquise deDufants, who, being blind and upwards of four-score, is polite and gay, and I suppose we shall stay till after midnight

midnight with her. I hope to contrive to get a peep at you in my journey through Kent.

Miss G—— desires her best compliments. I have sent you a copy of Voltaire's saucy letter on a translator of Shakspeare's appearing at Paris; he was very wrath. Mr. Le Tourneur, whom he abuses, is a very modest ingenious man. Voltaire is vexed that the French will see how he has often stolen from Shakspeare. I could have sent you some very pretty verses that were made on your humble servant and Miss G——; but I think satire is always more poignant than praise, and the verses on us were high panegyric.

I am, Dear Madam,

Your most affectionate Sister and Friend,
and faithful humble Servant,

E. MONTAGU.

ART. XXI. BEN JONSON.

Oldys in his MSS. says, "what I have observed of Ben Jonson's being tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's son Walter, in my life of Raleigh, * should be somewhat corrected from Mr. Oldisworth's MS. as follows.

"Mr. Camden recommended him to Sir Walter Raleigh, who trusted him with the care and instruction of his eldest son Walter, a gay spark, † who could not brook Ben's rigorous treatment, but perceiving one foible in his disposition made use of that to throw off

* Before his "History of the World," 1736. fol. p. clxxii.

† This was the heroic son, who fell gloriously in his father's last unfortunate expedition.

the yoke of his government. And this was an unlucky habit Ben had contracted, through his love of jovial company, of being overtaken with liquor, which Sir Walter did of all vices most abominate, and hath most exclaimed against. One day, when Ben had taken a plentiful dose, and was fallen into a sound sleep, young Raleigh got a great basket, and a couple of men, who laid Ben in it, and then with a pole carried him between their shoulders to Sir Walter, telling him their young master had sent home his tutor."

"This I had, (says Oldys) from a MS. memorandum book written in the time of the civil wars by Mr. Oldisworth, who was Secretary, I think, to Philip Earl of Pembroke. Yet in the year 1614, when Sir Walter published his *History of the World*, there was a good understanding between him and Ben Jonson: for the verses, which explain the grave frontispiece before that history, were written by Jonson, and are reprinted in his "*Underwoods*," where the poem is called "the Mind of the frontispiece to a book;" but he names not this book."

Jonson was born 11th June 1574, and died 16th August, 1637, of a palsy. His father died about 1580,* and his mother re-married a bricklayer.

He was very corpulent, and weighed within two pounds of twenty-two stone, as he says himself in his epistle to Mr. Arthur Squibb in his "*Underwoods*." †

"The first edition of his works was in 1616, one volume folio, pages 1015, imprinted by W. Stansby,

* Query this date ?

† Whalley's edit. Vol. VI. p. 428.

entitled, "The Workes of Ben Jonson." Another volume in folio was added 1631. Again with additions, 1692, folio, with a copper-print of him laureated, his cloak over one shoulder, and gloves in his right hand, engraved by Wm. Elder, the writing-master, with Latin and English verses underneath. But the face is too smooth, not crabbed, but full enough. Mr. Vertue's print is much more like him. I have seen an original painting of him in the Cotton Library, but it is not done by a masterly hand. There is a painting of him in the picture-gallery at Oxford: and I have been told of a picture in Bricklayers' hall. A curious painting in miniature of his head in oil colours by Cornelius Jansen, and set in a gold frame or border, in possession of Mr. Collevous the painter, was sold by him for five guineas to Lord James Cavendish. There was an edition of Ben Jonson's works in 6 volumes, 8vo. with cuts.

"I do not perceive," adds Oldys, "that Langbaine had ever seen any of Ben Jonson's plays that were printed singly in his life-time, but two; and these are "The New Inn" and "Staple of News," both printed in different sizes in the year 1631. So that others of his which were printed separately seem greater rarities than Shakspeare's. The single copies might die the sooner by his publishing a folio volume in 1616 of all he had written.

"In Ben's "Execration upon Vulcan for suffering a fire to burn his MSS." printed in his "Underwoods" it appears, that among them was a history he had compiled of the reign of King Henry V. as far as eight of his nine years, in which he had the assistance of Sir Geo. Carew, Sir Robert Cotton, and Mr. Selden.

He

He then lost also a poetical journal of his adventures in Scotland, and all his collections in poetry and humanity for twenty-four years, &c. I think the "Execration on Vulcan" is not in the first edition of Ben's works in folio, 1616: and think that the fire was near or about the year 1629. He mentions in it the burning also of one or two of the play-houses; viz. the Globe on the Bank-side, and the Fortune near Whitecross-street.

"Mr. Thomas Odell tells me that Ben Jonson was master of a play-house in Barbican, now the meeting-house of Mr. James Foster, the dissenting minister, and lived for some time in the house lately inhabited by Mr. Samuel Palmer, the painter in Bartholomew Close, and now by Mr. James, the letter-founder, whence he accounts for his rhyme on the Sun and Moon taverns in Aldersgate-street. He mentions something of his theatre to the Earl of Pembroke, I think, before his Epigrams. He often mentions the Mermaid * tavern, and commends the Canary there, where Sir Walter Raleigh had also a club, of which the ingenious Sir Francis Stuart, K. B. and son of the Earl of Murray, was one, to whom Ben Jonson dedicates his "Silent Woman." In the latter part of his Epigrams he mentions the Mermaid in Bread-street.

"See Drummond's Letter to his worthy friend, Master Benj. Jonson, at the end of his History of Scotland, 8vo. 1618, p. 395, or in folio, 1655.

"I have somewhere read that Ben Jonson and Tom

* "This was the Mermaid in Bread-street, and not that in Friday-street. Whalley's Ben Jonson, Vol. VI. p. 262."

Brown died in Aldersgate-street. He was married in his younger years, and had a son who lived to be seven years old (see his epitaph on him); and also daughters, one of which, named Mary, dying young, he has also an epitaph on her (see the *Life of Waller*, 8vo. 174 of his son.) About the year 1622, some lewd, perjured woman deceived and jilted him; and he writes a sharp poem on the occasion. And in another poem, called his *Picture*, left in Scotland, he seems to think she slighted him for his mountain belly and his rocky face.

“Ben Jonson was charged in his “*Poetaster*,” 1601, with having libelled or ridiculed the lawyers, soldiers, and players: so he afterwards joined an apologetical dialogue at the end of it; wherein he says he had been provoked for three years on every stage by slanderers, as to his self-conceit, arrogance, insolence, railing, and plagiarism by translations. As to law, he says he only brought in Ovid chid by his father for preferring poetry to it. As to the soldiers, he swears by his Muse they are friends; he loved the profession, and once proved or exercised it, as I take it, and did not shame it more then with his actions than he dare now with his writings. And as to the players he had taxed some sparingly, but they thought each man’s vice belonged to the whole tribe. That he was not moved with what they had done against him, but was sorry for some better natures who were drawn in by the rest to concur in the exposure or derision of him. And concludes that since his Comic Muse has been so ominous to him, he will try if Tragedy has a kinder aspect.

“A full shew of those he has exposed in this play is
not

not now easily discernible. Besides Decker, and some touches on some play that has a Moor in it (perhaps Titus Andronicus; I should hope he did not dare to mean Othello), some speeches of such a character being recited in Act iii. Scene iv. though not reflected on, he makes Tucca call Histrio the player, "a lousy slave, proud rascal, you grow rich, do you? and purchase you twopenny tear-mouth; and copper-laced scoundrels" &c. which language should not come very natural from him, if he had ever been a player himself; and such it seems he was before or after." *

"See R. Herrick's poems on B. Jonson, in his *Hesperides*, 8vo. 1648, who has four or five little poems or epigrams on the same."

"See Oldham's Ode to the Memory of B. Jonson—Sam. Sheppard's Epigrams in 6 books, 8vo. 1651, p. 138. There are three poems, or epigrams, and an epitaph on Ben Jonson in a book called "Recreation for ingenious head-pieces, &c. 8vo. 1667. One is about his being robbed by a highwayman, in verse; another, his approbation of a copy of verses: another, a kind of epitaph, containing some very just praise, and a short epitaph." †

* Oldys's MS. notes to Langbaine.

† Oldys.

A LIST
OF
LITERARY MEN OF GREAT BRITAIN,

WHO HAVE DIED IN THE LAST TWELVE YEARS, WITH
THE DATES OF THEIR DEATHS.

1793.

John Gordon, D.D. F.S.A. 5 Jan. æt. 68.
Edward Drewe, Esq. of Exeter, 19 Feb.
William Murray, Earl of Mansfield, 20 Feb. æt. 89
William Hudson, F.R.S. (botanist) 23 May, æt. 60.
William Robertson, D.D. 11 June, æt. 73
Rev. Gilbert White, 26 June, æt. 74
George Stuart, LL.D. 18 June, æt. 79
Francis Garden, Lord Gardenstone, 21 July, æt. 73
John Hunter, 16 October, æt. 68
Richard Tickell, 4 November

1794.

Sir Clifton Wintringham, M.D. 10 January, æt. 84
John Hinchliffe, Bp. of Peterborough, 10 Jan. æt. 65
Edward Gibbon, 16 January, æt. 57
Reverend Edward Harwood, 14 January, æt. 65
John Charles Brooke, F.A.S. 3 February, aged 45
Richard Burke, Esq. 5 February
Sir John Fenn, Kt. F.A.S. 14 February, æt. 55
Sir William Jones, 27 April
Richard Burke, Junior, 2 August, aged 36
George Colman, 14 August
Rev. James Bentham, F.A.S. 17 November, æt. 86

1795.

1795.

George Berkeley, LL.D. 6 January
 Thomas Balguy, D.D. 12 January
 Reverend Richard Southgate, 25 January
 William Herbert, Antiquary, 17 March, æt. 77
 Dr. Alexander Gerrard, 22 March
 James Boswell, Esq. 19 May, æt. 55
 Ralph Heathcote, D.D. 28 May
 William Smellie, Printer, 25 June
 Rev. Mr. Morrison, (biog.) June
 Thomas Ford Hill, F.S.A. 16 July
 Mrs. Dobson, July
 Andrew Kippis, D.D. 8 October, æt. 72
 Henry Owen, M.D. F.R.S. 14 October
 George Butt, D.D. 30 September
 Reverend Samuel Bishop, 17 November, æt. 63

1796.

Sir William Burrell, LL.D. 20 January
 John Sibthorp, M.D. (botanist) 7 February
 Sir William Chambers, (architect) 8 March
 Reverend Benjamin Sowden, March
 George Anderson, A. M. (accountant) 30 April
 George Campbell, D.D. 6 April
 William Gerard Hamilton, 16 July, æt. 69
 Robert Burns, 21 July
 William Temple, LL.B. of St. Gluvias, August
 Reverend William Benwell, 6 September, æt. 31
 Thomas Reid, D.D. 7 October, æt. 87
 James Fordyce, D.D. 8 October, æt. 76
 Reverend John Bree, A. M. 14 December
 John Maclaurin, Lord Dreghorn, 24 Dec. æt. 67

1797.

1797.

Reverend Mr. Parkhurst, 21 February
 Horace, Earl of Orford, 2 March, æt. 81.
 William Mason, A. M. 5 April
 Reverend G. Travis
 William Cadogan, M.D. 26 February
 Miss Ryves, April
 George Keate, F.R.S. 28 June, æt. circ. 67
 Reverend Henry Venn, R.M. 24 June, æt. 73
 Edmund Burke, 9 July, æt. 68
 Charles Macklin, 11 July, æt. 98
 Harvey Viscount Mountmorris, 18 Aug. æt. 55
 James Petit Andrews, 4 August
 Josiah Dornford, Barrister, 1 July, æt. 34
 Richard Farmer, D.D. 8 September, æt. 63
 Robert Marsham, F.R.S. 4 September, æt. 90
 Mrs. Wolstonecraft Godwin, 10 September
 William Enfield, LL.D. 2 November, æt. 57
 Mrs. Hayley, wife of Mr. W. Hayley, 6 November
 Peter Peckard, D.D. 8 December, æt. 83
 Richard Brocklesby, M.D. 12 December
 John Wilkes, 26 December, æt. 71

1798,

Thomas Kirkland, M.D. 17 January
 Reverend William Holwell, B.D. 13 February
 Sir Joseph Mawbey, Bart. 16 June, æt. 68
 Robert Masters, B.D. 5 July, æt. 83
 James Adair, Serjeant at Law, 21 July
 Daniel Webb, Esq. Critic, 2 August

Edward

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Edward Waring, M.D. 15 August, æt. 63
 Owen Salusbury Brereton, 9 September, æt. 84
 John Zephaniah Holwell, Esq. 5 November
 Thomas Pennant, Esq. 15 December, æt. 73
 John Reinhold Forster, LL.D. 16 December, æt. 70
 Robert Merry, 24 December
 William Wales, F.R.S. 29 December

1799.

Thomas Mulso, Esq. 7 February, aged 78
 William Melmoth, 14 March, aged 89
 Reverend Clayton Cracherode, 6 April
 William Seward, F.R.S. 24 April
 James Moore, F.A.S. 11 May
 Anthony Storer, 5 July
 William Curtis, (botanist) 7 July, æt. 53
 Rev. Samuel Denne, F.A.S. 3 August, æt. 70
 John Bacon, Statuary, 7 August, æt. 59
 William Withering, M.D. 6 October, æt. 58
 John Tweddell, Esq. 25 July, æt. 32
 Josiah Tucker, D.D. 4 November, æt. 88
 Michael Dodson, Esq. 13 November
 Dr. Towers
 General WASHINGTON, 14 December, æt. 68.

1800.

Joseph Black, M.D.
 Sir William Musgrave, Bart. F.A.S. 3 January
 William Newcome, D.D. Primate of Ireland, 11 Jan,
 aged 71
 John Warner, D.D. 22 January, æt. 64

George

George Steevens, F.A.S. 22 January, aged 65
 Rev. William Jones, F.R.S. 6 January
 Robert Glyn (Clobery), M.D. 8 February, æt. 81
 Daniel Malthus, Esq.
 Dr. Macknight
 Rev. William Tasker, 4 February, aged 60
 Rev. Joseph Warton, D.D. 23 February, aged 78
 Honourable Daines Barrington, 14 March
 William Brownrig, M.D. F.R.S. 7 January, æt. 89
 William Cowper, 25 April, æt. 69
 Samuel Pegge, Esq. F.A.S. 22 May, aged 68
 Mallet Du Pan, 8 May
 Rev. William Bagshaw Stevens, 28 May, æt. 45.
 Bryan Edwards, 16 July
 Right Honourable Frederick Montagu, 29 July
 Samuel Ireland, July
 Mrs. Montagu, 25 August
 Mrs. Gunning, 28 August
 Matthew Lord Rokeby, 30 November, æt. 88
 Mrs. Robinson, Poetess, 26 December

[*This List will be continued.*]

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER II.

ART. I. *A Poetical Rapsodie; containing diverse Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, Epigrams, Pastorals, Eglogues, with other Poems, both in Rime and Measured Verse. For varietie and pleasure, the like never yet published.*

The Bee and Spider by a diverse power,
Sucke hony and poyson from the selfe-satne flower.*

Newly corrected and augmented.

London. Printed by William Stansby for Roger Jackson, dwelling in Fleet Street, near the Great Conduit, 1611. 12mo.

THIS perhaps most valuable of our early metrical miscellanies (the rare occurrence of which can alone account for the little use which has been made of it by our republishers of early English poetry,) was first printed in 1602; and passed through three successive and augmented editions in 1608, 1611, and 1621. The

* So Chettle, in his *Kind Hart's dreame*, 1592;—

"From one selfe flower the bee and spider sucks
Honey and poyson."——

principal contributor appears to have been the avowed editor, Francis Davison, son of that unfortunate Secretary of State, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Queen of Scots. * Being a poet himself, he was more ably qualified for the delicate task of selection from his contemporaries, than Bodenharn, the compiler of "England's Helicon," in 1600; though his publisher, like some modern purveyors of literature, seems to have slighted the judgment and taste of an editor, for the purpose of making a bulkier book. This we gather from the preface, which, as it contains a casual notice of Walter Davison, † the natural and poetical brother to Francis, and as it is written in a strain of animated defiance to the hypercritics of that period, is here transcribed.

" To the Reader.

" Being induced by some private reasons and by the instant entreaty of speciall friends, to suffer some of my worthlesse poems to be published, I desired to make some written by my deere friends *Anonymoi*, and my deerer *Brother*, to beare them company: both, without their consent; the latter being in the low-country warres, and the rest utterly ignorant thereof. My friends' names I concealed; mine owne and my brother's, I willed the Printer to suppress, as well as I had concealed the other, which he having put in without my privity, we must now undergo a sharper censure pethaps than our namelesse workes should have done; and I especially. For if their poems be

* See Reliques of English Poetry, I. 332, edit. 1794.

† A very friendly letter from the Earl of Essex to Walter Davison is printed in Birch's Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth.

liked,

liked, the praise is due to their invention ; if disliked, the blame both by them and all men will be derived upon me, for publishing that which they meant to suppress.

“ If thou thinke we affect fame by these kinds of writings, though I thinke them no disparagement even to the best judgements, yet I answer in all our behalves, with the princely shepherd, Dorus, *Our hearts do seeke another estimation*. If thou condemne poetry in generall, and affirme that it doth intoxicate the braine, and make men utterly unfit eyther for more serious studies, or for any active course of life, I onely say—*Jubeo te stultum esse libenter*. Since experience proves by examples of many, both dead and living, that divers delighted and excelling herein, being princes or statesmen, have governed and counselled as wisely ; being souldiers, have commanded armies as fortunately ; being lawyers, have pleaded as judicially and eloquently ; being divines, have written and taught as profoundly ; and being of any other profession, have discharged it as sufficiently, as any other men whatsoever. If, liking other kinds, thou mislike the lyricall, because the chiefest subject thereof is love ;—I reply, that love being vertuously intended and worthily placed, is the whetstone of wit and spurre to all generous actions ; and many excellent spirits with great fame of wit and no staine of judgement, have written excellently in this kind, and specially the ever-praiseworthy Sidney : so as if thou wilt needs make a fault, for mine owne part,

Haud timeo, si jam nequeo defendere crimen
Cum tanto commune viro.

“ If any except against the mixing (both at the beginning and end of this booke) of diverse things written by great and learned personages, * with our meane and worthlesse scriblings, I utterly disclaim it; as being done by the Printer, eyther to grace the forefront with Sir Philip Sidney’s and others’ names, or to make the booke grow to a competent volume.

“ For these poems in particular, I could alledge these excuses—that those under the name of *Anonymos* were written (as appeareth by divers things to Sir Philip Sidney living, and of him, dead) almost twenty yeares since, when poetry was farre from that perfection to which it hath now attained: that my brother is by profession a souldier, and was not eighteen yeares old when he writ these toys: that mine owne were made most of them sixe or seven yeares since, at idle times as I journeyed up and downe during my travails. But to leave their works to justifie themselves, or the authors to justifie their works, and to speake of mine owne; thy dislikes I contemne, thy praises (which I neither deserve nor expect) I esteeme not; as hoping (God willing), ere long to regaine thy good opinion, if lost, or more deservedly to continue it, if already obtained, by some graver worke. Farewell.

FRA. DAVISON.”

The edition of 1611 is preceded by an alphabetical table of contents, and a dedicatory sonnet “To the most noble, honorable, and worthy Lord William Earle

* Two Letters written by Francis to his father, Secretary Davison, occur in Dr. Birch’s 14th Vol. of transcripts and extracts from the MSS. of Ant. Bacon, Esq. and were printed in the Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth’s time, Vol. II.

of Pembroke, * Lord Herbert of Cardiffe, Marmion,
and St. Quintine :

Great Earle, whose brave heroike minde is higher
And nobler then thy noble high degree ;
Whose outward shape, though it most lovely be,
Doth in faire robes a fairer soule attier :
Who, rich in fading wealth, in endlesse treasure,
Of vertue, valour, learning, richer art,
Whose present greatnesse men esteerne but part
Of what by line of future hope they measure !
Thou worthy sonne unto a peerelesse mother,
Or nephew to great Sidney of renowne,
Who hast deserv'd thy coronet, to crowne
With laurell crowne, a crowne excelling th' other :
I consecrate these rimes to thy great name,
Which, if thou like, they seeke no other fame.

FRA. DAVISON." †

[To be continued in another Number.]

ART. II. "*The pleasauntest workes of George Gascoigne, Esquyre: Newly compyled into one volume, that is, to say: His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of Warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Tragedie of Jocasta, the Steel-glasse, the complaint of Phylomene, the storie of Ferdinando Jeronimi, and the Pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. London, imprinted by Abel Jeffes, dwel-*

* The poetical patron of Ben Jonson, Abr. Fraunce, Daniel, Davies of Hereford, &c.

† To this signature was added in edit. 1602, "The devoted admirer of your Lordship's noble virtues, humbly dedicates his owne, his brother's, and Anonymos poems, both in his owne and their names."

*ling in the Fore-street, without Creeplegate, neere unto Grub-streete. 4to. 1587. B. L.**

As it is the purpose of this work not only to give an account of curious and neglected volumes, but to elucidate the history of the authors, and to correct the errors of preceding biographers, the communicator of this article conceives that his time cannot be more advantageously employed than in adding to the meagre details, and rectifying (in some degree) the erroneous accounts of this once celebrated poet.

George Gascoigne was born (according to Tanner)† of an ancient and noble family in Essex, and, as I learn from himself, received the rudiments of his education under a clergyman by the name of Nevinson, and thence removed to Cambridge. My reason for concluding that he never studied at Oxford shall be given in a note. ‡ How long he remained at the University no where appears, but he afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him

* My copy was given by Bishop Warburton to the late Thomas Warton.

† Vide Tanneri Bibliotheca, p. 310; but his account is so closely copied from Antony Wood that it is scarcely necessary to refer but to Athenæ Oxon. Vol. I. 189. Ed. 1720. He calls himself "Esquire by birth, and soldier by profession." By the bye his being born in Essex may be questioned: in the address prefixed to the "Hermit's Tale," he says he "stale his English in Westmerland."

‡ The following lines from his "Satyre of the Steel-glass" will be sufficient ground on which to found this opinion: he there directs the Priests to

Pray for the nurses of our noble Realme,
I meane the worthy universities,
And Cantabridge shall have the dignitie
Whereof I was unworthy member once.

Sig. H. j.

drew

III

drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 19th of March, 1572, at Gravesend; the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge; but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland Yorke and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,

they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

While this negotiation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it); and resolving to part with it

to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague: the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "the Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprized soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England. Returning to his native country, Gascoigne betook himself once more to Grays Inn, where it may reasonably be conjectured he continued but a short time; for in 1575 we find him retired to "his poore-house" at Walthamstow, where he collected and published his poems, having previously finished "the complaint of Phylomene" (begun as early as 1562), and written a satire called the *Steeple Glass*.

Glass. In the summer of this year he accompanied Queen Elizabeth in her progress, and supplied part of the entertainment at Kenelworth Castle, and at Woodstock.

Here the source of my information, his own writings, necessarily fails me, as the poet probably died soon after, in all probability at Walthamstow. In an address to the Queen, prefixed to "the Hermit's Tale" dated 1st Jan. 1576 (a MS. in the British Museum) he complains of his infirmities; and as nothing appeared from his futile pen, subsequent to 1576, we may reasonably conclude that he soon after terminated his existence. *

For

* It may here be necessary to answer for the variations from Wood's account. In no part of his works, which abound with accounts of himself, does it appear that Gascoigne "travelled in Holland," according to the acceptance generally received; it is true he was in Holland, but it was in his military capacity: that "he went from thence into France to visit the fashions of the Royal Court there, where he fell in love with a Scottish dame," is a ludicrous mistake of honest Antony's, originating, most probably, in a superficial examination of our author's works, among which is a Sonnet "wrote unto a Scottish Dame whome he chose for his mistresse in the French Court;" which, upon minuter inspection, he would have perceived was written in an assumed character: indeed in "The Hermit's Tale" * he thinks it necessary to apologize for his French, *as being learned in Holland*. His return into England appears above to have proceeded from other causes than "a weariness of those vanities, and of his travels in other countries."

It is to be regretted and admired that Tanner, having Whetstone's life of Geo. Gascoigne, if it was "our Gascoigne," gave no account from it. That the voluminous author of *Promos* and *Cassandra* (who has also a copy of verses prefixed to Gascoigne's works) should execute such an undertaking is highly

* Printed in the 1st Vol. of *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*, where the Editor's industry has forsook him, and where he has compiled a life of Gascoigne, in which the errors of Wood's account are heightened.

For the general merits of Gascoigne's poetry the reader is referred to the last edition of Philips's *Theatrum Poetarum*, p. 94 (White, 1800) and as specimens may be found in Headley, Ellis, Cooper, &c. they will be the less necessary in this place: one short poem which has not hitherto obtained the honour of selection may, however, tend to relieve the tædium of an extended narrative;

Cantates, licet usque, minus via lædet, camus.

At the end of a close walk in the author's garden were written these lines in rime.

If any flower that here is grown,
Or any herb may ease your pain,
Take, and account it as your own,
But recompence the like again:
For some and some is honest play,
And so my wife taught me to say.

If here to walk you take delight,
Why come and welcome when you will;
If I bid you sup here this night,
Bid me another time, and still
Think some and some is honest play,
For so my wife taught me to say.

Thus if you sup or dine with me,
If here you walk, or sit at ease,
If you desire the thing you see,
And have the same your mind to please;
Think some and some is honest play,
For so my wife taught me to say.

highly probable, but whether it related to this or to another must now remain a matter of bare conjecture. The tract not being among the Bishop's books in the Bodleian Library has probably "perished mid the wreck of things that were."

I have in vain searched the registers of Stamford (which are unusually perfect) for the name of George Gascoigne.

It

It were endless to remark on every part of this multifarious volume,* but it may be observed that, to the list of his writings in the "*Biographia Dramatica*" should be added "the device of a Mask for the Rt. Hon. Visct. Montacute, pronounced on account of the marriage of his sonne and heire, to the daughter of Sir W. Dormer; and the marriage of the son and heire of Sir W. Dormer, to the daughter of Lord Montacute."

By this time it may be thought that I have written sufficient on the subject; and but that such was my opinion it was my intention to have observed that to this edition (as to that of 1575) are prefixed three several Epistles, from the second of which the following passage is worth transcribing: it will be necessary first to observe that some of Gascoigne's works, "the fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi," more particularly, had been supposed to reflect on particular individuals, and in ridicule of those "who being indeed starke staring blind would yet seem to see far into a milstone," he adds, "I will forbear to recite examples by anie mine own doings. Since all comparisons are odious, I will not saie how much the arraignment and divorce of a lover," (being written in a jest) have been mistaken in sad earnest. It shall suffice that the contentions passed in verse long sithense between M. Churchyard and Camel, were by a blockheaded reader, construed to be indeed a quarrel between two neighbours; one of whom having a camel in keeping, and the other

* In the list of Gascoigne's works Wood enumerates a "discourse of the adventures of Mr. F. J. (Freeman Jones) about 1572." This is no other than the first edition of "the fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi! Risum cœcanti.

having

having charge of the churchyard, it was supposed they had grown to debate, because the camel came into the churchyard. Laugh not, lustie yonkers at this; since the pleasant dittie of the noble Earl Surrie beginning thus, *In winter's just return*, was also construed to be made indeed by a shepherd. What should I stand much in rehearsal how the L. Vaux his dittie beginning thus, *I loth that I did love*, was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed; and that the *Soulknit* of Mr. Edwards was also written in extremitie of sickness."

These trifling memoranda, as reflecting the opinions of our forefathers, are yet worth preserving, and do well as notes to the poems they refer to. "Let us cast nothing away," says Pandarus, "for we know not the use we may have for it." O. G. G.

ART. III. "*Here begynnith the firste volum of Sir John Froissart, of the Cronycles of Englande, Fraunce, Spayne, Portyngale, Scotlande, Bretaine, Flaunders: and other places adjoynyng. Translated oute of Frenche into our materall * Englyshe tongue, by John Bouchier Knyghte, Lord Berners: at the comaundement of oure moste hyghe redoubted soveraygne Lorde Kynge Henry the Eyghth Kynge of Englande, Fraunce, and Irelande, defendour of the faith: and of the church of Englande, and also of Irelande, in earth the supreme heade.*"

* Sic.

On

On the back of the title are the King's arms. Next follows "The Preface of John Bouchier Knight, Lord Berners, translatur of this present cronicle," which fills one leaf, at the bottom of the second side of which is "Thus endeth the preface of Syr John Bouchier Knight Lord Berners, trāslatur of this present cronicle. And hereafter foloweth the table, with all the chapters as they stande in the boke in order, frō one to foure hundred LI. whiche be in numbre cccc and LI. chapiters." The whole contains fo.cccxxii, besides preface and contents. The Colophon, "Thus endeth the firste volume of Sir Johan Froissart," &c. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the George, by Wyllyam Myddylton."

"Here begynneth the thirde and fourthe boke of Sir John Froissart of the cronycles of Englande, Fraunce, Spaygne, Portyngale, Scotlande, Bre-tayne, Flaunders, and other places adjoynyng, translated out of Frenche into Englyshe by Johan Bouchier Knyght Lorde Berners, deputie generall of the Kynges towne of Calais and Marchessa of the same, at the comāndement of our most highe redouted soverayne lorde Kyng Henry the eyght Kyng of Englande and of France and hyghe defender of the Christen faithe, &c."

On the back of this leaf is the King's arms as to the first volume. Then the preface and a table of the contents of cc xlix chapters. This volume contains fo. cccxx, though numbered only cccxix, which number was repeated by mistake. Colophon, "Thus endeth the thirde and fourthe boke of Sir John Froissart" &c.

"the whiche two bokes be cōpyled into one volume, and fynnysshed in the sayd towne of Calais the tenth day of Marche, in the 16th yere of our said soverayne lordes raigne. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Rycharde Pynson, printer to the kynges moost noble grace. And ended the last day of August: the yere of our Lorde God. MDXXV.

Cum privilegio a rege indulto."

At the back of the last page is Pynson's device, No. 7, supposed to be his arms. *

* Herbert says, "William Middleton printed both volumes of Froissart, but the type is much ruder than Pynson's. Mr. Ames's copy had only the four last sheets of Pinson's edition, and having his colophon at the end, made Ames suppose the whole last volume had been Pinson's; and that Middleton printed only the first volume." "There appear" Herbert afterwards adds, "to have been three editions of Froissart's Chronicle; one by Pinson himself, another with Pinson's name, but supposed to be a pirated edition, and a third by W. Middleton; of this it has been queried whether he ever printed any more than the first volume. I had a copy of it which had been Mr. Ames's; the title like the late Dr. Archer's copy, but had the king's arms, &c. on the back, and the colophon with Middleton's name without date. The title of the second volume had neither compartment nor border, and the back page blank. The remainder of this volume to Fo.cccxix inclusive is printed on the same rude types as the first volume, except the last eight leaves, which are on much neater types, with the colophon in Pinson's name, printed on types of the same size as the chronicle, the lines gradually shortening, &c. This is supposed to be part of the pirated edition: the other edition with Pinson's name, differs from it, particularly in this respect, that the lines of the colophon are of equal length, and of a larger size. I imagine there were no more entire editions than these three, but the making up copies from one or another of these may seem to multiply editions greatly. I have seen Pinson's edition with the last leaf reprinted on modern black letter, copied from the supposed spurious edition, but dated MDXXIII."—Herbert, p. 1730.

"Sir

“ Sir John Froissart's Chronicle of England, France, and the adjoining countries, from the latter part of the reign of Edward II. to the coronation of Henry IV. Newly translated from the best French editions, with variations and additions from many celebrated Manuscripts.

By Thomas Johnes.

Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He mooste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or else he mooste tellen his tale untrewē,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.

CHAWCER'S PROLOGUE.

Vol. I. At the Hafod press, by James Henderson, 1803, 4to. pp. 835, with a dedication to Lord Thurlow, and a short advertisement, dated from Hafod, 24 Dec. 1803.

The same—Vol. II. 1804, pp. 744.

There is a good account of Lord Berners's translation by Oldys in the “ British Librarian,” p. 67, in which he says “ if Froissart has not hitherto received the honour of being printed at the Louvre with some other historians, according to the proposal of the learned Monsieur Du Fresne, in Le Long, Bibl. Hist. p. 235, upon the national motive of praising his own country too little, and ours too much, (see La Popeliniere, Hist. des Hist. lib. 8, and Bodin Meth. Hist. c. 4) these reasons, with the extraordinary dearness of the printed copies, should excite some learned person of this kingdom, for the reputation of our own country,

to

to collate the MS. copies, compare the facts with records, and contemporary writers, and correct the miserable mis-spellings in the several impressions of their surnames, who abundantly signalized their valour, in justice to the merits of these celebrated persons, and in honour to their posterity. The most ancient of these impressions in French seems to be that printed by Ant. Verard, a bookseller of Paris, fol. without date. The next was that printed also at Paris by three several persons, that is, the first volume by Fra. Regnault, the second and third by Michael Le Noir, 1505. The fourth by John Petit, 1518. There was another impression at Paris by Ant. Couteau, also bound in two volumes, fol. 1530. This was that chiefly used by Denis Sauvage, Historiographer to King Hen. II. of France, in the édition he revised and corrected from many copies and abridgments; which was printed at Lyons by John de Tournes, fol. 1559, and again, at Paris, in fol. 1574, with marginal remarks, and annotations at the end of every book. He finds fault with the preceding Editors, several parts of whom he may have rightly corrected, but is himself liable in many places to correction; notwithstanding he has been so preferred, that a copy of his edition has been sometimes sold in London for ten guineas. We could wish that most of the errors in these French editions were as truly corrected in the English one, as Bishop Nicholson imagined they were. In three of the editions we have seen, neither the books nor the chapters are divided alike; so that it is very tedious and confusing to find in one of them the references of the other. Though Froissart's method is somewhat diffuse and interrupted, yet the epitome we have of him in print is scarce worth

worth mentioning, however drawn up by Sleidan, such a skeleton he has made of it, 12mo Franc. 1584, &c. and with such partiality, to the prejudice of the English, has he so diminished it; according to the censure of our learned Humphrey Lhuid in *Comment. Brit. Descrip.* fol. 27. And yet it has been translated into English by P. Golding, and printed in a 4to pamphlet, 1608."

Sir John Bouchier, Lord Berners, was born about 1467, son and heir of Sir Humphry Bouchier by Elizabeth daughter and heir of Sir Frederick Tilney, (widow of Sir Thomas Howard) which Humphrey was slain at Barnet-field, on Edward the Fourth's part, and buried in Westminster-Abbey, during the life of his father, who was Sir John Bouchier, K. G. fourth son of William Earl of Ewe, and Baron Berners, by marriage with Margery, daughter and heir of Richard Lord Berners. Lord Bouchier succeeded his grandfather 16 May, 1474, being then only seven years old. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards travelled abroad, and returned a master of several languages, and a complete gentleman. In 1495 he obtained the notice of Henry VII. by his valour in quelling the fury of the rebels in Cornwall and Devon, under the conduct of Michael Joseph, a blacksmith. In 5 Hen. VIII. he was captain of the pioneers at the siege of Therouenne. In 6 Hen. VIII. being made Chancellor of the King's Exchequer for life he attended the Lady Mary, the King's sister, into France, to her marriage with King Lewis XII.; and in 19 Hen. VIII. obtained a grant from the king of several manors. Afterwards he was made Lieutenant of Calais and the marches

marches adjoining in France, and spending most of his time there, wrote several learned works in that situation. There he made his will, 3 March, 1532, (24 Hen. VIII.) bequeathing his body to be buried in the chancel of the parish church of our Lady, within the town of Calais, and appointing that an honest priest should sing a mass there for his soul, by the space of three years. He died 16th March following, leaving by Katharine his wife daughter of John Duke of Norfolk, Joane his daughter and heir, married to Edmund Knyvet of Ashwelthorpe in Norfolk, Esq.*

Lord Berners translated besides Froissart, the following:

“The Castle of Love, translated out of Spanyshe into Englyshe, by John Bowrchier, Knyght, Lord Bernes, at the instance of the Lady Elyzabeth Carew, which book treateth of love betweene Leriano and Laureola, daughter to the King of Masedonia,” with cuts—Twelves: Printed by Robert Wyer. †

The same “Imprinted at London by John Kynge, 8vo. †

* Dugd. Bar. II. 133. Wood's Ath. I. 33. Lord Berners had another daughter and co-heir, Mary, who married Alexander Unton of Wadley in Berkshire, but died without issue. Lord Berners's will is printed at length in the case of the Barony of Berners in Collins's Baronies in Fee, 1734, Fol. p. 337, where it appears that Jane Berners who married Edmund Knyvet, died 1561, having had John K. who, by Agnes Harcourt, had Sir Thomas K. who died 1617, having had by Muriel Parry, Sir Thomas K. who dying 1605, left by Elizabeth Bacon, Thomas K. who died 1658, leaving by Katharine sister and co-heir to Thomas Burgh, Lord Burgh, Sir John Knyvet of Ashwelthorpe, K. B. whose daughter and at length sole heir Katharine marrying first John Harri, Gent. and afterwards Richard Bokenham, of Weston Mercate, Co. Suff. Esq. claimed and was allowed the Barony of Berners, 1720, but died s. p.

† Herbert, I. 380.

† Ibid II. 764.

“The

"The Golden Boke of Marcus Aurelius Emperour and eloquent oratour." At the end, "Thus endeth the volume of Marke Aurelie, Emperour, otherwise called the golden boke, translated out of Frenche into Englishe by John Bouchier Knight Lorde Barners, deputie generall of the Kynge's town of Caleis and marches of the same, at the instaunt desire of his newewe Sir Frauncis Bryan Knyght, ended at Calais ye tenth daie of Marche, in the yere of the reigne of our Soveraygne lorde Kyng Henry the VIII. the XXIII." Printed by Thomas Berthelet, 1534.*

"Arthur of Brytayne." On a ribbon; under which "The hystory of the moost noble and valyaunt Knyght Arthur of lytell brytayne, translated out of frenshe into englyshe by the noble Johan bourghcher Knyght, lorde Barners, newly imprynted." Over a cut of the Knight and his Squire, inclosed in a border of four odd pieces. On the back is the translator's prologue. On the next leaf begins "The table of thys present hystorie," ten pages, double columns. Contains 174 leaves, with cuts, though numbered only Fol. LXXIX. "Here endeth the hystory of Arthur of lytell Brytayne. Imprynted at London in Powles church yearde at the sygne of the Cock by Robert Redborne." †

Lord Berners also wrote "The famous exploits of Sir Hugh of Bourdeaux," a book "of the duties of the inhabitants of Calais," &c. "Ite in vineam," a comedy usually acted at Calais after vespers, never printed. ‡

Mr.

* Herbert, I. 425.

† Ibid II. 686.

‡ Royal and noble authors. Dame Juliana Berners author of the book on Hawking,

Mr. Johnes, the new translator of Froissart, is a man of fortune, of whose beautiful seat at Hafod descriptions may be found in many modern tours; and is M. P. for the county of Carmarthen.

A specimen of each translation of the same chapter may exhibit the fairest character of both.

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

FROM LORD BERNERS'S TRANSLATION, VOL. I. CH. CCLXX.

"How Sir Johan Chaundos was slayne in a batayle, and howe finally the Frenchemen were discomfyted, and taken in the same batayle."

Greatly it greved Sir Johan Chandos the takynge of saynt Salvyn, bycause it was under hys rule; for he was seneschall of Poictou. He set all hys mynde howe he myght recover it agayne, other by force or by stelthe, he cared nat so he myght have it, and for that entent dyvers nyghts he made sundrie busshmentes, but it aveyled nat. For sir Loyes who kept it, toke ever so good hede therto, that he defended it fro all dangers. For he knewe well the takynge therof greved sore sir Johan Chandos at the hert. So it fell, that the night before the first day of January, sir Johan Chandos beyng in Poytiers, sent to assemble togyder dyvers barons, knyghtes, and squyers of Poitou. Desyryng them to come to hym as prively as they coude: for he certeyned them how he wolde ryde forthe, and they refused nat hys desyre, for they loved

Hawking, Hunting, and Armoury, 1481, was sister to Richard Lord Berners, whose daughter was this author's grandmother. Sir Francis Bryan was distinguished for his poetical talents.

him

him entyerly, but shortely assembled togyder in the cyte of Poicters. Thyder came sir Guysshard Dangle, sir Loyes Harcourt, the lorde of Pons, the lorde of Partney, the lorde of Pynan, the lorde tanyboton, sir Geffray Dargenton, sir Maubruny of Leniers, sir Thomas Percy, syr Baudwyn of Fesvyll, sir Rycharde of Pontchardon, and dyvers other. And whan they were all togyder assembled, they were thre hundred speares and departed by night fro Poictiers, none knewe whyder they should go: except certayne of the lordes, and they had redy with them scalyng ladders, and so came to saynt Salvyn. And there alighted, and delyvered their horses to their varlettes which was about mydnight, and so entred into the dyke, yet they hadde nat their entente so shortely, for sodaynly they herde the watche horne blowe. I shall tell you wherfore it blewe. The same nyght Carlonet was departed fro the Roche of Poisay, with a XL speares with hym. And was come the same tyme to saynt Salvyn, to speke with the capitayne Sir Loys of saint Julyan, to thentent to have ryden togyder to Poictou, to se if they coude gette any pray. And so he called up the watchman, the whiche made hym to sounde hys horne. And so the englyshmen, who were on the other syde of the fortresse, herynge the watche blowe, and great noyse in the place, feared lest they had ben spyed by some spyes, for they knewe nothyng that the sayd frenchemen were on the other syde, to have entred into the place. Therfore they withdrue backe agayne out of the dykes, and sayd, let us go hens for this night, for we have failed of our purpose. And so they remounted on their horses, and retourned hole togyder to Chauvigny on the ryver of Cruse, a two leages thens.

Than the poictevyns demaunded of sir Johan Chandos, if he wolde commaunde them any farther servyce, he answered and sayde: sirs, retourne home agayne whan it please you, in the name of God: and as for thys day, I wyll abyde styll here in thys towne. So there departed the Knyghtes of Poictou and some of England, to the nombre of cc speares. Than Sir Johan Chandos went into a house, and caused to be made a good fyre, and there was styll with hym sir Thomas Percy and hys company seneschall of Rochell, who sayde to sir Johan Chandos, sir, it is your entent to tary here all this day. Ye, truly, quod he, why demaunded you? sir, the cause I desyre you is, sith ye wyll nat styre this daye, to gyve me leve, and I wyll ryde some way with my company, to se if I can fynde any adventure. Go your way, sir, in the name of God, quod Sir Johan Chandos. And so departed sir Thomas Percy with a xxx speares in his company, and so passed the bridge at Chauvigny, and toke the longe way that ledde to Poictiers. And sir John Chandos abode styll behynde full of displeasure, in that he had fayled of his purpose, and so stode in a kechyn warmyng him by the fyre. And his servantes jangeled with him, to thentent to bring him out of his melancholy. His servants had prepared for him a place to reste him; than he demaunded if it were nere day? And therewith there came a man into the house, and came before hym and sayd, sir, I have brought you tidynges.—What be they, tell me?—sir, surely the frenchmen be rydinge abrode.—Howe knowest thou that? said he;—I departed fro Saynt Salvyn with them.—What waye be they ryden?—sir, I can nat tell you the certentie; but surely they
toke

toke the high way to Poitiers.—What frenchemen be they; canst thou tell me? sir, it is sir Loys of Saynt Julyan, and Carlonet the breton.—Well, quod sir Johan Chandos, I care nat, I have no lyst this night to ryde forthe: they may happe to be encountred thoughte I be nat there. And so he taryed there styll a certayne space in a gret study, and at last whan he had well advysed hymselfe, he sayde, whatsoever I have sayde here befor, I trowe it be good that I ryde forthe; I must retourne to Poitiers, and anone it wyll be daye. That is true, sir, quod the knights about him. Than he sayd, make redy, for I wyll ryde forthe; and so they dyd, and mounted on their horses, and departed, and toke the right way to Poitiers costynge the ryver, and the frenchmen the same tyme were nat past a leag before hym in the same way, thinkynge to passe the ryver at the bridge of Lusac. There the englyshmen had knowlege howe they were in the trake of the frenchmen, for the frenchmen's horses cryed and brayed, bycause of thenglysshe horses, that were before them with sir Thomas Percy. And anone it was fayre light daye, for in the begynnyng of January the mornynge be soone light. And whan the frenchmen and bretons were within a leage of the bridge, they perceyved on the other syde of the bridge sir Thomas Percy and his company: and he lykewise perceyved the frenchmen, and rode as fast as he might to get the advantage of the bridge. And sayd, beholde yonder frenchmen be a great nombre agaynste us, therfore let us take the advantage of the bridge. And whan sir Loys and Carlonet sawe thenglysshemen make suche hast to gette the brydge, they dyde in lyke wyse. Howbeit the englysshemen gate it first, and lighted all afore, and so

raynged themselfe in good order to defende the bridge. The frenchmen likewyse lighted a fote, and delyvered their horses to their pages, commaundyng them to drawe a backe. And so dyde put themselfe in good order to go and assayle the englysshemen, who kept themselves close togider, and were nothyng afeared : though they were but a handfull of men, as to the regard of the frenchmen. And thus as the frenchmen and bretons stayed and ymaged, howe and by what meanes to their advantage they might assayle the englysshemen, therewith there came behynde them sir Johan Chandos, his baner displayed, beryng therein, sylver, a sharpe pyle goules, and Jakes of Lery, a valyant man of armes dyd bere it: and he had with him a XL speares: he approched fiersly the frenchmen. And whan he was a thre forlonges fro the bridge, the french pages who sawe them comyng, were afeared; and so ran away with the horses, and left their maysters there a fote. And whan sir Johan Chandos was come nere to them, he sayde, hark ye, frenchmen, ye are but yvell men of warre: ye ride at youre pleasure and ease day and night; ye take and wyn townes and forteresses in Poyctou, whercof I am seneschall. Ye raunsonne poore folke without my leave; ye ryde all about clene armed: it shulde seem the countrie is all yours. But I ensure you it is nat so. Ye sir Loyes and Carlonet, ye ar to great maisters. It is more than a yere and a halfe that I have sette all myne entent to fynde or encountre with you; and nowe I thanke God I se you and speke to you; nowe shall it be sene who is stronger, other you or I. It hath ben shewed me often tymes, that ye have greatly desyred to fynde me; nowe ye maye se me here. I am Johan Chandos, advyse me well.

Your

Your great feates of armes wherwith ye be renowned, by goddes leave now we shall prove it. Whyle suche langage was spoken, Johan sir Chandos company drewe toguyder; and sir Loyes and Carlonet kept themselfe close togyder, makynge semblant to be glad to be fought withall. And of all this mater sir Thomas Percy, who was on the other syde of the bridge, knewe nothyng; for the bridge was highe in the myddes, so that none coude se over. Whyle sir Johan Chandos reasoned thus with the frenchmen, there was a breton toke his glayve, and coude forbere no lenger, but came to an englysh squyer, called Sunekyn Dodall, and strake him on the brest that he cast him downe fro his horse. Sir Johan Chandos, whan he herde the noyse besyde him, he tourned that way, and sawe his squyer lye on the erthe, and the frenchmen layenge on him. Than he was more chafed than he was before, and sayd to his company, sirs, howe suffre you this squyere thus to be slayne: a fote, a fote. And so he lepte a fote, and all his company, and so Sunekyn was rescued, and the batayle begone. Sir Johan Chandos, who was right hardy, and a coragious knight, with his baner before him, and his company about him, with his cote of armes on him great and large beten with his armes of whyte sarcenet, with two pylles goules, one before and another behynde, so that he semed to be a sufficyente knyght to do a great feate of armes; and as one of the formast with his glayve in his hande, marched to his enemyes. The same mornyng there had fallen a great dewe, so that the grownde was somewhat moyste, and so in his goynge forwarde he slode and fell downe at the joyninge with his enemyes; and as he was arysing, there light a stroke on
him,

him, given by a squier called Jakes of Saynte Martyn with his glayve; the which stroke entred into the fleshe under his eye, bytwene the nose and the forheed. Sir Johan Chandos sawe nat the stroke commynge on that side; for he was blynde on the one eye. He lost the sight thereof a fyve yere before as he hunted after an harte, in the landes of Burdeaux. And also he had on no vyser. The stroke was rude, and entred into his brayne, the whiche stroke greved him so sore, that he overthruw to the erthe, and tourned for payne two tymes up so downe, as he that was wounded to dethe: for after the stroke he never spake worde. And whan his men sawe that mysfortune, they were right dolorouse. Than his uncle Edwarde Clyfforde stepte and bestrode him, for the frenchmen wolde fayne have had him; and defended him so valyantly, and gave rounde about him such strokes that none durst aproche nere to him. Also sir Johan Chambo and sir Bertram of Case semed lyke men out of their minds, whan they saw their mayster lye on the erthe. The bretons and frenchmen were gretly comforted whan they sawe the capitayne of their enemyes on the erthe, thynkyng verily that he had his dethe's wounde. Than they avaunced themselfe, and sayd, Ye englysh men ycelde you, for ye are all ours; ye can nat scape us. There the englyshmen dyd marvels in armes, as well to defende themselfe, as to reveng their mayster sir Johan Chandos, whome they saw lye in a harde case; and a squyer of sir John Chandos spyed Jaques of Saynte Martyn, who hadde gyven his mayster his mortall stroke, and ran to hym fiersly and stroke him with such vyolence, that his glayve pearced through bothe his thyes; howbeit
for

for all that stroke he left nat styll to fight. If Sir Thomas Percy and his company had knowen of this adventure, who were on the other syde of the brige, they shulde well have socoured him: but bycause they knewe nothyng therof, nor herde no more of the frenchmen, wenyng to them they had ben gone backe. Therfore he and his company departed, and toke the waye to Poycters, as they that knewe nothyng of that busynesse. Thus the englyshmen fought styll before the bridge of Lusal, and there was done many a feat of armes: brevely the englyshemen coude endure no lenger agaynste the frenchmen, so that the moost parte of them were disconfyted and taken; but alwayes Edwardes Clyfforde wolde nat departe fro his nephue there as he laye. So thus yf the frenchmen hadde bene so happy, as to have had their horses there redy as they had nat, for their pages were ronne awaye fro them before, or els they might have departed with moche honour and profite with many a good prisoner; and for lacke of them they loste all, wherfore they were sore displeased, and sayd amonge themselfe, A, this an yvell order, for the journeye is ours, and yee, throughe faute of our pages we can nat departe, seynge we be hevy armed and sore traveyled, so that we can nat go a fote throughe this countre, the whiche is full of our enemyes, and contrary to us. And we are a sixe leages fro the next forteresse that we have; and also dyvers of our company be sore hurt, and we maye nat leave theym behynde us. Thus as they were in this case, and wyst nat what to do, and had sent two bretons unarmed in to the feldes, to se yf they might fynde any of their pages with their horses, there came
on

on them sir Guyssharde Dangle, sir Loyes Harcourte, the lorde Parteney, the lorde Tanyboton, the lorde Dargenton, the lorde of Pynan, sir Jaques of Surgyers, and dyvers other englysshmen, to the nombre of two hundrid speares, who rode about to seke for the frenchmen ; for it was shewed them howe they were abrode. And so they fell in the trake of the horses, and came in great hast with baners and penons wavyng in the wynde. And as sone as the bretons and frenchmen sawe them comynge, they knewe well they were their enemyes. Than they sayde to the englysshmen whome they had taken as prisoners before, Sirs, beholde yonder cometh a bande of your company to socour you, and we perceyve well that we can nat endure against them, and ye be our prisoners. We will quyte you, so that ye wyl kepe us and wyll become your prisoners, for we have rather yelde us to you, than to them that cometh yonder ; and they aunswered, as ye wyll, so we are content.

Thus the englysshmen were losed out of their prisons. Than the Poictevins, Gascoyns, and Englysshmen came on them, their speares in their restes, cryeng their cryes. Then the Frenchmen and Bretons drue a syde and sayd to them, Sirs, leave, do us no hurt, we be prisoners all redy.

The englysshmen affirmed the same, and sayd, they be our prisoners. Carlonet was prisoner with sir Bertram of Case, and sir Loyes of Saynt Julyan with sir Johan Cambo ; so that there was none but that he had a maister.

The barons and knyghtes of Poictou were sore disconforted, when they sawe their seneschall sir Johan Chandos lye on the yerthe, and coude nat speke: than they lamentably complayned, and sayd, A, sir Johan Chandos, the floure of all chivalry, unhappely was that glayve forged that thus hath wounded you, and brought you in parell of dethe. They wepte pyteously that were about hym, and he herde and understode them well, but he coulde speake no worde. They wronge their handes and teare their heares, and made many a pytefull complaynt, and specially suche as were of his owne house. Than his servauntes unarmed hym and layde hym on pavesses, and so bare hym softly to Mortymer, the next forteresse to them. And the other barons and knyghtes returned to Poycters, and ledde with them their prisoners. And as I understode, the same Jaques Martyn, that thus hurte sir Johan Chandos, was so lytell taken hede to of his hurtes, that he dyed at Poycters. And this noble knyght, sir Johan Chandos, lyved nat after his hurte, past a day and a nyght, but so dyed: God have mercy on his soule, for in a hundred yere after, there was nat a more curtesse, nor more fuller of noble vertues, and good condycions amonge the englysshmen than he was. And whan the prince and princesse, the erle of Cambridge, the erle of Pembrouke, and other barons and knyghtes of Englande, such as were in Guyen, herde of his dethe, they were all disconforted, and sayd, they had lost all on that syde of the see. For his dethe his frendes, and also some of his enemyes, were ryght sorrowfull. The englysshmen loved him, bycause all noblenesse was founde in hym. The frenchmen hated hym, bycause they douted hym. Yet I herde his
dethe

de the greatly complayned among ryght noble and varyant knyghtes of France, sayenge that it was a great dommage of his deathe, for they sayde, better it had ben, that he had ben taken a lyve. For if he had ben taken alyve, they sayde he was so sage and so ymaginatyve, that he wolde have founde som maner of good meanes, wherby the peace myght have ensued, by-tween the realmes of Englande and Fraunce, for he was so well beloved with the kyng of Englande, that the kynge wolde beleve hym rather than any other in the worlde. Thus bothe frenche and englysshe spake of his dethe, and specially the englisshe men; for by hym Guyen was kept and recovered.

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

FROM MR. JONNES'S TRANSLATION, VOL. II. CHAP. IX.

Sir John Chandos is slain in a skirmish. The French, at first victorious, are in the end defeated.

Sir John Chandos, being seneschal of Poitou, was seriously afflicted with the loss of St. Salvin: he was continually devising means to retake it, whether by assault or scalade was perfectly indifferent to him, so that he could gain it. He made many nightly ambuscades, but none succeeded; for sir Louis, who commanded in it, was very watchful, as he knew the capture of it had highly angered sir John Chandos.

It happened that, on the night preceding the eve of the new year (1370) sir John Chandos, who resided in the city of Poitiers, had sent out his summons to the barons and knights of Poitou to come to him as secretly as they could, for he was going on an expedition.

tion. The Poitevins would not refuse him any thing, being much beloved by them : they obeyed his summons, and came to Poitiers. Sir Guiscand d'Angle, sir Louis de Harcourt, the lords de Pons, de Pinane, de Tannybouton, sir Geoffry d'Argenton, sir Maubrun de Linieres, lord Thomas Percy, sir Baldwin de Franville*, sir Richard de Pontchardon, came thither, with many others.

When they were all assembled, they were full three hundred lances.

They left Poitiers in the night, and no one, except the principal lords, knew whither they were going. The English, however, had scaling ladders, and every thing they might have occasion for, with them. They marched to St. Salvin; and when there arrived, were told what was intended : upon which they all dismounted, and, giving the horses to their valets, the English descended into the ditch. It was then about midnight.

They were in this situation, and would very shortly have succeeded in their expedition, when they heard the guard of the fort wind his horn. The reason was this. That very night Carnet le Breton had come from La-Roche-posay, with forty lances, to St. Salvin, to request sir Louis de St. Julien to accompany him in an expedition to Poitou : he therefore awakened the guard and those within the fort.

The English, who were on the opposite side, ignorant of the intentions of this body of Frenchmen wanting to enter the fort, thought they had been seen by the guard, or that spies had given information of their

* Qu Freville? *Editor.*

arrival to the garrison. They immediately left the ditch, and said, "Let us away, for this night we have been disappointed in our scheme." They mounted their horses, and advanced in a body to Chauvigny on the river Creuse, two short leagues distant.

When all were arrived there, the Poitevins asked sir John Chandos if he wished them to remain with him: he answered, "No: you may return in God's name; I will to-day stay in this town." The Poitevins departed, and with them some english knights; in all, about two hundred lances.

Sir John Chandos entered a hotel, and ordered a fire to be lighted. Lord Thomas Percy, seneschal of La Rochelle, and his men remained with him. Lord Thomas asked sir John Chandos if he intended staying there that day: "Yes," replied sir John: "Why do you ask?" "Because, Sir, if you be determined not to go further, I shall beg of you to give me leave to make an excursion, to see if I shall meet with any adventure." "In the name of God, go then," replied sir John. At these words, lord Thomas Percy set out, attended by about thirty lances. Sir John Chandos remained with his own people. Lord Thomas crossed the bridge of Chauvigny, taking the longest road to Poitiers, having left sir John Chandos quite low spirited for having failed in his intended attack on St. Salvin. He continued in the kitchen of the hotel, warming himself at a straw fire which his herald was making for him, conversing at the same time with his people, who very readily passed their jokes in hopes of curing him of his melancholy.

After he had remained some time, and was preparing to take a little rest, and while he was asking if it
were

were yet day, a man entered the hotel, and came before him, saying, "My lord, I bring you news." "What is it?" asked sir John. "My lord, the French have taken the field." "How dost thou know this?" "My lord, I set out from St. Salvin with them." "And what road have they taken?" "My lord, that I cannot say for a certainty; but it seemed to me they followed the road to Poitiers." "And who are these French?" "My lord, they are sir Louis de St. Julien and Carnet le Breton, with their companies." "Well, it is indifferent to me," replied Sir John: "I have not any inclination to exert myself this day: they may be met with without my interference."

He remained a considerable time very thoughtful: after having well considered, he added, "Notwithstanding what I have just said, I think I shall do right to mount my horse; for at all events I must return to Poitiers, and it will be soon day." "It is well judged," replied the knights who were with him. Sir John ordered every thing to be got ready, and his knights having done the same, they mounted and set off, taking the road to Poitiers, following the course of the river. The French might be about a good league before them on this same road, intending to cross the river at the bridge of Lussac*. The English suspected this from perceiving the tracks of the horses, and said among themselves, "Either the French or lord Thomas Percy are before us." Shortly after this conversation, day appeared; for in the early part of January the mornings begin to be soon light. The French might be about a league from the bridge of Lussac,

* Lussac, a town in Poitou, diocese of Poitiers.

when they perceived lord Thomas Percy and his men on the other side of the river. Lord Thomas had before seen them, and had set off full gallop to gain the bridge. They said, "There are the French: they are more in number than we are: let us hasten to take advantage of the bridge."

When sir Lewis and Carnet saw the English on the opposite side of the river, they also made haste to gain the bridge: however, the English arrived first, and were masters of it. They all dismounted, and drew themselves up to defend and guard it.

The French likewise dismounted on their arrival, and giving their horses for the servants to lead them to the rear, took their lances, and advanced in good order, to attack the English and win the bridge. The English stood firm, although they were so few compared with the enemy.

Whilst the French and Bretons were considering the most advantageous manner to begin the onset, sir John Chandos arrives with his company, his banner displayed and flying in the wind. This was borne by a valiant man at arms, called James Allen, and was a pile gules on a field argent. They might be about forty lances, who eagerly hastened to meet the French. As the English arrived at a small hillock, about three furlongs from the bridge, the French servants, who were between this hillock and the bridge, saw them, and being much frightened, said, "Come away: let us save ourselves and our horses." They therefore ran off, leaving their masters to shift as well as they could.

When sir John Chandos, with displayed banner, was come up to the French, whom he thought very
lightly

lightly of, he began from horseback to rail at them, saying, "Do you hear Frenchmen? you are mischievous men at arms; you make incursions night and day at your pleasure; you take towns and castles in Poitou, of which I am scneschal. You ransom poor people without my leave, as if the country were your own; but, by God, it is not. Sir Louis, sir Louis, you and Carnet are too much the masters. It is upwards of a year and a half that I have been endeavouring to meet you. Now, thanks to God, I do so, and will tell you my mind. We will now try which of us is the strongest in this country. It has been often told me, that you were desirous of seeing me: you have now that pleasure. I am John Chandos: look at me well: and, if God please, we will now put to the proof your great deeds of arms which are so renowned."

With such words as these did sir John Chandos greet them: he would not have wished to have been any where else, so eager was he to fight with them.

Sir Louis and Carnet kept themselves in a close body, as if they were willing to engage. Lord Thomas Percy and the English on the other side of the bridge knew nothing of what had passed, for the bridge was very high in the middle, which prevented them from seeing over it.

During this scoffing of sir John Chandos, a Breton drew his sword, and could not resist from beginning the battle: he struck an English squire, named Simkin Dodenhale, and beat him so much about the breast with his sword that he knocked him off his horse on the ground. Sir John Chandos, who heard the noise behind him, turned round, and saw his

squire on the ground, and persons beating him. This enraged him more than before: he said to his men, "Sirs, what are you about? how suffer you this man to be slain? Dismount, dismount:" and at the instant he was on foot, as were all his company. Simkin was rescued, and the battle began.

Sir John Chandos, who was a strong and bold knight, and cool in all his undertakings, had his banner advanced before him, surrounded by his men, with the scutcheon above his arms: he himself was dressed in a large robe which fell to the ground, blazoned with his arms on white sarcenet, argent, a pile gules; one on his breast, and the other on his back; so that he appeared resolved on some adventurous undertaking; and in this state, with sword in hand, he advanced on foot towards the enemy.

This morning there had been a hoar frost, which had made the ground slippery; so that as he marched he entangled his legs with his robe, which was of the longest, and made a stumble: during which time a squire, called James de St. Martin (a strong expert man) made a thrust at him with his lance, which hit him in the face, below the eye, between the nose and forehead. Sir John Chandos did not see the aim of the stroke, for he had lost the eye on that side five years ago, on the heaths of Bourdeaux, at the chace of a stag: what added to this misfortune, sir John had had not put down his vizor, so that in stumbling he bore upon the lance, and helped it to enter into him. The lance, which had been struck from a strong arm, hit him so severely that it entered as far as the brain, and then the squire drew it back to him again.

The great pain was too much for sir John, so he
fell

fell to the ground, and turned twice over in great agony, like one who had received his death-wound. Indeed, since the blow he never uttered a word. His people, on seeing this mishap, were like madmen. His uncle, sir Edward Clifford, hastily advanced, and striding over the body (for the French were endeavouring to get possession of it), defended it most valiantly, and gave such well-directed blows with his sword that none dared approach him. Two other knights, namely, sir John Chambo and sir Bertrand de Cassilies *, were like men distracted at seeing their master lie thus on the ground.

The Bretons, who were more numerous than the English, were much rejoiced when they saw their chief thus prostrate, and greatly hoped he was mortally wounded. They therefore advanced, crying out, "By God, my lords of England, you will all stay with us, for you cannot now escape."

The English performed wonderful feats of arms, as well to extricate themselves from the danger they were in, as to revenge their commander, sir John Chandos, whom they saw in so piteous a state. A squire, attached to sir John, marked out this James de St. Martin, who had given the blow: he fell upon him in such a rage, and struck him with his lance as he was flying, that he ran him through both his thighs, and then withdrew his lance: however, in spite of this, James de St. Martin continued the fight.

Now if lord Thomas Percy, who had first arrived at the bridge, had imagined any thing of what was going

* Sir John Chambo, Sir John Cassilies.—*Q* Barnes calls the last Cass.

forward, sir John Chandos' men would have been considerably reinforced : but it was otherwise decreed ; for, not hearing any thing of the Bretons since he had seen them advancing in a large body towards the bridge, he thought they might have retreated ; so that lord Thomas and his men continued their march, keeping the road to Poitiers, ignorant of what was passing.

Though the English fought so bravely on the bridge of Lussac, in the end they could not withstand the force of the Bretons and French, but were defeated, and the greater part made prisoners. Sir Edward Clifford stood firm, and would not quit the body of his nephew.

If the French had had their horses, they would have gone off with honour, and have carried with them good prisoners ; but, as I have before said, their servants had gone away with them. Those of the English also had retreated, and quitted the scene of battle. They remained therefore in bad plight, which sorely vexed them ; and said among themselves, " This is a bad piece of business : the field is our own, and yet we cannot return through the fault of our servants. It is not proper for us, who are armed and fatigued, to march through this country on foot, which is quite against us ; and we are upwards of six leagues from the nearest of any of our fortresses. We have, besides, our wounded and slain, whom we cannot leave behind."

As they were in this situation, not knowing what to do, and had sent off two or three of the Bretons, disarmed, to hunt after and endeavour to find their servants, they perceived advancing towards them, sir Guiscard d'Angle, sir Louis de Harcourt, the lords de Partenay,

Partenay, de Tannybouton, d'Argenton, de Pinane, sir James de Surgeres, and several others. They were full two hundred lances, and were seeking for the French; for they had had information they were out on an excursion, and were then following the traces of their horses. They came forwards, therefore, with displayed banners fluttering in the wind, and marching in a disorderly manner.

The moment the Bretons and French saw them, they knew them for their enemies, the barons and knights of Poitou. They therefore said to the English, "You see that body of men coming to your assistance; we know we cannot withstand them: therefore," calling each by his name, "you are our prisoners; but we give you your liberty, on condition that you take care to keep us company; and we surrender ourselves to you, for we have it more at heart to give ourselves up to you than to those who are coming." They answered, "God's will be done." The English thus obtained their liberty.

The Poitevins soon arrived, with their lances in their rests, shouting their war-cries; but the Bretons and French, retreating on one side, said, "Hola! stop, my lords: we are prisoners already." The English testified to the truth of this by adding, "It is so; they belong to us." Carnet was prisoner to sir Bertrand de Cassilies, and sir Louis de St. Julien to sir John Chambo: there was not one but who had his master.

These barons and knights of Poitou were struck with grief when they saw their seneschal, sir John Chandos, lying in so doleful a way, and not able to speak. They began grievously to lament his loss, saying, "Flower of knighthood! oh, sir John Chandos!

cursed be the forging of that lance which wounded thee, and which has thus endangered thy life!" Those, who were around the body, most tenderly bewailed him, which he heard, and answered with groans, but could not articulate a word. They wrung their hands, and tore their hair, uttering cries and complaints, more especially those who belonged to his household.

Sir John Chandos was disarmed very gently by his own servants, laid upon shields and targets, and carried at a foot's pace to Mortemer, the nearest fort to where they were. The other barons and knights returned to Poitiers, carrying with them their prisoners. I heard that James Martin, he who had wounded sir John Chandos, suffered so much from his wounds, that he died at Poitiers.

That gallant knight only survived one day and night. God have mercy on his soul! for never since a hundred years did there exist among the English one more courteous, nor fuller of every virtue and good quality than him.

When the prince, princess, earls of Cambridge and Pembroke, and the other English knights in Guienne, heard of this event, they were completely disconcerted, and said, they had now lost every thing on both sides of the sea. Sir John was sincerely regretted by his friends of each sex; and some lords in France bewailed his loss. Thus it happens through life. The English loved him for all the excellent qualities he was possessed of. The French hated him, because they were afraid of him. Not but that I have heard him at the time regretted by renowned knights in France; for they said it was great pity he was slain, and that, if he could have been taken prisoner, he was so wise and
full

Full of devices, he would have found some means of establishing a peace between France and England, and was so much beloved by the king of England and his court, that they would have believed what he should have said in preference to all others. Thus were the French and English great losers by his death, for never have I heard otherwise; but the English the most, for by his valour and prudence, Guienne might have been totally recovered*.

Lord

* Sir John Chandos was buried at Mortemer. Underneath is his epitaph, from *Les Annales d'Aquitaine*, par Bouchet.

Je Jehan Chandault, des Anglois capitaine,
Fort chevalier, de Poitou seneschal,
Après avoir fait guerre tres lointaine
Au rois françois, tant a pied qu' a cheval,
Et pres Bertrand du Guesclin en un val,
Les Poitevins, près Lussac, me diffirent,
A Mortemer, mons corps enterrer firent,
En un cercueil elève tout de neuf,
L'an mil trois cens avec seixante neuf.

He founded and endowed the Carmelite convent at Poitiers.

"He was never married. Elizabeth and Eleanor, two of his sisters, (the latter being the wife of sir Roger Collins), and Isabella, daughter to Margaret, the third sister, at that time married to sir John Annesley, were found to be his next heirs." Barnes.—Translator's note.

There are some genealogical mistakes in this note, but this is not the place to correct them. Leland says, "There were dyvars knights of fame of the Chaundois afore the time of him, that was in Edward the Third's days, a noble warrior. This Chandois dyed without issue, and left his two sisters heirs, whereof one was married to Bridges, and the other to Pole. Bridges had Cowberlie and other lands to the value of 300 marks by the yere. Pole had Rodburne, within four miles of Darby. Chaundois in his old writings nameth himself Vicecomitem S. Salvatoris.—Chaundois had lands in or about Herefordshire; and he was founder, as I remember, of Goldclyve Priory in Wales, and here, as I think, was his first and chief howse. The olds howse of Rodburne is of no great thing, but the last Chaundois

Lord Thomas Percy was appointed sénéchal of Poitou, after the death of Sir John Chandos. His estates of St. Sauveur le Vicomte fell to the king of England, who gave them to one of his own knights, by name Sir Aleyne Boxhall, * a wonderful able man. The Prince of Wales succeeded to the other riches of Sir John Chandos, as he was never married, and therefore had no children, to the amount of four hundred thousand francs. †

Shortly afterwards those captains who had been made prisoners at the bridge of Lussac were ransomed, and received their freedom on paying down the sums agreed on, in which the king of France assisted them. Sir Louis de St. Julien, Sir William des Bourdes, and Carnet le Breton returned to their garrisons.”

The literary world are very truly obliged to Mr. Johnes for this honourable occupation of his time and money. The two volumes already published by him

Chaudois begun in the same lordshipe a mighty large howse of stone with a wonderful cost, as it yet apperithe by foundations of a man's height standinge y:t as he lefte them. He had thought to have made of his olde place a college.” There is a castle a mile and more beneth Dorston, upon the right ripe of Dour’, (Co. Heref.) ‘it is called Snothill, and there is a park wallyd,’ &c. &c. See *Lel. Itin.* Vol. 8. f. 70—89, &c. Here also are some mistakes, and a co-fusion of br.nches. But I forbear to rectify them now. *Editor.*

* Sir Aleyne Boxhall was the fifty-second Knight of the Garter, constable of the tower of London, custos of the parks of Clarendon, &c. He lies buried near St. Erkenwald's shrine in St. Paul's church, about 1380.

Sir Aleyne Boxhall had a commission to restrain the excesses of Charles de Navarre in Normandy, and to put the castle in good repair, dated the 24th of Nov. 1370. *Rymer.*

† I should imagine Froissart must mean that the Prince inherited all he possessed in Aquitaine, &c. but his sister's children were his heirs in England.
extend

extend no farther than the contents of the first volume of Lord Berners. Both translations are curious and valuable; the last was no doubt a great desideratum; the scarcity and high price of the former; the repulsive appearance of the black letter; and the total want of breaks and paragraphs, rendered the perusal of it a task of labour which few had the patience to encounter; and the want of notes was a defect which required amendment. At the same time the diligent investigator of the progress of the English language, the lover of the ages of chivalry, and of that romantic cast of expressions and manners and feats, of which Lord Berners was himself a speaker, a spectator, and an actor, will always secure an increasing rather than a diminished interest for his venerable work. And were a new impression of it in modern types, and with due arrangement of paragraphs, and judicious critical and historical illustrations, given to the world, it would afford one of the most entertaining and instructive treasures of our ancient literature, without at all depreciating the value and attraction of Mr. Johnes's most liberal and praise-worthy undertaking. *

* The Edinburgh Review, in a criticism of this work, altogether just, and indeed candid, Vol. 5, p. 347, truly remarks, that " Lord Berners's version is in the pure and nervous English of that early period, and deserves to be carefully consulted by the philologist." But the critic, when he complains of the omission, by Mr. Johnes, of Froissart's Life, does not seem aware that the translator had already published a Memoir of the Historian as introductory to his undertaking.

ART.

ART. IV. *Lord Chandos. The glorious life and honorable death of Sir John Chandos, Lord of St. Salvjour, le Viscount, great Seneschall of Poyctow, high Cunstable of Aquitaine, Knight of the honorable order of the Garter, elected by the first founder King Edward the third at his institution thereof.*—4to. 1592.

The title of this poem is placed here, as connected with the last article. It is subjoined to a scarce book, entitled “The true use of Armorie; * showed by historie, and plainly proved by example: the necessitie thereof also discovered: with the manner of differing in ancient time, the lawfulness of honorable funerals and moniments: with other matters of antiquitie, incident to the advauncing of banners, ensignes, and markes of noblenesse and chevalrie. By William Wyrley. Imprinted at London by J. Jackson, for Gabriell Cawood, 1592.” 4to.

The above poem of Lord Chandos begins at p. 29, and ends at p. 108—then follows another poem entitled “Capitall de Buz. The Honourable life and languishing death of Sir John de Gralhy Capitall de Buz, one of the Knights elected by the first founder of the Garter into that noble order, and sometime one of the principall Governors of Guyen, ancestor to the French King that now is.” This poem consists of fifty pages.

A very short specimen of the first poem will satisfy my readers.

* This treatise was republished by Dugdale under the title of “the ancient usage of bearing arms.” Duod. It is a sensible and instructive little book.

STANZA 1.

Let none rejoice too much in fortune's state,
 Reading the story of my tragic death,
 But watchful be t' attend some turning fate
 Which like wild whirlwind all our doings sway'th.
 For as grave Senec', in wise morals, saith,
 No mortal man with Gods gain favor might
 Of warrantize, to see next morning's light.

STANZA 10.

When first that worthy golden book began,
 "For Magistrates" bright "Mirror"* clear indeed,
 Through which eternal praise the authors wan,
 Strait I believ'd as truly as my creed,
 My hard mishap so happily would speed,
 As that some one of those rare learned men,
 My bliss and bale would have vouchsaf'd to pen.

STANZA 374.

Sweet gentle Knight, he said, † fair peerless flower,
 Of Mars his train, good valiant champion stout,
 What wicked wight to forge bad gleave had power
 Whereby bright lamp of life was stricken out?
 Black coaly smith, when first thou went'st about
 This tool to forge, I would thou hadst been mad,
 Dan Vulcan's luck, or worse mischance hadst had.

STANZA 375.

Brave England never had a braver knight,
 Puissant France bath felt no fiercer foe;
 Fairer condition'd never living wight;
 More courtesies no earthly man did know;
 More finer wit, more judgments none did show
 In his attempts: more honours none had gain'd
 By high exploits than those thou hast attain'd!

* The Mirror for Magistrates, 1559.

† One who bewailed his fate.

STANZA 376.

From out our bunch our orient's pearl is gone,
 From treasure ours our rarest jewel lost,
 From ivory ours stol'n is our whitest bone,
 Reft from our wealth rich thing of greatest cost ;
 Of all our pillars fall'n is most surest post ;
 Good Chandos slain, I say no more but this,
 Best English Knights thy presence much will miss.

STANZA 388.

What glorious praise deserves that worthy wight,
 Whose arm'd body as bulwark 'gainst the foe,
 Despising life in throngs of foes doth fight
 For country's cause, and sweetest sweet bestow ?
 Though bodies die, wide do their praises grow,
 Seld' well-got honour suffer'd is to die,
 But memorized lives perpetually.

STANZA 396.

Ah ! throughfare full of baleful miseries,
 Hard passage cover'd with sharp threat'ning rocks,
 Vile toilsome life subject to destinies,
 Mad fools on stage whom flouting fortune mocks,
 Poor silly sheep to slaughter led by flocks ;
 Drunk peevish men, whom safety's thought confound,
 Dreaming they never shall consume in ground.

STANZA 397, AND LAST.

As silent night brings quiet pause at last
 To painful travels of forepassed day,
 So closing death doth rest to labours cast ;
 Making of our toilful work a stay ;
 Thoughts, griefs, sad cares are bandon then away ;
 In pomp and glory though brave days we spend ;
 Yet happy none, until be known his end.

FINIS.

WILLIAM WYRLEY.
 ART.

ART. V. DR. CHARLES DAVENANT.

“Dr. Charles Davenant,” says Oldys in his MSS. notes on Langbaine, “was Inspector General of the Exports and Imports of the Customs. He died Nov. 6, 1714.

“I had above sixty letters of his writing to his son Henry, who was Envoy at Frankfort, &c. in 1703, 1704, 1705, 1706, 1707, 1708, &c. I gave them all to Mr. James West, with 150 more about Christmas 1746: but the same fate they found, as grain that is sowed in barren ground.

“Harry Davenant had given the Electress of Hanover his father’s political books, and the Dr upon hearing how complaisantly she had received his last, writes thus to him at Hanover from London, Feb. 18th, 1703. “I am very glad to hear her Royal Highness is pleased with my book, which had not created me so many enemies as it hath done, if we had in England but three or four persons with understandings as enlightened as hers is. The rancour begins now to wear off; but I may venture to say that for this last age there has not been so persecuted a martyr to truth and right sense, as I have lately been.” So desires him to let her know that in a little time he shall be got into a temper fit for writing a letter to her.”*

* A friend has suggested that I ought to have mentioned Sir James Stewart’s book with Adam Smith’s on the Wealth of Nations in my last Number. I shall endeavour therefore to do him justice on some future occasion. Sir James died Nov. 1780.

ART.

ART. VI. THOMAS RYMER.

"Thomas Rymer," says Oldys, "was born in Yorkshire, went to school at North-Allerton under Mr. Thomas Smelt, when Dr. George Hickes was his schoolfellow. He studied the laws in Gray's Inn. In 1692 he succeeded Shadwell as Historiographer Royal. See a character of his "Foedera" in Dr. Kennet's 2d letter to the Bishop of Carlisle, and in the said Bishop's Historical Library, and in Davis's Icon Libellorum.

Rymer translated Plutarch's Life of Nicias, which was published with the rest in 1683-4. There are also in print "Rymer's Curious Amusements," 8vo. 1714, and his "View of Parliaments," 8vo. 1714; "Rymer's Three Letters to Bishop Nicholson occasioned by some passages in his Scottish Hist. Library," 8vo. 1702.

Rymer died Dec. 14, 1713, and was buried four days after in the church of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.

See a reflection on him in Fenton's Life of Milton. See the Satire on Translators in the State Poems, reprinted in R. Cross's Collection of Poems, 8vo. 1747. See the "Impartial Critic; or, some observations on Mr. Rymer's late book, entitled "a Short View of Tragedy, by Mr. Dennis," 4to. 1697.

ART. VII. LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

The industrious compiler of the *Biographia Dramatica* is ignorant of the family and history of this lady, who wrote a Tragedy, entitled "Mariam, the fair Queen of Jewry, 4to. 1613," which was never acted;

acted; yet "considering those times and the lady's sex, may be allowed to be well penned. It is written in alternate verse, and with a chorus, which chorus is composed of *Sellines*, or stanzas of six lines, the four first of which are interwoven, or rhyme alternately, the two last rhyming to each other, and forming a couplet in base."

Oldys supposes her name should be spelt Carey, and that she was the wife of Sir Henry Carey, to whom Davies dedicated his "*Muses Sacrifice*" 1612. (see p. 40). If so, she was probably Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Laurence Tanfield, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and wife of Sir Henry Carey, who in 1622 was created Viscount Falkland.

But it is more probable she was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, wife of Sir George Carey, 2d Lord * Hunsdon, † to whom Thomas Nash dedicated his "*Christ's Tears over Jerusalem. Whereunto is annexed a comparative admonition to London. A Jove Musa. By Thomas Nashe.*" Printed for Andrew Wise in St. Paul's churchyard, at the Angell, 1594. Dedicated "To the most honored and vertuous beautified Ladie, the Ladie Elizabeth Carey: wife to the thrice magnanimous and noble discended Knight, Sir George Carey, Knight Marshall." 4to. ‡

To this last lady, Spenser dedicates his *Muiopotmos*, in these words:

* See *Memoirs of Peers of James I.* 8vo. 1802. Vol. I. p. 398.

† Unless it should be objected that she would have been called Lady Hunsdon; but perhaps the play was written, though not published, before her husband succeeded to the title, which was in 1596.

‡ Herbert III. 1373.

“ To the Right Worthy and vertuous Ladie, the
Ladie Carey.

“ Most brave and bountiful Lady, for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits. Therefore I have determined to give myself wholly to you, as quite abandoned from myself, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the person yielded. My person, I wot well, how little worth it is. But the faithful mind and humble zeal which I bear unto your ladyship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the fair service thereof; which taketh glory to advance *your excellent parts* and noble vertues, and to spend itself in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to myself, which yet may not be unminded, nor for name and kindred sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable, as for that honourable name, which ye have by your *brave deserts purchased* to yourself, and spread in the mouths of all men: with which I have also presumed to grace my verses, and render your name to commend to the world this small poem. The which beseeching your Ladyship to take in worth, and all things therein, according to your wonted graciousness, to make a mild construction, I humbly pray for your happiness.

Your La. ever humbly;

ED. SP.”

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that this lady was sister to Alice Countess of Derby, for whom Milton's “ Arcades ” was written.

ART

ART. VIII. *The most pleasante Historie of Albino and Bellama, a Poeme: to which is annexed the Vindication of Poesie, by N. W. Lond. Printed, and are to be sould by Nicho. Fussell, 1639—&c.*

SIR,

The last time I had the pleasure of meeting you in London, you requested I would furnish you with some information respecting a little volume in my possession. The volume to which I allude is entitled “The most pleasante Historie of Albino and Bellama, a Poeme: to which is annexed the Vindication of Poesie, by N. W. London, printed and are to be sould by Nicho. Fussell, 1639.” It has a title-page neatly engraved, by Cor. Van. Dahlen, from subjects in the poem. Of the author I learn, from a copy of commendatory verses (in Latin) by Jacob Bernard of Trinity College, that Whiting was Master of Arts, and that he was of King’s College, Cambridge. There are several commendatory poems prefixed, as was the custom of the age. The scene is placed in Spain; and of the story, which is written in the sextain measure of a stanza and a couplet, the following is a brief analysis. “Bellama, the daughter of Don Rivilezzo, refusing to marry Don Fuco, a rich old nobleman, is carried by her father to the monastery of Darwey, the inhabitants of which are minutely described; then follows an account of her instauration,

Adorn’d with vesture, white as bleached snow;

A cyprus mantle, over which was cast,

(So lightly hung ’twould not abide a blow)

A milk-white ribbon lock’d unto her waste,

Grac’d with a crucifix: her slender wrists

With praying beads were wreath’d on sable twists.”

M 2

Among

Among the votaries attendant upon the convent is Albino, a young monk of modest carriage and singular beauty, whose mental talents are complimented in two lines :

Discreet as Tyro's are, he'd store of wit
In that he knew to use and husband it ;

in which the mind naturally reverts to Butler's account of Hudibras :

Who, though he had great store of wit,
Was very spare of shewing it.

Upon the first sight of Bellama he is enamoured of her beauty, and finds an opportunity of disclosing his passion to her; after several meetings the jealous matron discovers them in an arbor in the garden, in consequence of which Bellama is secluded, and the frown of the duenna, when next he meets her, convinces Albino that his attachment is discovered. Unable to gain the ear of his mistress, he employs one of his brother monks to deliver letters to Bellama; but Bardino, forfeiting his trust, discloses the letters to the "Abbatessa," and tells Albino that his lady treated him with scorn. Rivilezzo, after two years confinement, fetches Bellama from the convent *vi et armis*. Albino, in order to obtain the sight of his mistress, assumes the habit of a young woman, and presents himself at the grate of the abbey as the daughter of Don Fulco, and is admitted into the order, where he soon learns the escape of his flame. In order to get without the pale of his confinement the *he-lady* persuades the "Abbatessa" that in his way he has lost a ring, but the abbess only offers to send a maid to recover it. He then endeavours to bribe the porter by a purse of coins, consisting of pieces of glass gilt over; but before the time of elopement arrives,

arrives, Avaro discovers the fraud. At the hour appointed Phœliche (the lover's assumed name) knocking loudly to awaken the porter awakens the abbess, who had been dreaming that her ward was destroying by a lion, and she is on the instant persuaded by the noise which alarmed her, that her vision is realized. In her fright she discharges a pistol which awakens the porter. The bell is immediately rung and the whole convent is roused: the attempt to bribe Avaro being disclosed, Phœliche is confined closely and dieted sparingly for three days. Unable at length to effect his escape, Albino (alias Phœliche) turns his regard to his sister nuns, and in a few weeks the influence of his intimacy becomes visible. After many fruitless searches the cause of this change in the appearances of the devotees is traced to its source, and the "Abbatess" contrives to get Albino into a cell utterly excluded from the light.

The lynx at mid-day there would wish for day,
And cats, without a light, must grope their way.

Pa. 92.

Here she invents means to torment him by stoves "under-vaulted" in summer, and in winter by pouring water through holes drilled in the roof of his confinement.

Bellama hearing nothing of Albino dispatches a messenger to the grate of the convent, but obtains no other answer than that he had left the priory long since, and it was supposed he was dead. Albino in the interim manages to gain the favour of Conrado by promising him marriage, if the monk will extricate him from his present confinement. The purpose is effected, and by a stratagem Albino leaves Conrado in the

prison. Immediately upon his escape Albino secretes himself in a cavern in a neighbouring thicket, where he rescues from the embrace of a rude rustic his flame Bellania, who, in company with her maid in disguise, had fled her father's house with the hope of discovering Albino. At night they take up their abode in a peasant's hut, but are surprized early in the morning by the noise of the monkish crew in pursuit of their runaway. The fugitives, after assuming various disguises, at length arrive at the house of the brother of Albino, a Carthusian friar, by whom they are united."

Such are the adventures of this "Harlequin and Columbine," of which I have drawn an abstract, because the volume, at least as far as I have discovered, is of uncommon occurrence. From the nature of the fable it will be readily imagined the language is not free from licentiousness. The "Vindication of Poesie" is written in the form of a vision, which has since become a favourite mode of composition.

JOSEPH RITSON.

Since my return into the country I have looked into Ritson's Bibliographia, and am confident that in spite of all his grubbing he has left his book very imperfect. This might be excused by the nature of the undertaking, did he not call others "fool and rascal" in every page.

HENRY WOTTON.

I have in my possession an uncommonly scarce volume with the following quaint title: "A Courtlie controversie of Cupid's Cautels, containing five tragicall
call

call Historyes by three Gentlemen and two Gentlewomen, translated out of French by Henry Wotton, B. L. Impr. by John Caldock and Henry Bynneman, 1578:" in which are many "songes," some of them by no means inelegant for the time when they were written: I will transcribe part of one as a specimen.

What hard mishap doth hamper youth,
 When cursed Cupid list to frown;
 And yet he will not credite truth
 Till hard mishap doth throw him down;
 He hath the power in his distresse
 To see what may his smart redresse.

Must hoarie hairs needs make us wise
 Discovering naked treason's hooke?
 Whose glittering hue by slight devise,
 Doth make them blind that thereon looke,
 And till into the trap they slide,
 Believe that reason is their guide. Pa. 127.

Of this book, by the bye, I think Herbert had but an imperfect knowledge, and perhaps adopted the title from Bagfield's MS. Bibl. Sloan. In a translation of Cranmer's "Confutation of unwritten verities, &c." B. L. by E. P. without date or printer's name, is a metrical address of "the boke to the reader," of equal value with many similar compositions which *mister* Ritson has fortunately "retrieved from latent obscurity."

LORD BACON.

Sir Henry Wotton has, in "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," assigned one of the poems to Francis Lord Bacon, upon what authority I know not. I could point out

many other inaccuracies that have come within the confined compass of my observation, and from which I am persuaded that those who possess extensive collections would discover many more.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

John Chalkhill, the author of *Thealma and Clearchus*, has two songs in Walton's *Complete Angler*, part of one of which Dr. Johnson translated into Latin. His translation is printed in Murphy's edition of his works, Vol. I. p. 190.

O. G. G.

ART. IX. JOHN LILLY.

Oldys says, that "John Lilly was born, according to A. Wood's computation (I. 295), about the year 1553; but I think he was born sooner. According to him he went in 1569, aged about 16, to Magd. Coll. Oxon. In 1566 he went to court; in 1576 he wrote his first letter to the queen; in 1597 his second, shewing he had been thirteen years led in expectation of being Master of the Revels.

William Webbe, in his "Discourse of English Poetrie," 4to. 1586, speaks of the good grace and sweet vein, which eloquence hath attained in our speech through the help of some rare and singular wits, and adds, "among whom I think there is none that will gainsay but Master John Lilly hath deserved most high commendations, as he who hath stepped one step farther therein than any since he first began the witty discourse of his *EUPHUES*, whose works
surely

surely in respect of his singular eloquence and brave composition of apt words and sentences, let the learned examine, and make a tryal thereof through all parts of rhetoric in fit phrases, in pithy sentences, in gallant tropes, in flowing speech, in plain sense; and surely in my judgment I think he will yield him that verdict, which Quintilian giveth of both the best orators, Demosthenes and Tully; that from the one nothing may be taken away, and to the other nothing may be added*. Yet for all this praise and merit we may see, after a dangling and tedious dependence upon the court for thirteen years, he was forced to write to the queen herself for some little grant to support him in his old age. Of his two letters, or petitions, to her, many copies are preserved in MS.

Lilly was a man (adds Oldys) of great reading, good memory, ready faculty of application, and uncommon eloquence; but he ran into a vast excess of allusion: in sentence and conformity of style he seldom speaks directly to the purpose, but is continually carried away by one odd allusion or simile or other (out of natural history, that is yet fabulous and not true in nature), and that still overborne by more, thick upon the back of one another; and through an eternal affectation of sententiousness keeps to such a formal measure of his periods as soon grows tiresome; and so, by confining himself to shape his sense so frequently into one artificial cadence, however ingenious or harmonious, abridges that variety which the style should be admired for.

See Doddsley's censure of him agreeably to Drayton's

* This passage is also quoted from Webbe's Discourse in The British Librarian, p. 90.

before

before Lilly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, revived, I think, in the *Collection of Old Plays*.

Dr. Lodge, in his "*Wit's Misery and World's Madness*," 4to. 1596, p. 57, says, "Lilly was famous for the facility of his discourse."

See a true character of Lilly by Drayton in his "*Censure of the Poets*."*

Lilly was the author of a famous pamphlet against the Martinists called "*Pap with a Hatchet*," about the year 1589. See Dr. Gabriel Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation* against Tho. Nashe, 4to. 1593.

"*Pap with a Hatchet, alias a Fig for my Godson: or crack me this Nut: or a Country Cuff; that is, a sound Box on the Ear for the Ideot Martin to hold his piece. Written by one that dares call a dog, a dog. Imprinted by John An-Oke, &c. &c. and are to be sold at the sign of the Crabtree Cudgell, in Thwack-coat lane.*"† This has been attributed to Nashe, but was written by John Lilly.‡

See Nashe's *Apology of Pierce Pennyless*, 4to. 1593, in praise of Lilly: also Nashe's "*Have with you to Saffron-Walden*," near the end.§

The full title of Lilly's famous work, is

EUPHUES. The ANATOMY OF WIT. Very pleasaunt for all Gentlemen to read, and most necessary to remember: wherein are contained the Delights that Wit followeth in his Youth by the Pleasantnesse of Love, and the Happinesse

* Oldys's MSS. notes on Langbaine.

† Oldys, *ut supr.*

‡ Ibid. See Herbert, III. 1702.

§ Ibid.

that

that he repeth in *Age by the Perfectnesse of Wisdom*. By John Lyly, M. A. corrected *, and augmented." Dedicated "To Sir William West, Knight, Lord De La Warre. . . . To the Gentlemen Readers.—To the Gentlemen Scholars of Oxford." 88 Leaves. Concludes thus: "I have finished the first Part of *Euphues*, whom I lefte ready to crosse the Seas to England.—I hope to have him retourned within one Summer. In the mean Season, I will staie for him in the Countrie, and as soon as he arriveth you shall know of his comming." Imprinted by Thomas East for Gabriel Cawood. 1581.

EUPHUES; and his England. Containing his *Voyage and Adventures*, mixed with sundrie pretie Discourses of honest Love, the Description of the Countrie, the Court and the Manners of the Isle. Delightful to be read," &c. Dedicated "To Edward de Vere, Earle of Oxenforde, &c." To the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England, John Lyly wisheth what they would.—To the Gentlemen Readers." Imprinted by Thomas East for Gabriel Cawood. 4to.†

Oldys says that the first part was printed 1581, 1606, 1623, 1630. 4to.

* Herbert adds in a note, "I cannot find when the first edition of this part was printed. Mr. Wood mentions an edition of *Euphues* and his *England*, in 1580; but he has greatly mistaken these two books or parts, and led Bishop Tanner into the same error; supposing *Euphues* his *England* to be divided into two parts, &c. and his *Anatomy of Wit* to be a separate and subsequent work: whereas in fact it is the first part, and introductory to his *England*, as is evident by the conclusion of this *Anatomy of Wit*. See *Ath. Ox.* I. 296."

† Herbert, II. 1012, 1014.

ART.

ART. X. *A most true and exact Relation of that as honourable as unfortunate Expedition of Kent, Essex, and Colchester. By M. C. a loyall Actor in that Engagement, Anno Dom. 1648. Printed in the Yeare 1650. Duod. pp. 214.*

I only mention this scarce little tract with the hope of preserving it from oblivion, because it records several particulars not noticed by Lord Clarendon, and our general historians. The author, Matthew Carter, acted as quarter-master-general in this expedition. It is dedicated, from some place of imprisonment, "To the truly noble and his worthily honoured friend sir C. K., whose address to the reader follows. At the end are three copies of verses, I. "To my ingenious Friend upon his exact Journal of the Kentish Forces," signed G. W. II. "To the ingenious Author of these Commentaries," signed Roderigoe. III. "To my honoured Friend upon his Commentary," signed E. P.

The author concludes his own relation with the following prophetic paragraph.

"For my own part, I will not despair while there is mercy in heaven, and a just title upon earth, but Charles the Second may fulfil that prophecy that is so authentically avowed concerning his person, when all these horrid distractions and clouds shall vanish into a calm, and there shall be no more a babel city,

Carolus a Carolo,
Major erit Carolo Magno."

There is no doubt that the author was the same who published the following :

Honor

Honor Redivivus; or, An Analysis of Honour and Armory. By Matthew Carter, Esq. London. Printed for Henry Herringman, 1673, 8vo. And are to be sould by Henry Herringman at the Ancker on the lowest Side of the New Exchange.

All which is on an engraved title-page by R. Gaywood. The printed title-page, which follows, calls it the Third Edition.* Opposite the first is a plate of the arms of Carter (two lions combatant), with a crescent for difference.

One of the examples of arms, p. 264, points out the author's Kentish connections and acquaintance, for it contains a shield of the nine following coats, known at that time by their connection, either by blood or marriage, with the Auchers of Bourne near Canterbury. 1. Sir Thomas Peyton, of Knowlton, Bart. 2. Sir Anthony Aucher, of Bourne. 3. Sir James Thynne, of Longleat, Wilts. 4. Anthony Hammond, of St. Alban's, in East Kent, Esq. [ancestor of James Hammond, the elegiac poet]. 5. Thomas Stanley, of Cumberlow, in Hertfordshire, Esq. the poet [whose mother was a Hammond]. 6. Edward Hales, of Tunstal, in Kent, Esq. 7. Roger James, of Ryegate, in Surry, Esq. 8. Killigrew, of Cornwall [whose connection with the rest I do not know]. 9. Stephen Penckhurst, of Buxted, in Sussex, Esq.†

* First printed 1655, and again 1660.

† With my copy of this last work is bound up the following: "Jus Imaginis apud Anglos; or, The Law of England relating to the Nobility and Gentry. Faithfully collected and methodically digested for common benefit. By John Brydall, of Lincoln's Inn, Esquire. Lond. for John Billinger, in Clifford's Inn Lane, near Fleet Street; and George Dawes, over against Lincoln's Inn Gate in Chancery Lane. 1673. pp. 76.

ART.

ART. XI. *Pocula Castalia.—The Author's Motto.—Fortune's Tennis-Ball.—Eliza.—Poems.—Epigrams, &c.* By R. B. Gent. London, printed by W. H. for T. Dring, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the George, near Clifford's Inne in Fleet-street, 1650. 8vo. pp. 137.

Robert Baron, the author of these poems, was born 1630; was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards at Gray's Inn. Mr. Ellis, who has given one specimen of his writings, says, "whatever is poetical in him appears to be pilfered from other writers." The following is a close imitation of Sir John Suckling's famous Ballad on a Country Wedding.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

1.

I tell thee, Jack, as I sought out
A straggl'ing lamb, which stray'd about
The honey-suckled plain,
Mine eyes met such brave things i' th' way,
As I ne'er saw before that day,
Nor never shall again.

2.

From yon gay house there came a band
Of simpering courtiers, hand in hand,
Drest wondrous brave and fine.
But, O their leader was a lad
In such a gaudy habit clad,
As he did all outshine!

Our

3.

Our lord o' th' town bears not such port
 When he sits talking law i' th' court,
 With's tenants round about.
 Should he be on the green at night,
 Jack, thee and I each lass would slight,
 And crowd to take him out.

4.

But wot you why he went so gay?
 It seems it was his wedding-day,
 And now to church he go.
 Methought he look'd oft at the sun,
 As if he wish'd his race were run;
 So did the bride also.

5.

The bride! the bravest in the row;
 Our town and all the hundred too
 Can't show the like, I'll swear.
 I ne'er saw lady at a May,
 Or Shrovetide, or on Whitsunday,
 That with her might compare.

6.

Of a pair of Indies I've been told,
 Where men find precious stones and gold;
 I wot not where they are,
 Nor do I mind to go to see;
 But doubtless if such things there be,
 I think they're both in her.

7.

The East, the trammels of her hair
 Gilt by Phœbus' beams appear
 Like to a golden fleece,

More

More rich and fair than that which
 Was stolen by the Colchan witch,
 And the bold youth of Greece.

8.

Her sparkling eyes are gems so fair,
 Their lustre dims the twinkling star,
 Which bids us shepherds fold.
 Her lips be corral of great price,
 Her breath is violet buds, and spice
 Whose worth cannot be told.

9.

The other Indies men call West,
 These she hath too, and he is blest
 That sought their secret treasure;
 But did he dig in those mines though,
 So oft as some in thought did do,
 He'd labour'd out of measure.

10.

Her milky skin and front did shew
 Like meadows clad in winter's snow,
 Or Cotshall wool new drest;
 Or like the girdle of the sky,
 Or a smooth mount of ivory,
 Or like to curds new prest.

11.

Her cheeks, wherein both roses join,
 Seem'd milk commix'd with claret wine,
 Such as we drank last May-day.
 No tulip e'er such colour wore;
 They look'd like strawberries sugar'd o'er,
 Such as we ate last play-day.

12.

When to the new-swept church they came,
 The lightning which this princely dame
 Shot from her eyes so bright,
 Struck blind the parson, so that he,
 Poor beauty-blasted man, could see
 Scarcely to read aright.

13.

For all his coat or gravity,
 I think he wish'd as ill as I,
 Or any that stood by her :
 Though all did look, as who should say
 Their very souls did melt away,
 And drop before the fire.

14.

The rites done, which like long grace do
 But keep them off that would fall to,
 The two, now one, went home,
 And call'd the waiters, sans delay,
 To serve the dinner up, though they
 Had their feast yet to come.

15.

The cooks, to give the guests content,
 Had plunder'd every element,
 And rifled sea and shore.
 Beshrew my heart, I ne'er did see
 Boards deck'd with such variety,
 And laden with such store.

16.

Now were our heads with rose-buds crown'd,
 And flowing cups ran swiftly round,
 We all did drink like fishes ;

N

That

That joy and pleasure may betide
 The bridegroom, 'specially the bride,
 Each lusty gallant wishes.

17.

The women's eyes dwelt on the maid,
 Some lik't this lace, some that, and said
 'Twas a la mode du France;
 And drew the picture of the peak:
 But then the youth did silence break,
 And call'd them forth to dance.

18.

No dapper elves or light-heel'd fawns
 Could nimblier trip it o'er the lawns,
 Or fairies o'er the green;
 Though by the bride all were as far
 Outstripp'd as frisking fairies are
 By mistress Mab the queen.

19.

No Jack-a-Lent danc'd such a way,
 No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is such a bonny sight:
 Yet in her eyes I read that she
 Meant to outstep herself, and be
 Much nimbler far at night.

20.

Now supper came, and healths went round
 In full-fill'd crowned bowls we drown'd
 The slow and tedious day.
 In singing, kissing oft, and dancing,
 In sighing, wishing well, and glancing,
 We drave the time away.

21.

Till the nightingale did chant her vesper,
 And our curl'd dogs were warn'd by Hesper
 To congregate our sheep :
 Till the gay planet of the east
 Took leave of Iris, and did haste
 To 's sea-green couch to sleep.

22.

Now, Jack, th' unwilling willing bride,
 With th' busy virgin crew, aside
 Was stolen to undress ;
 The youth, whose active blood began
 To strike up Love's tantara, came
 Within an hour and less.

23.

In came he, where she blushing lay,
 Like to a musk-rose into a
 Lapfull of lilies cast.
 What pity 'tis we still should stay,
 And make them riper joys delay,
 Only a kiss to taste !

24.

But still, as 'twere to cross their bliss,
 The bridemaids banquet enter'd is ;
 The youth devour'd it half,
 To end it, not his taste to please ;
 For minding those sweets coming, these
 Were dull, as whey and chaff.

25.

At last, the lights and we went out ;
 Now what remain'd to do, they do't :
 Some say they danc'd a jig.
 If so, Jack, 'twas but such as that
 That thou and I in the bower had
 With Betty and with Peg.

At page 112 of these poems are some verses to his "Honoured friend Benjamin Garfield, Esq. on his excellent Tragi-Comedy, entitled, "The Unfortunate Fortunate;" an author whom I do not find mentioned in the *Biographia Dramatica*.

ART. XII. JOHN CROWN.

Oldys gives the following account of this author's birth, which however, I must premise, differs from that of the compiler of the *Biographia Dramatica*, who must have been aware of what Oldys had written, because he continually through his work makes use of Oldys's materials*, and therefore had probably some reason for rejecting his authority in the present instance.

"John Crown," says Oldys, "was the son of William Crown, who travelled under the Earl of Arundel to Vienna, and published "A Relation of the remarkable Places and Passages observed in the Travels of the Lord Howard, Earl of Arundel, in his Embassy to the Emperor Ferdinand II. Lond. 1637, 4to." but full of imperfections and errors. This William afterwards succeeded H. Lilley as Rouge-Dragon in the Heralds' Office, and was continued in 1660: but selling to Mr. Sandford, went over with his family to one of the plantations, and there died †. Of his son John the best

* I think this fact is not sufficiently explained in the Introduction to that useful work. Oldys's very words are repeatedly used, where his name is not mentioned.

† Oldys says, "There is some order or paper of instructions I once

best account is in one of Mr. Dennis's letters. This John Dennis makes him the son of a clergyman.

The compiler of the *Biographia Dramatica*, following Cibber, calls him "the son of an independent minister in that part of America called Nova Scotia, but whether born there or not is uncertain." To reconcile these accounts, perhaps when the father retired to America, he took on him the functions of a clergyman. An anecdote related by Malone from Spence seems to confirm Oldys's account that the poet was born in England. "Notwithstanding Dryden's confidence in his own powers," observes Malone, "and the just value which he set on his performances, tradition informs us that he was not wholly free from jealousy of rivals. He would compliment Crowne (as old Jacob Tonson told Mr. Spence) when a play of his failed, but was cold to him if he met with success. He sometimes used to say, that Crowne had some genius; but then he always added, that his father and Crowne's mother were very well acquainted*."

Oldys says, Crown was living in 1703, and was buried at St. Giles's in the Fields. He left behind him seventeen dramatic pieces, besides one not printed.

"Of Crowne's being set up in opposition to Dryden, see St. Evremont's letter to the duchess of Mazarine concerning the earl of Rochester."

Lord Rochester calls him "starch Johnny Crowne."

"Many a cup of metheglin" (says the writer of

saw in the Harl. Library from Charles II. as I remember, either to the Lord Baltimore, or some other possessors or governors in one of the American settlements, to inquire into, recover, or restore, for or on behalf of Mr. John Crowne or his father."

* Malone's *Life of Dryden*, 500.

a curious memoir in the *Gent. Mag.* for 1745, p. 99) "have I drank with little starch Johnny Crowne. We called him so from the stiff unalterable primness of his long cravat."

To the *Masque of Calisto*, 1675, 4to. frequently presented at court, the author has prefixed the personators or persons of quality who acted the several parts, which may serve to throw light on the history of the court at that time. *Calisto* was by the princess Mary; *Nyphe*, the princess Anne; *Mercury*, by Mrs. Jennings (afterwards duchess of Marlborough), then maid of honour to the duchess of York. The duke of Monmouth danced, &c.*

The *Tragedy of Darius*, 4to. 1688, was dedicated to sir George Hewytt, bart. one of the lieutenants of his Majesty's horse-guard; who in 1689 was made Baron of James-Town and Viscount Gowran in Ireland. He was son of sir Thomas Hewit of Pisheobury in Hertfordshire, bart. and was probably the same who was called Beau Hewit, from whom was drawn the character of Sir Fopling in sir George Etherege's *Man of Mode*, 1676; in which all or most of the characters were taken from real persons, as *Dorimant* for lord Rochester, and even the shoemaker, who got vast trade by the poet's representation of him. Sir George drew himself under the character of Young Bellair †.

"John Oldmixon" (I am copying from my usual authority, Oldys), "in one of his histories, says, Crowne the poet told him, that king Charles II.

* I learn this from a copy of the note of a venerable and dignified critic, now living, who remarks that the edition of *Henry VI.* in 1681, is only a new title-page.

† Oldys's MSS.

gave him two Spanish plays, and bade him join them together to form one; which he did, and shewed his majesty the plan for his comedy of "Sir Courtly Nice*." He afterwards read the acts to him scene by scene, as he wrote them. When he had finished the three first, which are by much the best of the play, he read them over to the king, who liked them very well; only he said, "'Tis not merry enough." I do not say smutty, though worse might be said with truth. Crown could easily have mended that fault; but the king dying a month after, he let the three acts pass as they are; and there does not seem to be that deficiency of which his majesty complained."

Crown wrote, besides his dramatic works, "Dœneids, or, the noble Labours of the great Dean of Notre Dames in Paris, for erecting in his Choir a Throne for his Glory; and the eclipsing the Pride of an imperious usurping Chanter: an heroic poem, in four cantos," 4to. 1692. It is a burlesque poem, partly imitated from Boileau's *Lutrin*.

He also translated Boileau's *Lutrin*, which was printed in Dryden's *Miscellany*.

He was author also of a Romance entitled "Pandion and Amphigenia; or, the Coy Lady of Thessalia, adorned with Sculptures," 8vo. 1665.

* "See quotations" says Oldys, "from this play in my friend Hayward's *British Muse*;" to which book I wrote the introduction, but the penurious publishers (to contract it within a sheet) left out a third part of the best matter in it, and made more faults than there were in the original."

ART. XIII. NATHANIEL LEE.

Nathaniel Lee was son of Dr. Lee, minister of Hatfield in Hertfordshire, for whom there is the following epitaph in the church of that parish on a marble in the middle of the chancel.

“*Depositum Richardi Lee, S. T. P. nuper Hatfieldi Episcopalis, alias Regalis, cum capella de Totteridge Rectoris, qui obiit A. D. 1684, ætat. suæ 73. Hic requiescit spe lætæ resurrectionis.*”

Nathaniel was “educated at Westminster school, and Trinity Hall,* Cambridge. He was a very handsome as well as ingenious man; but given to debauchery which necessitated a milk-diet, when some of his university comrades visiting him, he fell to drinking with them out of all measure, which flying up into his head, caused his face to break out into those carbuncles which were afterwards observed there; and also touched his brain, occasioning that madness so much lamented in so rare a genius. Tom Brown says he wrote while he was in Bedlam a play of twenty-five acts; and Mr. Bowman tells me that going once to visit him there, Lee shewed him a scene, “in which,” says he, “I have done a miracle for you.” “What’s that?” said Bowman. “I have made you a good priest.”

Oldys mentions another of his mad sayings, but does not mention with whom it passed.

* So says Oldys; but he has this note in another place. “There is a copy of English verses signed Nat. Lee, A. B. Trin. Coll. Vide Musarum Cantabrigiarum Threnodia, 4to. 1670.”

“I have

"I have seen an unscrew'd spider spin a thought,
And walk away upon the wings of angels!"

"What say you to that, Doctor?" "Ah, marry, Mr. Lee, that's superfine indeed. The thought of a winged spider may catch sublime readers of poetry sooner than his web, but it will need a commentary in prose to render it intelligible to the vulgar." *

His melancholy death has already been inserted in the Biogr. Dram. from Oldys's notes. This event happened about 1691 or 1692, for his last play, the *Massacre of Paris*, is printed in 1690, and Mr. Southerne in his poem to Mr. Congreve before his "*Old Bachelor*" 1693, mentions his death. He was buried at St. Clement Danes, aged about thirty-five years.

"There is, or lately was, a brother of Nat. Lee, somewhere in, or near the Isle of Axholme in Lincolnshire, who has a trunk full of his writings, as I have been informed by old Mr. Samuel Westley, the late parson of Epworth in Lincolnshire."

Lee was patronized by Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, to whom he dedicated his tragedy of *Cæsar Borgia*, 1680, and who shewed him some external honours, which got Lee some envy, and his lordship more censure than either deserved. See the *Satire upon the Poets* in imitation of the *Seventh Satire of Juvenal*, printed in the *State-Poems*, and reprinted by R. Cross in his *Collection of Poems*, 8vo.

* "The ingenious Mr. William Thompson had two long letters about Nat. Lee, written by Thomas Southerne, in which is mentioned Lee's breaking somebody's head at Wills' Coffee-house in one of his merry mad fits."

1747, p. 92, in which are the six following lines upon Lord P. and dedicating Lee, because he staid so long at Wilton that the butler feared he would empty the cellar.

None of our new nobility will send
To the King's Bench or to his Bedlam friend ;
Pembroke lov'd tragedies, and did provide
For butchers' dogs, and for the whole Bank-side ;
The bear was fed, but dedication Lee
Was thought to have a greater paunch than he.

" Queen Anné, when she was Princess, played Semandra in Lee's " Mithridates " (1678, 4to.) with other nobility at Court in the Banqueting-house, Whitehall. She was taught the part by Mr. Joseph Ashbury.

" Most of Lee's plays are printed by John Bentley the bookseller, who, in a catalogue at the end of St. Evremond's Gallant Memoirs, and translated by P. Bolson (or Belon) printed 12mo. 1681, has added some of John Crown's to them. Lee's plays are printed together in 2 vols. 8vo. 1713, in 3 vols. 12mo. 1722, the last edition 3 vols. 12mo. 1734."

" In Theodosius, or the Force of Love, a tragedy, 1680, 4to. are several entertainments of singing ; the music by the famous Henry Purcell, being the first time he ever composed for the stage. See Mrs. Eliza Heywood's Companion to the Theatre, Vol. II. p. 329, 1747."

" See Gildon's Character of Lee, Cibber's Apology and Tom Brown of him, Jacob in his Life, and Dryden, Sir Carr Scrope, and Mr. Duke in their prologues of his plays, and Felton, and Tatlers, &c. and Downes

the Prompter of his first appearance on the stage, and Sessions of Poets, and Dr. Trapp's character of him in his *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, and my Epigram printed in the last volume of Epigrams for Walthoe."

ART. XIV. *Characters of the Poets and Actors in King Charles II's. Reign.*

[FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, 1745, VOL. XV. P. 99.]

"Though misfortunes joined with my own choice, have greatly abated the taste, which I once had for poetry, (alas! 'tis now full sixty years since I bad adieu to the Muses,) yet let me profess (vanity may be a little pardonable in what Will Davenant calls talkative old age) that the wits and poets usually esteemed me a notable young fellow. I am now in my 87th year, and though my memory fails as to things of yesterday, yet I remember the bards and theatres of Charles the Second's Reign, (even the comedy you allude to, * at its first appearance,) as well as you can recollect any thing concerning the present poets or theatres.

"I remember plain John Dryden (before he paid his court with success to the great) in one uniform cloathing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve † at the Mulberry garden, when our author advanced to a sword and chadreur wig. Posterity is absolutely mistaken as to that great man; though forced to be a satirist, he was the mildest

* Marriage A La Mode, by Dryden.

† Mrs. Ann Reeve, Dryden's mistress; she acted the part in the *Rehearsal*, &c. She died a Religious.

creature breathing, and the readiest to help the young and deserving; though his comedies are horribly full of double entendres, yet it was owing to a false complaisance for a dissolute age. He was in company the modestest man that ever conversed.

“ Master Elkanah Settle, * the city poet, I knew, with his short-cut band, and sattin cap. He run away from Oxford with the players at an act, as Otway did the same year 1674. You’ll be glad to know any trifling circumstance concerning Otway. His person was of middle size, about five feet seven inches in height, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful speaking eye, and that was all. He gave himself up early to drinking, and, like the unhappy wits of that age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity and abject penitence, carousing one week with Lord Pl——th, and then starving a month in low company at an ale-house on Tower-hill.

“ Poor Nat. Lee (I cannot think of him without tears) had great merit. In the poetic sense he had, at intervals, inspiration itself: but lived an outrageous boisterous life like his brethren. He was a well looking man, and had a very becoming head of hair. A picture of him I never saw. He was so esteemed and beloved, that before his misfortune we always called him honest Nat, and afterwards poor Nat.

“ Shadwell in conversation was a brute. † Many a cup

* When above seventy years old, he published an *Elegy on the Duke of Marlborough*, 4to. 1722, and died in the Charter-house, 1723.

† “ Thomas Shadwell was born at Stanton-Hall in Norfolk, 1640. His father had eleven children. He was bred up at Bury school, and Caius College in Cambridge. At the age of twenty-three years he went over to Ireland.

cup of metheglin have I drank with little starched Johnny Crown; we called him so from the stiff unalterable primness of his long cravat.

“ But

land, and at four months end returned. His father was bred to the law, and had a place of profit and distinction in his profession in Ireland, and when Tom returned from Ireland he had chambers in the Middle Temple. His father bestowed the learning and exercises of a gentleman upon him, as music, &c. which himself tells us in his dedication to the 10th Satire of Juvenal to Sir Charles Sedley. See the Preface of Henry Higden's *Modern Essay on the 10th Satire of Juvenal with annotations*, dedicated to Richard Lord Lumley, with verses prefixed by Dryden, Mrs. Behn, and E. Settle;—in which preface this author laughs at Shadwell's Translation of Juvenal, and at him too. It is printed in 4to. 1689, in fifty-eight pages.

“ Notwithstanding that Lord Rochester has said,

None seem to touch upon true comedy,
But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley;

yet that Lord had a better opinion of his conversation than his writings, when he said, that if Shadwell had burned all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have shewn more wit and humour than any other poet. But the wit of his conversation was often very immoral, obscene, and profane. By which course having meanness of spirit and servility to render himself ridiculous and contemptible to men of fortune, title, and wit, he got their favour and assistance, under the pretence of being a useful instrument of the Revolution. Lord Lansdowne has a short discourse on these two lines above, against the remark of Wycherley's being a slow writer.” Oldys MSS.

“ I have heard that Dorset, Sedley, and others of those idle wits would write whole scenes for him.” *Ibid.*

Shadwell died Nov. 1692, aged about 57 (but qu. the date of his birth above?)—“ See his *Life before his plays*, in 3 vols. 12mo. 1720, published by his son John Shadwell, and dedicated to the King. He also wrote the short account of his father's *Life before it*, and the epitaph at the end in Latin, in which Bishop Sprat prevailed on him to retrench part of the high encomium he had given of plays, unseemly to be read in a church: but here the castrated inscription is restored according to the original as it is said in his *Life*.” *Ibid.*

“ Upon the death of Mr. Shadwell, see a character of him as a comic writer and useful in his degree, no sublime genius, or master of an elegant style,

" But this, my friend, is all the pure digression of old age. I will now speak to that part of your verses * which relates to the first acting of *Marriage A La Mode*, on account of which you committed them to my inspection, desiring some account of the then existing theatre. This comedy, acted by his Majesty's servants at the Theatre Royal, made its first appearance with extraordinary lustre. Divesting myself of the old man, I solemnly declare that you have seen no such acting, no not in any degree since. The players were then, 1673, on a court establishment, seventeen men and eight women. But I am out of my province on this head. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cibber will give us an history of the stage from Shakspeare's time, or at least from the restoration till the period where his own begins, 1690. If any traditionary accounts remain, he is the only man living who can inform you:—If he should die without composing such a work, the loss to the Belles Lettres world will be irreparable.

" Old Bowman, I think, is no more, to the infinite regret of the curious and ingenious in this particular; others will drop off daily, except Mr Cibber takes down what they remember, and delivers it to posterity. That admirable and worthy person Mrs. Bracegirdle must recollect many circumstances, which it is greatly

style, in " P. Motteux's Gentleman's Journal, or Monthly Miscellany for Nov. 1692," p. 21, and of his being succeeded by Tate as Poet Laureate, and by Rymer as Historiographer; also of his posthumous comedy *The Volunteers*." *Ibid.*

" His wife, Anne Shadwell, acted in Otway's *Don Carlos*." *Ibid.*

" His son, sir John Shadwell, knight, physician to Q. Anne, died 4 Jan. 1747." *Gent. Mag.* vol. xvii. p. 47.

* " Verses to Mrs. Sybilla, on her acting the Goddess of Dulness, and persuading her to attempt *Melantha* in Dryden's *Marriage A La Mode*, which preceded this Memoir.

hoped

hoped she will commit to paper. Ten years hence any history of the stage in the abovementioned manner will be impracticable: forty years ago nothing might have been performed more easily.

“As Mr. Cibber is the only person furnished with materials for this delightful and ingenious work, so he is alone the proper person for stage criticisms and observations. (Some things might be intermixed concerning the famous stage poets of Charles the Second’s time, of whom at present we hardly know a syllable.) In short Mr. Cibber’s book has given the public exceedingly great pleasure. His characters of the men, Betterton, Montfort, Kynaston, Sandford, Nokes, Underhill, Leigh;—and of the women, Mrs. Betterton, Barry, Leigh, Butler, Montfort, and Bracegirdle, are as animated, as strongly marked, and as precisely individuated, as can be conceived. How the playhouse stood from the Restoration till the year 1670, I cannot say. The King’s theatre had a manifest advantage over the Duke’s along, till their union 1684.

“The players probably may have by them written parts with the actors names affixed, from the year 60 to 70, which will greatly inform us of the state of the stage at its most curious period: the printed plays afford us little or no light. Be that as it will, the stage in the year 70 arrived to the zenith of its glory. From that time to the union of the two companies, I have framed as accurate a list of actors and actresses, as came within my narrow compass of knowledge.

“I am, &c.

“W. G.”*

* From the above lively and interesting Memoir, Malone has made extracts in his *Life of Dryden*, p. 468, in which he says it has been attributed to Southerne, with whose age he observes it is inconsistent. See in the same *Life*, p. 176, a curious letter of Southerne.

ART. XV. *Watson's History of the Warrens, Earls of Surry.*

[Continued from No. I. p. 17]

I have promised to continue the account of Dr. Watson's History of the Warrens, and therefore now resume it. But it is far from my intention to encumber this work with genealogical discussions: they are not the taste of the day; nor do I wonder at it; they recal reflections too painful; they remind us too acutely of the strange inversions which society has so rapidly undergone within these very few years; of the quick decay of families; of the uncertainty of wealth; and the little advantage of birth and station; of the prosperity of contractors and adventurers; and of the daring insolence of the half-bred and mongrel great, who are still more anxious to suppress and extinguish the genuine stocks of ancient nobility and gentry, than to insult and despise the newest upstarts from India or the Stock Exchange. It is not necessary to point out more particularly the kind of people to whom I allude; but I may add, that I mean those whose names were never heard of in history, or in important offices for more than two or three generations; who having been suddenly drawn, by an accidental alliance or unexpected fortune, from some obscure manor-house, beyond the circuit of which their celebrity had never before travelled, have by a perseverance in intrigue and servility and interested connections, accumulated a fearful preponderance in estates and places and titles; or those, who having obtained through the medium of some of our dependencies, local rank and consequence,

quence, have fastened themselves to some good name of the mother-country, and obtruding with officious want of feeling among its aristocracy, have been inebriated by the fumes of the undeserved prosperity, which they have acquired by their assumption and manœuvres.

I stated in the former Number, that whatever was the real line in which Sir George Warren descended from the Earls of Surry, the mode of his descent from the time of Edward III, when his ancestor Sir Edward De Warren married the heiress of the barony of Stockport, could admit of no question. His son Sir John married Margaret daughter of Sir John Stafford of Wickham, and died 10 Ric. II. leaving Nicolas, who dying about 1413, left by Agnes daughter of Sir Richard de Winnington, Sir Laurence de Warren, who married Margery daughter of Hugh Bulkeley, and died 1444, leaving John de Warren, who married Isabel daughter of Sir John Stanley of Lathom, K. G. and dying 23 Hen. VII. had Sir Laurence, who died V. P. and left two sons, of whom William the younger was ancestor of the present Admiral Sir John Borlace Warren, Bart. and K. B. and Sir John the elder married Eleanor daughter of Sir Thomas Gerard of Bryn, and dying 1518, left Laurence de Warren, who married Margaret daughter of Sir Piers Legh of Lyme, and had Sir Edward Warren, who rebuilt the mansion in Poynton Park, and married Dorothy daughter of Sir William Booth of Dunham-Massey: he died 12 Oct. 1558, and was father of John Warren, whose wife was Margaret daughter of Sir Richard Molineux of Sefton, and whose death happened 7 Déc. 30 Eliz. A portrait of him, æt. 40, 1580, is inserted in this History.

His

His son and heir Sir Edward Warren, married Ann daughter of Sir William Davenport of Bramall, and died 13 Nov. 1609. This Knight's portrait is also here inserted—both engraved by Basire. His son, John Warren, died 20 June 1621, leaving by Annè, daughter of George Ognell of Bilsley in Warwickshire, Edward his son and heir, commonly called Stag Warren, on account of his great size and strength, who died 1687, leaving by Margaret daughter of Henry Ardenne of Harden near Stockport, John Warren, born 1630, who was one of the Judges of Chester, Flint, Denbigh, and Montgomery, 1681, and dying 20 March 1705—6, left by Anne daughter and heiress of Hugh Cooper of Chorley, Edward Warren, born 1659, who married Dorothy daughter and heir of John Talbot of Dinkley, by whom he had Edward Warren, Esq. who married 1731 Lady Elizabeth, daughter of George Earl of Cholmondeley, and dying 7 Sept. 1737, was father of the late Sir George Warren, who was made K.B. 26 May 1761, and died within these few years, leaving by his first wife Jane daughter and heiress of Thomas Revel, Esq. of Mitcham in Surry, an only daughter and heir, married to the present Viscount Bulkeley, who has no issue.

Thus ends the principal branch of the truly ancient family of Warren of Poynton, while the collateral branch dignified by the heroic actions of Sir John Borlace Warren seems to promise little more stability; his only son having fallen gloriously at the landing in Egypt, in 1801.

How vain therefore were Sir George Warren's anxieties for the revival of the ancient honours of his family, which would have been already extinguished!

Vain,

Vain, even if successful, would have been the ingenuity and earnestness with which Dr. Watson pleaded the cause of his friend and patron, when, towards the close of his work, he wrote the following passages, among others.

“Why, at the decease of the last earl John, without lawful issue, did none of the family lay claim to this title, if it really belonged to them? To this I answer, that they might have a reason for not doing it then, which reason may have no existence now. Their finances, as the estates were left from them, might not be thought adequate to the necessary expenses of so elevated a station; and therefore they might either not attempt it, or might meet with discouragement from the crown on that very account. The kings of England, while the subjects held their estates by military tenure, found it was not their interest to permit men of small property to succeed to such great titles, when no lands belonged to them. In reality they did not partake of the nature, nor answer the end of an English barony, which was to supply the king with assistance against the enemies of the realm; for the earldom of Warren not having an inch of land annexed to it, and consequently not being obliged in any case to bring a single soldier into the field, could only be made use of for mere aggrandizement; which, whatever it may be now, was then a very impolitic reason on the part of the state to admit, where it could be avoided; neither was this very difficult to manage, when the crown had so much power. Whatever notions we may at this day entertain of British liberty, it was not an easy thing in the reign of King Edward

III. for a private man, let his pretensions have been ever so just, to have prosecuted an affair of this sort against his sovereign's inclination; they were most favoured who could muster the strongest phalanx.

“ But let all this be as it would, their want of claiming this title, does not exclude their right to it; nor would their being denied it on proper application, take away their just pretensions to it; for with regard to the first, there are plenty of instances where titles have lain dormant for generations, or remained in abeyance, as hereditates jacentes, in expectation that the next in blood would sometime sue for the same, and have at last been recovered; and with respect to the second, it is well known that one prince has granted what another has refused. No perpetual bar therefore either ought or can be put to applications of this sort. Titles should not be extinguished without very substantial reasons, but no substantial reason can be given, why that of the earl of Warren should undergo this fate, so long as there has neither been forfeiture nor want of blood.

“ And though an infringement was made upon the family right, by conferring the title in question on such who had no pretensions to it in the reigns of Hen. VI. and Edw. IV., yet those kings were excusable in what they did, because as the family of Warren had neglected to claim it, they could not be supposed to know any thing about it. Those acts however cannot prejudice the present claimant, for whether the grants were made in tail male or tail general, the remainders are spent. When a man's property is put into a wrong hand, he loses but the possession

possession of it, not his right to it;* and though in the case of titles, it would be impolitic to divest a person

* ¹⁴ This is evident from the case of Lord Willoughby of Parham; for Sir William Willoughby, Kt. being by letters patent, dated 16 Feb. 1 Edw. VI. created Lord Willoughby of Parham, to hold to him and the heirs male of his body, he was succeeded in that title by Charles his son, who had five sons; viz. William, Sir Ambrose, Sir Thomas, Edward, and Charles; the three first of whom only left issue male, which failed in the line of William in 1679, on the decease of Charles Lord Willoughby, who ought to have been succeeded in that honour by Henry, grandson of the above Sir Ambrose, but he settled in Virginia, and died there in 1685, ignorant of the failure of issue male in the elder branch of the family; and not appearing to assert his claim, Thomas, son of Sir Thomas Willoughby above-named, was summoned to Parliament by the title aforesaid, on a presumption that Sir Ambrose and his two brothers Edward and Charles were all dead without issue male; and the descendants of the said Thomas enjoyed the honour till the death of Hugh Lord Willoughby of Parham, who died unmarried in Jan. 1765, at whose decease, Col. Henry Willoughby claimed this title, as the direct descendant of the above Sir Ambrose, and obtained it."—Watson.

I take this opportunity of adding to this note the following from Cole's MSS. in Brit. Mus. Vol. XVIII. p. 155. "Hugh Lord Willoughby of Parham died at his house in Craven Street in the Strand in Jan. 1765. He was a very ingenious man, but so bigoted a Presbyterian, that I heard Mr. Coventry of Magdalen College in Cambridge, the author of *Philemon to Hydaspes*, who was well acquainted with him, say, that his conscience was so nice, that he could not bring himself to receive the sacrament in the church of England on his knees without scruples, and thought it idolatry. He had a very small estate, and when it came to him with the title, he was in a very humble capacity in the army. I think he left several valuable curiosities to the Antiquarian Society, and died at the age of fifty-five years."

On the death of Col. Henry Willoughby, his successor, the title went to his nephew George, on whose death in 1779 it became extinct, so that this unfortunate branch had scarce attained their right before they expired.—In the *General Evening Post*, 18 Nov. 1779, there was inserted the following character of the last peer: "The late lord Willoughby of Parham was born about the year 1748-9, was educated at Warrington academy in Lancashire, and removed from thence to Queen's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted pensioner about 1770. He resided there about two years;

person thereof when once allowed to him, yet when the limitations are over, as in the instances before us, the claim is again laid open as full and free as it was before. There are even these advantages attending what has been done, that when the crown conferred the title of the earl of Warren, it was looked upon as something fit to be continued, and being by creation, it evidently proved, that neither Mowbray nor the Duke of York had any right to it within themselves."

The descent of the present Admiral, Sir John Borlace Warren, K. B. is thus deduced by Dr. Watson, William, 2d son of Sir Laurence de Warren of Poynton, Kt. in the time of Edw. IV. (by Isabel Legh)

vis. from about May 1770 to about July 1772. Here he was distinguished for his amiable disposition, for his integrity, steadiness in his friendships, and that beautiful philanthropy, for which his friends and acquaintance so much esteemed him. Upon the death of that venerable old man, the late lord Willoughby of Parham, about 1775 or 1776, he succeeded to the title, and though attached from principle to the measures of administration, yet he always gave his vote in the House of Peers according to his conscience."

If the obtainment of their birthright was to be fortunate, this branch of the Willoughbys were more fortunate than the collateral branch of another noble family has since been, who, with better proofs and better pretensions, have had the contest with them prolonged beyond that of the siege of Troy, by means which it may be imprudent here to characterize, considering the strictness of the press in these days, and have at length incurred a decision against them, which yet can never alter their right. But mark how fickle are all human enjoyments! They no sooner acquired the end of all their long wishes, than they died, and have scarce left a trace of them behind. It is remarkable that of these two families, so very singularly circumstanced, the last possessor of the honours of the one, and the claimant to those of the other, were intimate friends and companions. But why should I call the latter less fortunate? His family are not likely to be distinguished; and it may operate as a spur upon their industry; it may incite them to exalt their hearts, to cultivate their talents, to win by their own deserts the due rewards from a more grateful posterity, and elevate themselves above the world and those who would depress them, by the force of paramount abilities!

settled

settled at Cauntton in Nottinghamshire, and had two sons, of whom John the eldest, died in 1525, and William the second was seated at Corlingstock in Nottinghamshire, and about 1526 purchased the manor of Thorpe-Arnold in Leicestershire. He left a son William, of Thorpe-Arnold, who died in 1592, and was father of Sir Arnold Warren, Kt. an eminent loyalist, who, by Dorothy daughter of Sir Arthur Wilmot of Osmaston in Derbyshire, had Arthur Warren born at Thorpe-Arnold, 1617, who died in 1678, leaving, by Catharine daughter of Sir Rowland Rugely, Arthur Warren, Sheriff of Notts, 1662, who sold Thorpe-Arnold, and bought Stapleford, &c. in Notts. He married in 1676 Anne daughter and coheir of Sir John Borlace of Marlow, Bucks, Bart. and died in 1697. His son Borlace Warren was M. P. for Nottingham, 1734, 1741, and dying 1747, left, by Anne daughter of Sir John Harpur of Calke, John Borlace Warren, born 1699, who died 1763, leaving by Bridget daughter of Gervase Rossil, Sir John Borlace Warren, created a Baronet 1775, and formerly M. P. for Marlow, and at present for Nottingham, who married Caroline, youngest daughter of Sir John Clavering, K. B.

But these two volumes do not merely contain the genealogy of the Warrens of Poynton and Stapleford; the whole of the first volume and a part of the second is taken up with memoirs of the ancient earls, in which much more historical matter is involved. There are also a variety of prints of their ancient castles and seals, as well as of Poynton Hall and Widdrington castle, the residences of Sir George Warren.

Dr. Watson, the compiler, died 14 March, 1783.

ART. XVI. *De Anima Medica Prælectio, ex Lumllei et Caldwelli instituto, in Theatro Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensium, ad Socios habita, Die Decembris 16^{to}. Anno 1748^o. A Fran. Nicholls, M.D. Reg. Societatis Sodali, et Medico Regio ordinario. Cui, quo clarius eluceant, quæ in ipsâ Prælectione figurate explicantur, accesserunt Notæ. Editio altera, Notis amplioribus aucta. Cui accessit Disquisitio de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis in homine nato et non nato, Tabulis æneis illustrata. Londini excudebat H. Hughes: Prostat venalis, apud J. Walter, juxta Charing-Cross. M.DCC.LXXIII. 4to.*

ART. XVII. *Franci Nicholsii, M. D. Georgii Secundi Magnæ Britannicæ Regis Medici ordinarii, Vita: cum conjecturis ejusdem de natura et usu partium humani corporis similarium. Scriptore Thoma Lawrence, M.D. E Collegio Sanctæ Trinitatis Oxon. et Collegii Medicorum Londinensis socio. Londini M.DCC.LXXX. 4to.*

Dr. Frank Nicholls is recorded in a very short and meagre article in the Biographical Dictionary, in which these two works are mentioned; but Dr. Lawrence, a man equally deserving, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and well known for more than half a century in the circles of literature, is totally omitted, while many a comparatively obscure name has found a place, and a long panegyric, in those volumes. I know not whether the latter article was ever published: I suspect it was only given away among Dr. Nicholls's friends,

I do not presume to give any criticism on the subject of the first article, a science of which I am totally ignorant, but merely register it here for the notice of those

those whom such inquiries interest. All I can pretend to form any opinion upon, are the composition and language, which seem perspicuous, classical, and elegant. But the following just and dignified sentiments, with which the first lecture commences, are of general import.

“ Si quid inter dignum atque honestum interesse vellem, hunc honesti nomine designarem, qui, dum turpia omnia atque indecora fugit, dum ne injuriam alteri fecerit, cavet, dum eas virtutes colit, quæ hominum fidem atque benevolentiam conciliant; de aliorum rebus, de ipsâ etiam republicâ, parum sollicitus, ad se solum, suamque pacem, otium, atque felicitatem omnia refert. Solus contra dignus, solus ille cultu, atque honoribus ornandus videretur, qui ad aliorum commoda magnum aliquid et eximium contulerit: tantumque tribuendum cuique dignitatis, quantum vel suis, vel civibus, vel humano generi profuerit. Eâ enim lege nascimur, et ea habemus principia naturæ, quibus parere, et quæ sequi debemus, ut hominibus consulere, et humanæ societati inservire, debeamus: ut utilitas nostra communis utilitas, vicissimque communis utilitas sit nostra.

“ Suæ enim imbecillitatis, atque impotentiae, conscii in eos omnia homines libenter conferunt, quorum vel opibus, vel consiliis, vel virtutibus fit, ut cum libertate tuti, atque beati vivant. Hinc parentibus apud suos dignitas; hinc magistratibus apud cives auctoritas; hinc purpura, splendoris et imperii insigne, ducibus et regibus communi hominum pacto tribuuntur; hinc æquissimum commercium inter homines instituitur, ut, dum optimi cujusque labore, ingenio, virtute fruimur, amplessimo dignitatis præmio (quæ aliunde non paratur)

paratur) eadem rependamus. Non fascēs itaque, non purpuram, non extractas in altum divitias, non ingenium artibus, et scientiis, utcunque ornatum et imbutum; sed animum communi utilitati inservientem, dignitas sequitur: cum communi hominum consensu sola sit cultu, atque publicis honoribus, digna illa virtus, quæ ad eorum rem confert, et in promovendâ humani generis felicitate tota occupatur.

“ Neque alia est ex consociatis hominibus communitatum ratio; nisi quod, cum honoribus et immunitatibus, ornentur, cum opibus et auctoritate, pacto fœdere muniantur, ut junctis viribus, et consiliis, publicæ utilitati melius consulant et inserviant, neque spem fallere, neque institutionis suæ conditiones eludere, sine pravo dedecore, atque turpitudine, possunt.”

Dr. Lawrence dedicates his life of Dr. Nicholls to the university of Oxford: and then begins the life with the following paragraph:

“ Nichollsii vitam scripturo non quidem id solum mihi est consilium ut genus, et fortunam, et mores, et vitæ consuetudinem quotidianam eximii illius viri tradam; sed, ut id etiam, quod reipublicæ magis interest, quantum scilicet in natura animali exponenda, quid in vitæ salutisque causis aperiendis et potuerit, et fecerit memorem.”

Dr. Frank Nicholls was born in London in 1699, of parents sprung from gentilitial families in Cornwall: his father was a learned and industrious lawyer, who had three sons and one daughter: the eldest son William was educated to merchandize, but did not follow it. Frank was educated at Westminster school, and thence admitted of Exeter College, Oxford, in

1714.

1714. Here he became distinguished in the studies of the place; but more particularly in physic, and above all in physiology. Here he read lectures on anatomy with great applause, from whence he went to London, and thence into Cornwall, where he practised for some time with much success, but after a time, weary of the fatigues of country business, he returned to London.

“ Nichollsium prælegentem multa laude Oxonienses exceperunt; nam rebus injucundis gratiam, obscuris lucem dedit: præterea orationis splendido quodam genere utebatur, argumentorum momentis gravissimis, rerum ubertate summa; non solum igitur iis, qui Oxoniæ medicinæ studio incubuerunt, sese in ejus disciplinam tradidere, sed et alii multi, illecebris doctrinæ liberalis ducti, auditores quidem diligentes fuerunt, ii nimirum, quibus pars physices nulla ab homine docto aliena videbatur,” &c.

He now travelled to France and Italy, and on his return gave physiological lectures in London, which were numerously attended, and to which many flocked from Oxford and Cambridge. In 1728 he was elected F. R. S., in 1629 he took his degree of M. D. at Oxford, and returning to London, was on 26 June, 1732, elected a member of the College of Physicians; and after two years read the Gulston lecture there on the fabric of the heart, and the circulation of the blood. In 1730 he read the Hervey oration there; in 1743 he married the daughter and coheir of Dr Mead. In 1753, on the death of Sir Hans Sloane, he succeeded to the place of king's physician. On the death of George II. which, on opening the body, appeared to have been attended with uncommon circumstances
from

"E vita excessit septimo die Januarii, aetate 1778, annum agens octogesimum, de patria, de uxore, de liberis, de amicis optime meritis, omnibus flebilis; nulli flebilior quam hujus libri scriptori; qui eo multos annos familiarissime usus est, qui eisdem quicquid in physiologia et medicina noverit, id præceptis ejus acceptum gratus agnoscit, qui eum, dum viveret, ut fratrem dilexit, ut parentem coluit."

John Nicholls, his only surviving son, was in parliament many years till the last general election.

Having thus given some account of Dr. Nicholls, I hope I may be permitted to copy from the Gentleman's Magazine (Vol. LVII. p. 191) an excellent Memoir of the writer of his Life, more especially as from some unaccountable neglect the name of this celebrated scholar and most amiable man is omitted in the Biographical Dictionary.

DR. LAWRENCE.

MARCH 1, 1787.

"In almost every account which has been published of Dr. Johnson since his death, mention having been made of Dr. Lawrence the physician, and some mistakes concerning him having found their way into most of them, the following short account of his life may not be unacceptable.

"Dr. Thomas Lawrence was the grandson of another Dr. Thomas Lawrence, who was first physician to queen Anne, and physician general to the army: he lived to a great old age, and held employments under four successive princes, beginning with Charles the Second, by whom he was appointed physician to the garrison at Tangier, part of the dowry of queen Catharine.

While

While he was in that station, he married Mary Elizabeth, daughter to the lieutenant-governor of the garrison, by whom he had six sons and three daughters. The eldest daughter, whom we shall have occasion to remember again in the course of this narrative, was married to Mr. Gabriel Ramondon, a French gentleman; and the second, having become a widow by the death of her first husband, colonel Edward Griffith, was afterwards married to lord Mohun, well known for his fatal contest with duke Hamilton, in which both those noblemen lost their lives. All the six sons dedicated themselves to the profession of arms, and two of them were killed in the service of their country, one a soldier and the other a sailor, who was shot in a sea engagement as he stood by the side of his eldest brother Thomas, then a captain in the royal navy, and father to Dr. Lawrence who is the subject of this relation.

“ He was born on the 25th of May, 1711, in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, the second son of his father, by Elizabeth the daughter of Mr. Gabriel Soulden, merchant of Kinsale in Ireland, and widow of colonel Piers. About the year 1715 captain Lawrence, being appointed to the Irish station, carried his family into that country, where his wife's relations resided. But she dying in the year 1724, and leaving him with five children, one of which was a daughter, he determined, being possessed of a very easy fortune, to quit the navy, and to accept the invitation of his eldest sister Mrs. Ramondon, who was lately become a widow, of settling with her at Southampton, where she undertook the superintendence of his family, till, in the year 1726, he married a second
time

time to Elizabeth the daughter of major Rufane, who survived her husband, and is still alive. Some years after this captain Lawrence went with his family to Greenwich, and soon after his removal thither was appointed one of the captains of the hospital, where he died in December 1747.

“ On his arrival at Southampton young Lawrence was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Kingsman, master of the free-school at that place, and there finished his school education, which he had begun at Dublin, and was entered in October 1727 a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, under the tuition of the Rev. George Huddesford, afterwards president of that college, when he removed to London, where he pursued his studies till some time in the year 1734, and according to the custom of young physicians at that time, took a lodging in the city for the convenience of attending St. Thomas’s Hospital, and became a pupil of Dr. Nicholls, who was then reading anatomical lectures in London, with a celebrity never attained by any other before or since. The novelty of his discoveries, the gracefulness of his manner, and the charms of his delivery, attracting to him, not only the medical people in every line, but persons of all ranks and all professions, who crowded upon him from every quarter. What progress Dr. Lawrence made under such a teacher is too well known to be here insisted upon. At these lectures he formed many of those friendships which he most valued during the remainder of his life; and here he was first acquainted with Dr. Bathurst, by whom he was afterwards introduced to the friendship of Dr. Johnson.

“ In the year 1740 he took the degree of doctor of physic

physic at Oxford, and was, upon the resignation of Dr. Nicholls, chosen Anatomical reader in that University, where he read lectures for some years, as he did also in London, having quitted his lodgings in the city for an house in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, which had before been occupied by Dr. Nicholls, and was vacated by him upon his marriage with the daughter of Dr. Mead.

“On the 25th of May 1744, Dr. Lawrence was married, at the parish church of St. Andrew, Holborn, by Dr. Taylor, Prebendary of Westminster, to Frances the daughter of Dr. Chauncy, a physician at Derby, by whom he had six sons and three daughters. Upon his marriage he took an house in Essex-street in the Strand, where he continued to read his anatomical lectures till the year 1750. After which he laid them aside, and devoted himself more entirely to physick, in which he had for many years a considerable share of business, which he obtained solely by the reputation of his skill and integrity; for he laboured under the disadvantage of very frequent and severe fits of deafness, and knew no art of success but that of deserving it.

“In the same year 1744, he was chosen Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in London, where he read successively all the lectures instituted in that society with great reputation both for his professional knowledge, and for the purity and elegance of his Latin; nor did he confine himself to the oral instruction of his contemporaries, for in 1756 he published a medical disputation de Hydrope, and in 1759 de Natura Musculorum Prelectiones tres; and when the College published the works of Dr. Harvey in 1766,

Dr. Lawrence wrote the life which is prefixed to that edition, for which he had a compliment of 100 guineas. In 1759 he was chosen Elect, and in 1767 President of the College of Physicians, to which office he was re-elected for the seven succeeding years.

"In 1773 an event happened to his family, which as it gave occasion to a very elegant Latin Ode by Dr. Johnson, now published, it may not be impertinent to relate in this place. The East India Company being then in the meridian of their power, the second of his sons then alive, a young man of very lively parts and aspiring hopes, was so dazzled by the splendid accounts brought home by the servants of the Company, and had so much fixed his mind upon trying his fortune in that part of the world, that his friends were induced to persuade his father to comply with his inclinations in this point; yet such was his opinion of the corruptions and temptations of the East Indies, that though his son went out with many advantages of connection and recommendation, the grief of so parting with him, dwelt long upon his mind. The supreme court of judicature being established at Calcutta a few years after, Mr. Lawrence complied with the wishes of his friends in returning to the law, for which profession he had been educated, and became an advocate in that court; he died at Madras, whither he went for the recovery of his health, in December 1783, having obtained the rank of second advocate to the East India Company.

"About this time Dr. Lawrence's health began to decline, and he first perceived symptoms of that disorder on the breast, which is called by the physicians the Angina Pectoris, and which continued to afflict him

to

to the end of his life ; notwithstanding, he remitted little of his attention, either to study or business ; for no man of equal sensibility had a greater contempt of giving way to suffering of any kind ; he still continued his custom of rising at very early hours, that he might secure leisure for study in the quiet part of the day ; and his old friend and instructor, Dr. Nicholls, dying in the beginning of the year 1778, he paid a tribute of friendship and gratitude to his memory by writing an account of his life, which was printed in 1780.

“The death of his friend was soon followed by a nearer loss, for on the 2d of January 1780, it pleased God to afflict him by the death of his wife, with whom he had lived with great happiness for above thirty-five years ; from this time his health and spirits began more rapidly to decline.

“The following year, the lease of his house in Essex-street being expired, he had nearly agreed for another, which was more commodious, when his family, observing the hourly and alarming alteration of his health, put a stop to the negociation, and prevailed with him to retire from business and London ; his own choice inclined him to Oxford, but it being objected that city was not so eligible as some others, for a family that would chiefly consist of women, he at length fixed upon Canterbury, where he hoped that the Cathedral would supply him with a society as suitable, if not so numerous, as that of Oxford.

“ In consequence of this resolution, an house was hired at Canterbury, and Dr. Lawrence removed thither with his family on the 16th of June 1782. But so rapid was the progress his disorder, which now indubitably appeared to be paralytic, had made

during the course of the preceding winter, that before the necessary preparations for the removal of his family could be finished, it had by slight but repeated strokes nearly deprived him of the power of speech, and entirely of the use of his right hand. He continued in this state for almost a year, and died on the 6th of June 1783, loved, honoured, and lamented by all who knew him."

I can add little to this just, modest, and well-written account, which I suspect came from a very near and accomplished relation of the subject of it. There now survive only two children of this learned physician, Elizabeth widow of George Gipps, Esq. late M. P. for Canterbury, and Sir Soulden Lawrence, Kt. one of the Judges of the King's Bench, to whom it may truly be said, as Milton said in a famous sonnet to one, who was I believe related to this family,

"Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son!"

one who is a real honour to the Bench on which he sits; a true constitutional judge, above the fumes of pride and power; acute, yet candid; learned, yet modest; ready, yet patient; firm, yet mild; but who feels no pleasure in the dignified station which he has obtained, equal to what he would have received in the gratification of a fond parent, had he survived to see his son fulfil all his anxious wishes for him. *

* The late Mr. Lawrence of Kirby Fleatham in Yorkshire, M. P. for Rippon, was first cousin to Dr. Lawrence.

Warton says that "Lawrence, the virtuous father" of Milton, was M. P. for Hertfordshire, in 1653, and that the family appears to have been seated not far from Milton's neighbourhood in Buckinghamshire: for Henry Lawrence's near relation, William Lawrence, a writer, and appointed a Judge in Scotland by Cromwell, and in 1631 a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, died at Belfont near Staines in Middlesex, in 1682."—T. Warton's *Milton's Juvenile Poems*, 1785, p. 361.

ART.

ART. XVIII. *On the most valuable Materials of Biography, with Extracts from the Letters, and Remarks on the Character, both literary and moral, of Cowper.*

I know not whether it is from an ill-natured triumph, or whether, as I hope and believe, from an amiable sympathy, that those passages in biography and other writings, in which the movements, the foibles, and weaknesses, of the human heart are opened with a frank and undisguised simplicity, are universally read with the keenest interest and delight. Hence it seems, that whatever be the variations in shape, dress, and colour, of vanity and affectation, the real internal workings of nature, in the bosoms of human beings, have the strongest similitude. It is by pictures of this kind that the best knowledge is attained, and the most valuable quality of the memoirs of individuals discovered. These delineations afford the best topics for reflection and remark, and cannot be contemplated without deep improvement as well as pleasure. The ordinary incidents of personal history, those superficial events which give no insight into the feelings and sentiments of the individual, are of little attraction, and as little use. For this reason, those letters which were never intended for the public eye; those effusions in moments of strong agitation, in which the emotions of the soul prevail over all form and ceremony and ostentation, constitute the most precious materials for the lives of eminent men.

But however easy it may seem to throw forth these natural and unaffected touches; to seize the primary,
P 3
genuine,

genuine, and unforced impressions of the head and the heart; it is a power which few have possessed at all, and still fewer in an exquisite degree. Yet there is a lately deceased author, who was most eminently endowed with this talent. I scarcely need mention the name of Cowper, who, in his poems, and above all, in his letters, has continually exhibited, by a few simple strokes of his pen, these affecting traits. We behold him with a mixture of humility and conscious innocence laying bare all the secrets of his breast, and pointing to all those amiable singularities and imbecilities, of which the discovery would have made more ordinary minds shrink with abasement. Well indeed does he illustrate how fearfully and wonderfully we are made! In thought so vigorous; in action so timid and weak; in the closet so easy, fluent, natural, copious, and bold; in public so confused, overwhelmed, and dispossessed of himself!. Delighted with the cheapest, purest, and most virtuous amusements, yet often losing the relish for every earthly occupation, sinking into the most immoveable gloom, and depressed by the horrors of imaginary despair. Thence, when the deranged chords of his exquisite frame had again recovered their tone, trembling with new sensibility at every breeze, throwing forth new notes of poetic rapture to every air of heaven, and rising, almost to the very last, into notes of music and inspiration, which will never cease to charm as long as our language exists!

describing
character

When age and sorrow had at length seemed to plunge him into irrecoverable melancholy, when he took little notice of any thing around him, and appeared to labour under all the imbecilities of departed intellect,

intellect, still he could occasionally write poetry. When he was as helpless as an infant, and had not spoke for days, and perhaps weeks, he still possessed, and occasionally exercised, that high faculty with which nature had pre-eminently endowed him; he could translate, he could write in Latin, and execute that kind of composition which is supposed to require the full command of the best and loftiest powers of the mind. When he sat mute and helpless, and as it seemed totally lost, day after day by the side of Lady Hesketh, as she employed herself with unexampled kindness in transcribing the rough MSS. of his Homer for the press, still he could promptly resolve any difficulties she found in making out the copy, and had the memory of every passage ready at her call.

I must not pronounce the lot of Cowper on earth happy; but I cannot refrain from saying that I should have preferred it with all its miseries to ordinary felicity. I revere the talents and qualities, which Heaven bestowed on him, with an uncontrollable ardor which no worldly prudence, no cold ungenerous convictions of experience can weaken; and I view the just reputation he attained, and the inexpressible gratification of having been admitted to have possessed and exerted the charm of delighting the world by his poetry, not with envy, but with unabated love and admiration! It is true that such pursuits do not often gratify the mere ostentatious ambition of friends and relations; slights, and vulgar scorn and neglect are the almost inevitable attendants of the bard among his neighbours; and the indulgences, luxuries, and popular respect of wealth and rank and grandeur, which are generally considered the most substantial advantages, must not be hoped for.

Yet I am unable to diminish my predilection for the empire of the mind! Many there might be, who, having risen by the exertion of coarser faculties, in the paths of public life, to the pinnacle of honours and riches, surveyed Cowper in his humble abodes at Olney or Weston with pity, or contempt, or rudeness! But while these are already forgotten in the grave where their bones are mouldering with the dirt above which their base spirits never rose, the voice of the poet is still speaking to all our hearts and fancies, we behold his illuminated countenance, we wander with him over the fields and woods; our souls expand with his sentiments; we moisten his tomb with our tears; we guard his reliques with holy idolatry, and while his immortal part still hovers over us, we propitiate it in heaven!

But let us hear this humble, yet energetic, genius give a few touches of his own character.

1763. "Oh, my good cousin! if I was to open my heart to you, I could shew you strange sights; nothing, I flatter myself, that would shock you, but a great deal that would make you wonder. I am of a very singular temper, and very unlike all the men that I have ever conversed with. Certainly I am not an absolute fool; but I have more weaknesses than the greatest of all the fools I can recollect at present. In short, if I was as fit for the next world, as I am unfit for this, and God forbid I should speak it in vanity, I would not change conditions with any saint in Christendom.—I know not what you expect, but ever since I was born, I have been good at disappointing the most natural expectations. Many years ago, cousin, there was a possibility that I might prove a very
different

different thing from what I am at present. My character is now fixt, and, between friends, is not a very splendid one, or likely to be guilty of much fascination."

1781. "What nature expressly designed me for, I have never been able to conjecture, I seem to myself so universally disqualified for the common and customary occupations and amusements of mankind. When I was a boy, I excelled at cricket and football; but the fame I acquired by achievements that way, is long since forgotten; and I do not know that I have made a figure in any thing since."

1780. "So long as I am pleased with an employment, I am capable of unwearied application, because my feelings are all of the intense kind; I never received a *little* pleasure from any thing in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme. The unhappy consequence of this temperature is, that my attachment to any occupation seldom outlives the novelty of it. That nerve of my imagination, that feels the touch of any particular amusement, twangs under the energy of the pressure with so much vehemence, that it soon becomes sensible of weariness and fatigue. Hence I draw an unfavourable prognostic, and expect that I shall shortly be constrained to look out for something else" (than drawing). "Then perhaps I may string the harp again, and be able to comply with your demand."

1782. "Caraccioli says, 'There is something very bewitching in authorship, and that he, who has once written, will write again.' It may be so—I can subscribe to the former part of his assertion from my own experience, having never found an amusement, among the many I have been obliged to have recourse to, that

so well answered the purpose for which I used it. The quieting and composing effect of it was such, and so totally absorbed have I sometimes been in my rhiming occupation, that neither the past nor the future (those themes which to me are so fruitful in regret at other times) had any longer a share in my contemplation. For this reason I wish, and have often wished, since the fit left me, that it would seize me again, but hitherto I have wished it in vain. I see no want of subjects, but I feel a total disability to discuss them."

1786. "I am not naturally insensible, and the sensibilities that I had by Nature have been wonderfully enhanced by a long series of shocks, given to a frame of nerves that was never very athletic. I feel accordingly, whether painful or pleasant, in the extreme. Am easily elevated, and easily cast down. The frown of a critic freezes my poetical powers, and discourages me to a degree that makes me ashamed of my own weakness. Yet I presently recover my confidence again: the half of what you so kindly say in your last, would at any time restore my spirits, and being said by you, is infallible. I am not ashamed to confess, that having commenced an author, I am most abundantly desirous to succeed as such. *I have (what perhaps you little suspect me of) an infinite share of ambition:* but with it I have at the same time, as you well know, an equal share of diffidence. To this combination of opposite qualities it has been owing, that, till lately, I stole through life without undertaking any thing, yet always wishing to distinguish myself. At last I ventured, ventured too in the only path, that at so late a period, was yet open to me, and am determined, if God have not determined otherwise, to work my way through

through the obscurity that has been long my portion into notice. Every thing, therefore, that seems to threaten this my favourite purpose with disappointment, affects me nearly. I suppose that all ambitious minds are in the same predicament. He who seeks distinction must be sensible of disapprobation exactly in the same proportion as he desires applause. And now, my precious cousin, I have unfolded my heart to you in this particular, without a speck of dissimulation. Some people, and good people too, would blame me, but you will not, and they I think would blame without just cause. We certainly do not honour when we bury, or when we neglect to improve as far as we may, whatever talent he may have bestowed on us, whether it be little or much. In natural things, as well as in spiritual, it is a never failing truth, that to him who hath, that is, to him who occupies what he hath diligently, more shall be given. Set me down, therefore, for an industrious rhymers, so long as I shall have the ability, for in this only way is it possible for me, so far as I can see, either to honour God, or to serve man, or even to serve myself."*

1792. "From the age of twenty to thirty-three, I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law; from thirty-three to sixty I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a birdcage-maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author. It is a whim that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last."†

* Letters I. 190.

† *Ib.* p. 19.

1785. "Dejection of spirits, which I suppose may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many. But composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly."*

1786. "The dew of your intelligence has refreshed my poetical laurels. A little praise now and then is very good for your hard-working poet, who is apt to grow languid, and perhaps careless, without it."†

1787. "A sensible mind cannot do violence even to a local attachment without much pain. When my father died, I was young, too young to have reflected much. He was rector of Berkhamstead, and there I was born. It had never occurred to me that a parson has no free-simple in the house and glebe he occupies. There was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile in all that country, to which I did not feel a relation, and the house itself I preferred to a palace. I was sent for from London to attend him in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived. Then, and not till then, I felt for the first time, that I and my native place were dis-united for ever. I sighed a long adieu to fields and woods, from which I once thought I should never be parted, and was at no time so sensible of their beauties as just when I left them all behind me to return no more."‡

1790. Acknowledging the gift of a picture of his mother. "The world could not have furnished you

* Letters p. 147.

† p. 235.

‡ p. 251.

with

with a present so acceptable to me, as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits, somewhat akin to what I should have felt, had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it, where it is the last object, that I see at night, and of course the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I had completed my sixth year, yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy. I remember too a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression. There is in me, I believe, more of the Donne than of the Cowper, and though I love all of both names, and have a thousand reasons to love those of my own name, yet I feel the bond of nature draw me vehemently to your side. I was thought in the days of my childhood much to resemble my mother, and in my natural temper, of which, at the age of fifty-eight, I must be supposed a competent judge, can trace both her and, my late uncle, your father. Somewhat of his irritability, and a little, I would hope, of his, and of her—I know not what to call it, without seeming to praise myself, which is not my intention, but speaking to you, I will even speak out, and say, *good nature*. Add to all this, I deal much in poetry, as did our venerable ancestor, the Dean of St. Paul's, and I think I shall have proved myself a Donne at all points." *

1792. On his intended journey to visit Mr. Hayley at Eartham in Sussex, he writes: "Could you have any conception of the fears I have had to bustle with, of the dejection of spirits that I have suffered concern-

* Letters p. 349.

ing this journey, you would wonder much more that I still courageously persevere in my resolution to undertake it. Fortunately for my intentions, it happens, that as the day approaches, my terrors abate; for had they continued to be what they were a week since, I must, after all, have disappointed you; and was actually on the verge of doing it. I have told you something of my nocturnal experiences, and assure you now, that they were hardly ever more terrific than on this occasion. Prayer has, however, opened my passage at last, and obtained for me a degree of confidence that I trust will prove a comfortable viaticum to me all the way. On Wednesday therefore we set forth. The terrors that I have spoken of would appear ridiculous to most, but to you they will not, for you are a reasonable creature, and know well, that to whatever cause it be owing (whether to constitution or to God's express appointment) I am hunted by spiritual hounds in the night-season. I cannot help it. You will pity me, and wish it were otherwise; and though you may think there is much of imaginary in it, will not deem it for that reason an evil less to be lamented." *

1793. "In vain has it been, that I have made several attempts to write, since I came from Sussex: unless more comfortable days arrive than I have the confidence to look for, there is an end of all writing with me. I have no spirits:—When the Rose came, I was obliged to prepare for his coming by a nightly dose of laudanum—twelve drops suffice; but without them I am devoured by melancholy." †

1794. To Mr. Hayley, in answer to a proposal for engaging in a joint work. "My poor Mary's infirm ^{weak} condition makes it impossible for me at present to

* Letter II. 67.

† p. 107.

engage in a work such as you propose. My thoughts are not sufficiently free, nor have I, or can I, by any means find opportunity : added to which, comes a difficulty, which, though you are not at all aware of it, presents itself to me under a most forbidding appearance : can you guess it ? No, not you ; neither perhaps will you be able to imagine that such a difficulty can possibly subsist. If your hair begins to bristle, stroak it down again, for there is no need why it should erect itself. It concerns me, not you. I know myself too well not to know, that I am nobody in verse, unless in a corner, and alone, and unconnected in my operations. This is not owing to want of love for you, my brother, or the most consummate confidence in you ; for I have both in a degree, that has not been exceeded in the experience of any friend you have, or ever had. But I am so made up ; I will not enter into a metaphysical analysis of my strange composition, in order to detect the true cause of this evil ; but on a general view of the matter, I suspect that it proceeds from that shyness, which has been my effectual and almost fatal hindrance on many other important occasions ; and which I should feel, I well know, on this, to a degree that would perfectly cripple me. No ! I shall neither do, nor attempt any thing of consequence more, unless my poor Mary get better ; nor even then, unless it should please God to give me another nature, in concert with any man. I could not, even with my own father or brother, were they now alive." *

But I must forbear, or I shall transcribe half the poet's letters. Whether it is that there have seldom existed such adequate memorials of men of genius as have been left of Cowper, or whether, as I believe, few

* Letters II. p. 132.

have

have ever been so thoroughly steeped in the well-head of the Muses, it is certain that few are recorded to have possessed qualities so well suited to the inspiration of the lyre. That sensibility which was so excessive, as at times, when it operated on a diseased body, to endanger and overcome his reason, prompted him at other times to inimitable strains of moral pathos, touching sentiment, or brilliant description. In proportion as he was little fitted for the ordinary intercourse, and bustle and intrigues of society, he attained and cherished a state of mind, which qualified him for those compositions by which his name has been endeared to his cotemporaries and consecrated to posterity. Whoever has experienced the delight of such a mood, whoever has felt the intense pleasure of an intellectual occupation, by which he hopes to preserve his name to future ages, can alone appreciate the extent of sufferings which the exercise of such endowments can counter-balance. It may be asked whether in the cold tomb he can hear the sounds of admiration which are now lavished upon his poetry; and what recompence there can be in these empty returns for his sorrows and inexpressible afflictions of mind! To this question I am not bold enough to reply: but I can scarcely suppose that the universal desire of being remembered after death, which is felt in every state of society, from the most savage to the most refined, is implanted in us for nothing.

ERRATUM in No. I.

The Article entitled "A List of the Deaths of Literary *MEN*," should have been Literary "*PERSONS*," as it includes several *Women*; an oversight which the candid Reader will excuse.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER III.

ART. I. *England's Helicon.*

Casta placent superis,
Pura cum veste venite,
Et manibus puris
Sumite fontis aquam.

*At London. Printed by J. R. for John Flasket, and
are to be sold in Paules Churchyard, at the signe
of the Beare. 1600. 4to.—Arms of Bodenham at
the back of the title-page. pp. 192.*

TO HIS LOVING KINDE FRIEND, MAISTER JOHN
BODENHAM.

Wit's Commonwealth, the first fruites of thy paines,
Drew on Wit's Theater, thy second sonne:
By both of which, I cannot count the gaines,
And wondrous profit that the world hath wonne.
Next, in the Muses Garden, gathering flowres,
Thou mad'st a nosegay, as was never sweeter:
Whose scent will savour to Time's latest howres,
And for the greatest Prince no poesie meete.

Now

Now comes thy Helicon, to make compleate,
 And furnish up thy last impos'd designe :
 My paines heerein, I cannot terme it great,
 But what so-ere, my love (and all) is thine.
 Take love, take paines, take all remains in me:
 And where thou art, my heart still lives with thee.

A. B.

TO HIS VERY LOVING FRIENDS, M. NICOLAS
 WAUTON AND M. GEORGE FAUCETT.

Though many miles (but more occasions) doo sunder us, kinde gentlemen, yet a promise at parting dooth in justice claime performance, and assurance of gentle acceptance would mightilie condemne if I should neglect it. Helicon, though not as I could wish, yet in such good sort as time would permit, having past the pikes of the presse, comes now to Yorke to salute her rightful patrone first, and next (as his deere friends and kindsmen), to offer you her kinde service. If shee speede well there, it is all shee requires, if they frowne at her heere, she greatly not cares: for the wise, shee knowes, will never be other then themselves; as for such then as would seeme so, but neither are nor ever will be, she holds this as a maine principle, that their malice neede as little be feared, as their favour or friendship is to be desired. So hoping you will not forget us there, as we continually shall be mindefull of you heere, I leave you to the delight of England's Helicon.

Your's in all he may,

A. B.

T^e

To the Reader, if indifferent.

Many honoured names have (heretofore in their particular interest) patronized some part of these inventions: many here be, that onely these collections have brought to light, and not inferiour (in the best opinions), to anie before published. The travaile that hath beene taken in gathering them from so many handes, hath wearied some howres, which severed, might in part have perished, digested into this meane volume, may in the opinion of some not be altogether unworthy the labour. If any man hath been defrauded of any thing by him composed, by another man's title put to the same, hee hath this benefit by this collection, freely to challenge his owne in publique, where els he might be rob'd of his proper due. No one thing beeing here placed by the Collector of the same under any man's name, eyther at large or in letters, but as it was delivered by some especiall copy comming to his handes. No one man, that shall take offence that his name is published to any invention of his, but he shall within the reading of a leaf or two, meete with another in reputation every way equal with himselfe, whose name hath beene before printed to his poeme, which nowe taken away were more then theft: which may satisfie him that would faine seeme curious or be intreated for his fame.

Nowe, if any stationer shall finde faulte, that his coppies are robd by any thing in this collection, let me aske him this question, Why more in this, than in any divine or humane author? From whence a man (writing of that argument), shall gather any say-

ing, sentence, similie, or example, his name put to it who is the authour of the same. This is the simplest of many reasons that I could urdge, though perhaps the nearest his capacitie, but that I would be loth to trouble myselfe to satisfie him. Further, if any man whatsoever, in prizing of his owne birth or fortune, shall take in scorne, that a far meaner man in the eye of the world, shall be placed by him: I tell him plainly whatsoever so 'excepting, that that man's wit is set by his, not that man by him. In which degree, the names of Poets (all feare and dutie ascribed to her great and sacred name), have been placed with the names of the greatest princes of the world, by the most autentique and worthiest judgments, without disparagement to their soveraigne titles: which, if any man taking exception thereat, in ignorance know not, I hold him unworthy to be placed by the meanest that is but graced with the title of a poet. Thus, gentle reader, I wish thee all happines.

L. N.

Titles of the Poems contained in this Collection.

1. The Sheepeheard to his chosen Nimph. By Sir P. Sydney.
2. Theorello. A Sheepeheard's Edillion. By E. B.
3. Astrophel's Love is dead. By Sir P. Sydney.
4. A Palinode. By E. B.
5. Astrophell, the Sheepeheard, his complaint to his flocke. By Sir P. Syndey.
6. Hobbinoll's Dittie in prayse of Eliza Queene of the Sheepeheards. By E. Spenser.
7. The Sheepeheard's Daffodill. By Mich. Drayton.

8. A

8. A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Majestie.
By Ed. Bolton.

9. Melicertus Madrigale. By Ro. Greene.

10. Olde Damon's Pastorall. By Tho. Lodge.

11. Perigot and Cuddie's Roundelay. By E. Spenser.

12. Phillida and Coridon. By N. Breton.

13. To Colin Cloute. By Sheepheard Tonie.

14. Rowland's Song in praise of the fairest Beta.
By Mich. Drayton.

15. The Barginet of Antimachus. By Tho. Lodge.

16. Menaphon's Roundelay. By Ro. Greene.

17. A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon. By N. Breton.

18. Coridon and Melampus Song. By Geo. Peele.

19. Tityrus to his faire Phillis. By J. D.

20. Sheepheard. By J. M.

21. Another of the same authour. J. M.

22. Menaphon to Pesana. By R. Greene.

23. A sweete Pastorall. By N. Breton.

24. Harpalus' Complaynt. By Lord Surry.

25. Another of the same subject, but made as it
were in aunswere. By Shep. Tonie.

26. The Nymphs meeting their May Queene, en-
tertaine her with this dittie. By Tho. Watson.

27. Colin Cloute's mournful Dittie for the death of
Astrophell. By E. Spenser.

28. Damætas' Jigge in praise of his love. By John
Wootton.

29. Montanus' praise of his faire Phœbe. By Tho.
Lodge.

30. The Complaint of Thestylis, the forsaken Sheep-
heard. By Lord Surry.

31. To Phillis the faire Sheepeardeesse. By Sir Edw. Dyer.
32. The Sheeheard Doron's Jigge. By Ro. Greene.
33. Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon. By N. Breton.
34. The passionate Sheeheard's Song. By W. Shakspeare.
35. The unknowne Sheeheard's Complaint. By Ignoto.
36. Another of the same Sheeheard's. By Ignoto.
37. The Sheeheard's allusion of his owne amorous infelicitie to the offence of Actæon. By Tho. Watson.
38. Montanus Sonnet to his faire Phœbe. By Tho. Lodge.
39. Phœbe's Sonnet, a replie to Montanus passion. By the same.
40. Coridon's Supplication to Phillis. By N. Breton.
41. Damætas Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis. By J. Wootton.
42. Doron's description of his faire Sheepeardeesse Samela. By Ro. Greene.
43. Wodenfride's Song in praise of Amargana. By W. H.
44. Another of the same. By W. H.
45. An excellent pastorall Dittie. By Shep. Tonie.
46. Phillidae's Love-call to her Coridon, and his replying. By Ignoto.
47. The Sheeheard's Solace. By Tho. Watson.
48. Syrenus Song to Eugerius. By Bar. Young.
49. The Sheeheard Arseleius replie to Syrenus' Song. By the same.
50. A Sheeheard's dream. By N. Breton.
51. The

51. The Sheepheard's Ode. By Rich. Barnefelde.
52. The Sheepheard's commendation of his Nymph.
By E. of Oxenford.
53. Coridon to his Phillis. By Sir E. D.
54. The Sheepheard's description of Love. By
Ignoto.
55. To his Flocks. By H. C.
56. A Roundelay between two Sheepheards. By
M. Drayton.
57. The solitarie Sheepheard's Song. By Tho.
Lodge.
58. The Sheepheard's resolution in Love. By Tho.
Watson.
59. Coridon's Hymne in praise of Amaryllis. By
T. B.
60. The Sheepheard Carillo, his Song. By Bar.
Young.
61. Coridon's Dreame of his faire Chloris. By
W. S.
62. The Sheepheard Damon's passion. By Tho.
Lodge.
63. The Sheepheard Musidorus, his Complaint. By
Sir P. Sydney.
64. The Sheepheard's Brawle, one half aunswering
the other. By Sir P. Sydney.
65. Dorus, his Comparisons. By the same.
66. The Sheepheard Faustus, his Song. By Bar.
Young.
67. Another of the same, by Firmius the Sheepheard.
By the same.
68. Dametas Song to his Diaphania. By H. C.
69. The Sheepheard Eurymachus to his faire Sheep-
heardesse Mirimida. By Ro. Greene.

70. The Sheeheard Firmius, his Song. By Bar. Young.

71. The Sheeheard's praise of his sacred Diana. By Ignoto. [N.B. *This signature is pasted on.*]

72. The Sheeheard's Dumpe. By Sir E. D.

73. The Nymph Dianae's Song. By Bar. Young.

74. Rowland's Madrigall. By M. Drayton.

75. Alanius, the Sheeheard, his doleful song, complaining of Ismeniae's crueltie. By Bar. Young.

76. Montana, the Sheeheard, his love to Aminta. By Shep. Tonie.

77. The Sheeheard's sorrow for his Pheebe's disdaine. [N.B. *Signature pasted over.*]

78. Espilus and Therion, their contention in song for the May Ladie. By Sir P. Sydney.

79. Olde Melibœus Song, courting his Nymph. By M. F. G.

80. The Sheeheard Sylvanus, his Song. By Bar. Young.

81. Coridon's Song. By Tho. Lodge.

82. The Sheeheard's Sonnet. By Rich. Barnefelde.

83. Selvagia and Silvanus, their song to Diana. By Bar. Young.

84. Montanus, his Madrigall. By Ro. Greene.

85. Astrophell to Stella, his 3d Song. By Sir P. Sydney.

86. A song between Syrenus and Sylvanus. By Bar. Young.

87. Ceres Song in emulation of Cinthia.

This song was sung before her majestie at Bissam, the Ladie Russell's, the author's name unknown to me.

88. A

88. A pastorall Ode to an honourable friend. By E. B.
89. A Nimph's disdaine of Love. By Ignoto.
90. Apollo's love Song for faire Daphne.
This Dittie was sung before her Majestie at the right honourable the lord Chandos at Sudley Castell, at her last being there in progress. The author thereof unknown.
91. The Shepheard Delicius, his Dittie. By Bar. Young.
92. Amintas for his Phillis. By Tho. Watson.
93. Faustus and Firmius Song to their Nimph, by turnes. By Bar. Young.
94. Sireno, a Shepheard, having a lock of his faire Nimph's hair, wrapt about with greene silke, mourns thus in a love dittie. Translated by Sir P. Sydney, out of Diana of Montmaior.
95. A song between Taurisius and Diana, aunswering verse for verse. By Bar. Young.
96. Another song before her majestie at Oxford, sung by a comely Shepheard, attended on by sundrie other Shepheards and Nimphs. By Anonymous.
97. The Shepheard's Song; a Caroll or Hymne for Christmas. By E. B.
98. Arsileus, his Caroll, for joy of the new marriage betweene Syrenus and Diana. By Bar. Young.
99. Philistus farewell to false Clorinda. Out of Morley's Madrigalls.
100. Roselinde's Madrigall. By Tho. Lodge.
101. A dialogue-song betweene Sylvanus and Arsileus. By Bar. Young.
102. Montanus Sonnet. By Sir E. D.
103. The Nimph Selvagia, her song. By Bar. Young.
104. The

104. The Heardman's happie life. Out of M. Bird's set songs.

105. Cinthia, the Nimph, her song to faire Polydora. By Bar. Young.

106. The Sheepheard to the flowers. By Ignoto.

107. The Sheepheard Arsileus, his song to his Rebeck. By Bar. Young.

108. Another of Astrophell to his Stella. By Sir P. Sydney.

109. Syrenus, his song to Dianae's flocks. By Bar. Young.

110. To Amarillis. Out of M. Bird's set songs.

111. Cardenia the Nimph, to her false Sheepheard Faustus. By Bar. Young.

112. Of Phillida. Out of M. Bird's songs.

113. Melisea, her song, in scorne of her Sheepheard Narcissus. By Bar. Young.

114. His aunswere to the Nimph's Song. By the same.

115. Her present aunswere again to him. By the same.

116. His last replie. By the same.

117. Philon, the Sheepheard, his song. Out of M. Bird's set songs.

118. Lycoris, the Nimph, her sad song. Out of M. Morley's Madrigalls.

119. To his flocks.

120. To his love.

121. Another of his Cinthia.

122. Another to his Cinthia.

These three ditties were taken out of Maister John Dowland's booke of tablature for the lute,

the authours names not there set downe, and therefore left to their owners.

123. Montanus Sonnet to the woods. By Sir E. D.

124. The Shepheard's Sorrow, being disdained in love. By Tho. Lodge.

125. A pastorall song between Phillis and Amaryl-
lis, two Nimphs, each aunswering other line for line.
By H. C.

126. The Shepheard's Anthem. By M. Drayton.

127. The Countesse of Pembroke's Pastorall. By
Shep. Tonie.

128. Another of Astrophell. By Sir P. Sydney.

129. Faire Phillis and her Shepheard. By J. G.'

130. The Shepheard's song of Venus and Adonis.
By H. C.

131. Thirsis, the Shepheard, his death's song. Out
of Maister N. Young, his Musica Transalpina.

132. Another stanza added after. Out of the same.

133. Another sonnet thence taken.

134. The Shepheard's Slumber. By Ignoto.

135. "In wonted Walkes." By Sir P. Sydney.

136. Of disdainful Daphne. By M. H. Nowell.

137. The passionate Shepheard to his Love. By
Chr. Marlow.

138. The Nimph's reply to the Shepheard. By
Ignoto.

139. Another of the same nature made since. By
Ignoto.

140. The Woodman's Walke. By Shep. Tonie.

141. Thirsis, the Shepheard, to his pipe. By Ig-
noto.

142. An excellent Sonnet of a Nimph. By Sir P.
Sydney.

143. A

143. A reporte songe in a dreame: betweene a
Sheepheard and his Nymph. By N. Breton.

144. Another of the same. By the same.

145. The Sheepheard's conceite of Prometheus. By
Sir E. D.

146. Another of the same. By Sir P. Sydney.

147. The Sheepheard's Sunne. By Shep. Tonie.

148. Colin the enamoured Sheepheard singeth this
passion of love. By Geo. Peele.

149. Oenone's Complaint in blank verse. By the
same.

150. The Sheepheard's consort. Out of M. Mor-
ley's Madrigals.

Finis.

The only specimen I have room for is the following:

TO COLIN CLOUT.

Beautie sat bathing by a spring,
Where fayrest shades did hide her,
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The coole streames ranne beside her.
My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eye,
To see what was forbidden:
But better Memory said, fie,
So vain Desire was chidden.

Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell
Her feature or her fashion.

But

But even as babes in dreames do smile,

And sometimes fall a weeping :

So I awak't, as wise this while,

As when I fell a sleeping.

Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Sheepheard Tonic.

ART. II. *Davison's Poetical Rapsodie*, &c. 1611.

[*Continued from* p. 109.]

In addition to the names of Francis and Walter Davison, this Miscellany is rendered interesting by the signatures of Edmund Spencer, sir Philip Sidney, sir John Davis; Mary countess of Pembroke; Thomas Campion, Charles Best, Thomas Spilman, T. W.* [Tho. Watson]. H. C. [Henry Constable]. W. R. [Walter Raleigh]. H. W. [Hen. Wotton]. R. G. [Rob. Greene]. A. W. [Andw. Willet]. J. S. [Jos. Sylvester], &c.

Spenser's signature is appended to "Loves Embasie, in an iambicke Elegie," first printed in one of his familiar letters to Gabriel Harvey, 1580; and since reprinted by Warton, in his *Observations on the Fairy Queen*; and by Waldron, in his *Literary Museum*.

To sir P. Sidney are ascribed "Two Pastorals, upon his meeting with his two worthy friends and fellow poets, sir Edward Dier and M. Fulke Grevill," afterwards lord Brook.

Sir John Davis has three productions, not included in the modern editions of his poems. They are en-

* These initials have been ascertained to belong to Watson, the sonneteer; but the other names between brackets are rather offered as conjectures than certainties.

titled "Yet other twelve Wonders of the World." "A Lottery presented before the late queen's majesty, at the lord chancellor's house, 1601," and "A Contention, betwixt a wife, a widow. and a maid." The initials J. D. are affixed to "A Hymn in praise of musicke," and to "Ten Sonnets to Philomel."

Lady Pembroke has "A Dialogue between two shepherds, Thenot and Piers, in praise of Astrea;" *i.e.* Queen Elizabeth. (See this poem inserted in the Monthly Mirror, for May, 1801.)

Tho. Campion * has "A Hymne in praise of Neptune," and three love poems "Of his Mistresses Face: Upon her Palenese: Of Corinna's Singing."

Charles Best has "A Sonnet of the Sunne," and another "Of the Moone," with several Epitaphs on royalty.

Tho. Spilman has an amatory plaint "To his Ladies Garden, being absent far from her:" and another "Upon his Ladies Sicknesse of the Small-pocks." The same writer, probably under the signature of T.S., has a version of Anacreon's second Ode.

From Watson's Hecatompattia are inserted, with several variations, in the text, Sonnets 3, 18, 40, 56, 61, 62, 77, 79, 85, and 94.

To H. C. appertains a sonnet, entitled "Love's seven deadly Sinnes;" and a second, "To two most honorable and virtuous ladies and sisters, the ladie Margaret countesse of Cumberland, the ladie Anne countesse of Warwicke."

* For some notice of whom, vide Fasti Oxon. I. 129. Davies of Hereford, in his Scourge of Folly, has a sonnet "to the most judicious and excellent lyrick poet, doctor Campion:" He was distinguished as a poet and a musician; and published "Observations on the Arte of English Poesie," in 1602, which drew forth Daniel's "Defence of Ryme."

W. R. signatures "A Poesie to prove affection is not love:" and Dr. Percy has reprinted "The Lie," from this collection, where it has no signature, as the production of sir Walter Raleigh : * but his authority for doing so is not quite satisfactory. A parody upon the same poem occurs in the folio edition of Sylvester's works, 1652, which is termed "The Soules Errand;" and it was reprinted, with some diversity, in lord Pembroke's poems, 1660. Ritson peremptorily ascribes it to Francis Davison, of whom the same critic observes, that some of his performances appear the effusions of a real poetical genius, and deserve much praise. This encomium, however, must have been grounded on the supposition that to him were attributable many of the pieces which bear no identifying signature, except what attaches to certain divisions of the book, and particularly to that division which includes "Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, and Epigrams, by Francis and Walter Davison, brethren." Dr. Percy has reprinted the most elegant poem in this collection, under the title of "Cupid's Pastime," † in his estimable reliques of ancient English poetry. Sir John Davis's "Contention betwixt a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid," is deserving of incorporation into any

* The traditionary report that it was penned by sir Walter, the night before his execution, is refuted by this consideration :—that Raleigh suffered death in 1618, and the poem was printed by Davison in 1608.

† Dr. Percy has at the same time remarked, that this beautiful fiction, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James the first, may be found in a medley, entitled "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660; and in the fourth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies; where it was given to Sidney Godolphin, but erroneously, being written probably before he was born. Reliq. vol. I. p. 332.

future

future edition of his works, but is too long for insertion in the CENSURA. The following very polished amatory extracts will not be liable to this objection. They occur in the portion of Odes assignable to Fras. Davison.

TO CUPID.

Love, if a god thou art,
 Then evermore thou must
 Be merciful and just :
 If thou be just, O wherefore doth thy dart
 Wound mine alone, and not my Ladie's hart ?
 If merciful ; then why
 Am I to paine reserv'd,
 Who have thee truely serv'd,
 While she that by thy power sets not a flye,
 Laughes thee to scorne and lives at liberty ?
 Then, if a god thou wilt accounted be,
 Heale me like her, or else wound her like me.

*Commendation of his mistresses beauty, stature, behaviour,
 and wit.*

Some there are as faire to see to,
 But by Art and not by Nature ;
 Some as tall and goodly be too,
 But want beauty to their stature.
 Some have gracious kind behaviour,
 But are foule or simple creatures ;
 Some have wit, but want sweet favour,
 Or are proud of their good features.
 Only you, and you want pity,
 Are most faire, tall, kinde, and witty.

The

The following encomiastic tribute to Daniel, who was termed by Headley, "the Atticus of his day," may be welcome to some poetical readers, as an anti-quarian novelty.

To SAMUEL DANIEL, prince of English poets.

Upon his three several sorts of Poesie,

Lyrical, in his Sonnets.

Tragical, in Rosamond and Cleopatra.

Heroicall, in his Civill Warres.

OLYMPIAS matchlesse son, when-as he knew

How many crownes his father's sword had gain'd,
With smoaking sighs and deep-fetch'd sobs did rew,
And his brave cheeks with scalding teares bedew,
Because that kingdomes now so few remain'd
By his victorious arme to be obtain'd.

So, learned *Daniel*, when-as thou didst see

That *Spenser* erst so farre had spred his fame,
That he was monarch deem'd of poesie,
Thou didst, I gesse, even burne with jealousy,
Least lawrell were not left ynough to frame
A neast sufficient for thine endlesse name.

But as that pearle of Greece, soone after past

In wondrous conquests his renowned sire,
And others all, whose names by Fame are plac't
In higher seat:—so hath thy Muse surpast
Spenser, and all that do with hot desire
To the thunder-scorning lawrell-crowne aspire.

And as his empire's linked force was knowne,

When each of those that did his kingdome share,
The mightiest kings in might did match alone:
So of thy skill the greatnesse thus is showne,

That

That each of those great poets dectned art,
Who may in no one kind with thee compare,

One shar'd out Greece, another Asia held,
And fertile Egypt to a third did fall;
But only Alexander all did wield:
So in soft-pleasing lyricks some are skil'd;
In tragicke some, some in heroicall;
But thou alone art matchlesse in them all.

Non equidem invideo, miror magis.

I only protract this article for the purpose of remarking, that in Harl. MS. 6930, occurs a version of several selected psalms, by Fra. Davison, Jos. Bryan, Rich. Gipps, and Chr. Davison; with Poems prefixed by the former two, and with a metrical introduction by W. Bagnall, "to so many of the psalms as are of Mr. Fra. Davison's composure."

T. P.

ART. III. *Notices and Fragments of English Poets and Poetry.*

[FROM TOFTE'S TRANSLATION OF VARCHI'S SEASON OF JEALOUSIE.]

R. T. (believed to be Robert Tofte) who published "Two Tales from Ariosto," 1597; and "Orlando Inamorato," 1598; also translated "The Blazon of JEALOUSY," from Varchi, in 1615, and added "special Notes upon the same," from which the following Notices and Fragments of English poets are extracted.

"A country-man of mine, a stranger unto mee, called Mr. *George Wither*, hath penn'd divers witty satyres, whereof one is of this subject, [Jealousy] whereof you may read in his "Abuses stript and whipt."

whipt.* Indee, I am of opinion that the most worthless persons are alwayes most subject to this infectious disease of jealousie, as Mr. G. Wither rightly saith :

There is none jealous I durst pawne my life,
But he that hath defilde another's wife.

And commonly *mala mens malus animus*: an ill disposition breeds an ill suspicion. I will tell them, in their owne natural and mother tongue, what young master Wither writes :

(Whose pleasing satyres never shall decay,
But flourish greene, like laurell and the bay.)
'Tis grosse, sayth he, and vaine for to upholde
That all reports which travellers unfold
Of forraine lands, are lyes ; because they see
No such strange things in their owne parish be :
And if I may not teame such fellows vaine,
I'll say, they're dull and of a shallow braine :
And him I count no wise man that imparts
To men of such base misconceiving hearts
Any rare matter ; for their brutish wit
Will very quickly wrong both him and it :
For thus the saying is, and I hold so,
Ignorance only is true wisdom's foe.

Mine old acquaintance Mr. *Henry Constable**, having set downe this passion in her right colours, I could not chuse but acquaint the reader therewith.

Care, the consuming canker of the minde,
The discord that disorders sweet-hearts time;
Th' abortive bastard of a coward kinde,

* See *Theatrum Poetarum*, p. 228, last edit.

of the faire shepherdesse Julietta;" 1610, fol. The bibliographer, however, has added in a note, that though the initials R. T. are constantly thought to be those of Robert Tofte, it may be just mentioned, that there was likewise a Richard Turner, who wrote "Nosce Te (Humors)," 1607, a collection of Epigrams; but nothing, it is believed, before 1600.

T.P.

ART. IV. WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Dr. Johnson, in his life of this poet, says, that at Oxford he employed himself upon English poetry; and in 1737 published a small miscellany without his name. Dr. Anderson repeats this information, but, from his usual ardour of research and more successful inquiry, has produced a title to that miscellany. The fact however is, that there were two titles, which as the book is extremely scarce, shall here be given: though the author's name and the mottos form the only difference.

"Poems upon various Occasions. Written for the entertainment of the author, and printed for the entertainment of a few friends, prejudic'd in his favour. By William Shenstone, gent.

Spes et Fortuna, valet!

Oxford: printed by Leon. Lichfield, near East-gate, 1737."

"Poems upon various Occasions. Written for the entertainment of the author, and printed for the amusement of a few friends, prejudic'd in his favour.

Contentus paucis lectoribus. HON.

Oxford: printed by Leon. Lichfield near East-gate, 1737."

The

The two copies to which the above are prefixed do not appear to contain any other material diversity, except that the dedication to the former is dated "Pembroke College, Oxford, April 29th, 1737;" and that to the latter has only the month and year subjoined. The poet addresses his "prefatory Dedication to Mrs. ———;" a lady, he says, of a penetrating judgment and refined taste; to whom he devotes five pages of pedantic quaintness and tumid panegyric. His poetry he begs leave to declare, is "the product of a young genius, little exercised in versification;" and he seems feelingly to predict his future character, when he affirms "that indolence has proved with him, and always will do, more than a balance to any other ambition."

The poetical contents of this juvenile opusculum it may not be incurious to record, nor can a brief report of their respective merits be deemed out of its place in CENSURA LITERARIA.

"The Speeches of Sloth and Virtue: upon the plan of Xenophon's Judgment of Hercules." These speeches, with considerable enlargement and revision, were incorporated into the Judgment of Hercules, which is placed foremost in the division of Shenstone's moral pieces, in Dodsley's edition of 1765.

"Love and Musick." A feeble lyric ode, which neither possesses the animation excited by love, nor the harmony inspired by music.

"Colemira: a culinary Eclogue." Verbatim, as printed by Dodsley, p. 197.

"Comparison." Trite, common-place compliment to Silvia, in which her eyes are compared to the

sun, her voice to the nightingale, her complexion to alabaster, and her cheek to the rose.

“The School-Mistress.” A coarse and imperfect sketch of what was afterwards wrought up into a delicate cabinet picture. It consists of twelve stanzas only; one of which was judiciously rejected for its grossness. The remaining eleven greatly improved, and seventeen new ones added, the poem was reprinted in 1742, 8vo. with an Index describing the contents of each stanza, and various passages cited in the margin from Virgil, Horace, &c. which had served to furnish hints or illustrations. In the posthumous edition of Shenstone’s works, it appeared with seven additional stanzas, and forms (as Dr. Johnson observes) “one of the author’s most pleasing performances.”

“The Quill.” Twelve short stanzas, tracing in detail the various services of a goose-quill, from the pens of Pope, Young, and Cibber, to the tuning of a spinnet and employ of a tooth-pick.

“Alboque simillima Cygno.” This may serve as a civil censure on the frivolous excuses made by many females, when solicited in company to favour their friends with a song: and being brief, it shall be extracted, as it affords a specimen of the writer’s *Juvenilia*.

As Delia, lovely syren! sate
The myrtle shades among;
Regardless of a farther fate
Than what her killing eyes create,
Philander begg’d a song.

Too

Too well, alas! the artful knew
 He'd not his suit give o'er;
 And cry'd—"By walking in the dew
 I'm grown so hoarse—I vow 'tis true—
 Dear swain insist no more!"

At length, to his renew'd address
 She yields, yet vows again—
 "She scarce can draw her breath, much less
 In modulated thrills express,
 Or raise one pleasing strain."—
 Such-like evasions store the heart
 Of ev'ry tuneful she;
 That one, unvers'd in female art,
 Must think them going to impart,
 Like swans, their elegy.

"The Gossiping: a ballad. To the tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury." A mythological ditty of fourteen verses, each ending with a *derry down*, &c. Written much in the plan of Geo. Alex. Stevens's topping rants, but conducted with less humour and more vulgarity.

"Stanzas to the memory of W. G. parish-clerk, who departed this life &c. to the inexpressible grief of his admirers. In imitation of Maister Sternhold." This imitation extends to thirteen staves, somewhat puerile and bordering on the profane.

"Anacreontick. Io! Bacche! *Hor.*" No uncharacteristic specimen of the Bacchanalian extravaganza style; in which ludicrous bombast or sottish sensuality commonly supply the want of exhilarating ideas.

"To Mr. Pope, on his Dunciad." An epigrammatic squib thrown at the opponents of Pope, which could not be gathered up in the collection published under the name of Savage, in 1732.

"Eve's

"Eve's Speech in Milton, upon her Expulsion out of Paradise." This exquisitely pathetic lamentation is here be-rhymed out of its original grace, and paraphrased out of its dignified simplicity. Such a feeble attempt to improve on Milton was an evidence of very erroneous taste.

"Judith's Song." Versified with considerable ingenuity and force of expression.

"The Tea-Table." In nine stanzas. Trifling as the subject they commemorate.

"Inscription to the memory of A. L. Esq." Printed by Dodsley in Shenstone's *Levities*; whereas suppression would have been more honourable to the author and to his editor.

"To Selinda Sailing." In the manner of his songs, and like some of them very jejune.

"To Selinda. An Apology for having celebrated others." More witty than amatory; and written by the poet when 'twas "his with *mock-passion* to glow."

"Cupid and Plutus." A successful imitation of Mat Prior's more airy productions.

"Written under a Lady's Name on a Window." What any poet-corner wit might have composed.

"The Snuff-Box." No unfaithful adumbration of Parnell's melodious ease and neatness.

"The Enchantress. Anacreontick." A mimicry of namby-pamby Phillips; but executed with less characteristic prettiness, and more strained conceit.

"Je-ne-sçai-quoi. In imitation of Lord Rochester's poem upon Nothing." A languid parody on a well-known and spirited effusion; to which it only bears

bears resemblance, from being written in similar metre.

“Verses to a Lady. Together with some coloured patterns of Flowers.” A grave epistolary address, dated from Harborough, Oct. 7, 1736; and written, apparently when Pope was the prevailing model, as the following extract may serve to indicate.

The sweets of tranquil life, and rural ease,
Amuse securely, nor less justly please.
Where gentle Pleasure shews her milder pow'r,
Or blooms in fruit, or sparkles in the flow'r;
Smiles in the groves, the raptur'd poet's theme,
Flows in the brook, his Naiad of the stream;
Dawns with each happier stroke the pencil gives,
And, in each livelier image, smiling lives;
Is heard, when Silvia strikes the warbling strings,
Selinda speaks, or Philomela sings:
Breathes with the morn; attends, propitious maid,
The ev'ning ramble and the noon-day glade;
Some visionary Fair, she cheats our view,
Then only vig'rous, when she's seen like you.

* * * *

Such are your honours—mentioned to your cost,
Those least can hear them, who deserve them most.

On a general survey of the above publication, it appears to contain little more than what many a college-student, with a poetical propensity, has had it in his power to usher forth at the age of twenty-three; nor does it glisten with any luminous presage, that the author would hereafter obtain an appropriate niche in the temple of British Fame. That he should in riper life have endeavoured to recal and cancel these puerile effusions, as the late Mr. Steevens reported, is creditable

able to his maturer judgment; but that he did not altogether effect his purpose, some ardent collectors of literary rarities may exult to declare: and indeed to the ingenuous student it must always afford a pleasurable exercise, when he can compare the first draughts of any masterly hand with its more finished productions. T. P.

ART. V. "*Songes and Sonnetes of Henry Earle of Surry*" and others. "Imprinted at London, in Fletestrete, within Temple barre, at the signe of the Hand and Starre by Richard Tottel, the fyste day of June, An. 1557. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum."—Sixteens. Frequently reprinted; viz. 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574, 1585, 1587*, and afterwards;—yet very scarce. †

ART. VI. "*Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who flourished in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Printed from a correct copy. With the Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat, and others his famous cotemporaries. To which are added some Memoirs of his Life and Writings. London, Printed for W. Meares at the Lamb, and J. Brown at the Black Swan, without Temple Bar. 1717.*" 8vo. With a Preface by George Sewell, M. D.

ART. VII. "*Songes and Sonettes written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Haward, late Earle of Surrey. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, within Temple Barre, at the signe of the Hand and Starre, by Richard Tottell. Anno 1567. Cum privilegio. Reprinted by E. Curll. Anno 1717.*" 8vo.

* The Bodleian Catalogue says, "Lond. by R. Robinson, 1587, 8vo."

† Herbert II. 812. Warton, III. 11, 12, 60, 69.

Advertisement to Curll's Edition.

"In order to give the publick as correct an edition as I could of these valuable Poems, I procured among my friends these several editions, printed in the years 1565, 1567, and 1569, all which I found very full of typographical errors, but the most correct was that of 1567, from which this edition is printed, and to which the folios numbered by numeral figures in the margin refer. When I had made the edition of 1567 as correct as I could from the other two, I heard of another copy * in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, among Mr. Selden's books, wherein were many considerable amendments, supposed to be made by that eminent person: which I got collated by a learned gentleman there. So that I hope it will appear I have given my Lord Surrey's Poems in their antique dress, in as careful and accurate a manner as possible: and if these admirable Songes and Sonettes meet with a reception equal to their merit, they shall be immediately followed by the remainder, in the same volume, written by himself, and his intimate friend Sir Thomas Wiatt the elder; to which will be subjoined a very full and particular account of these noble authors, who have hitherto been undeservedly deny'd the justice due to their memories."

"London, April 13, 1717.

"Vale."

Curll's edition ends with the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and totally omits the poems of "Uncertain Authors" which are entirely reprinted in the other edition of the same year (1717).

* There was another edition printed Anno 1585.

The Original Preface.

“ To the Reader.

“ That to have wel written in verse, yea, and in small parcelles, deserveth great prayse, the workes of dyvers Latines, Italians, and other, doe prove sufficiently; that our Tong is able in that kynde to dooe as prayse worthely as the rest, the honourable style of the noble Earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the deep witted Syr Thomas Wyat the elder's verse, with several graces in sundry good English writers, doe shew abundantly. It resteth now, gentle reader, that thou thinke it not evil done, to publish to the honour of the Englysh Tong, and for the profite of the Studious of Englysh eloquence, those woorkes which the ungentle hordess up of such treasure have heretofore envyed thee; and for this point, good reader, thyne owne profite and pleasure in these presently, and in mo hereafter shall aunswere for my defence. If perhappes some myslyke the statclinesse of style removed from the rude skyl of common eares, I ask helpe of the learned to defende thyre learned frends the authors of this woorke; and I exhorte the unlearned by reading to learne to be more skylfull, and to purge that swinelike grossenesse that maketh the sweet Majerome not to smell to theyr delight.”

The editor of the republication by Meares and Brown, after giving a short account of Lord Surry's life, adds: “ For the beauties of his poetical vein, I chuse rather to appeal to the judgment of others, than endeavour to impose my own on the reader. He was intimate with Sir Thomas Wyat and Sir Francis Brian, his cotemporaries, who were far the best judges and poets of those days. And as for those who succeeded him, if it is a true

true observation, that those who deserve best themselves are the forwardest to do justice to others, there was hardly a poet of note since this nobleman's time, who has not paid some respect to his memory. Sir Philip Sidney, whose praise itself were a sufficient honour, where he recounts those few of our own nation, who had written, as he speaks, with poetical sinews, takes notice, "that in the Earl of Surrey's Lyrics there were many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind." And afterwards by finding fault with the bare rhimers of the age, who laid down no plan in their poems, he gives a backward glance to our author, whose subjects are always finely chosen, and the same scheme justly pursued, without the feeble help, as Sir Philip says, of one lame verse begetting another.

"To come lower; Mr. Drayton, in his Heroical Epistles, written in imitation of Ovid's, singles him out as his favourite, and has indited one in his name to the Lady Geraldine. There are a great many beauties, as well as a good share of antiquity in this letter, and were I to judge I should allow it the first place in his compositions. I cannot forbear repeating those fine verses he puts in his mouth in honour of the Muses; a subject frequently touched by the Latin poets, but more excellently here.

When Heaven would strive to do the best it can,
And put an angel's spirit into man,
The utmost power it hath, it then doth spend,
When to the world a poet it doth intend.
That little difference 'twixt the gods and us,
By them confirm'd, distinguish'd only thus.

Whom

Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
 The gods commit their glory to our praise.
 T' eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
 We likewise share a second power by death.
 When Time shall turn those amber locks to gray,
 My verse again shall gild and make them gay,
 And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
 And to thy autumn give a summer's hue;
 That sacred power that in my ink remains,
 Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd veins.*

"It were easy to shew how these lines, with a little modern polish, have been imitated, turned, and worked twenty ways by Lee, Dryden, and others; but that business is not of this time, and so we must pursue our subject." †

Anderson in his "English Poets" has given only a small selection of the "Poems of Uncertain Authors," which accompany those of Surry and Wyatt in Tottel's editions, and "form the first printed poetical Miscellany in the English language—"a garland," adds Warton, "in which it appears to have been the fashion for every flowery courtier to leave some of his blossoms." "Richard Tottel," continues this elegant historian,

* See before p. 237.

† Mr. Park, at the end of his new edition of Harrington's "Nugæ Antiquæ," has printed from MSS. Lord Surry's "Exhortation to the Citizens of London;" his "Five Chapters from the Ecclesiastes of Solomon, versified;" and "Three Psalms versified;" none of which are in Tottel's collection. From the preface to this publication I also learn that it is Bishop Percy's intention to give a new edition of Tottel's Miscellany, which I am informed, has been some years printed.

Mr. Park also here ascribes to Lord Rochford the beautiful lines,

"My lute, awake, perform the last
 Labour, that thou and I shall waste," &c.

which Tottel gives to Wyatt.

"deserves

“deserves highly of English literature, for having collected at a critical period, and preserved in a printed volume, so many admirable specimens of ancient genius, which would have mouldered in manuscript, or perhaps from their detached and fugitive state of existence, their want of length, the capriciousness of taste, the general depredations of time, inattention, and other accidents, would never have reached the present age.”

As these poems of “Uncertain Authors” are at present scarce, I shall give a few specimens.

“The felicity of a mind embracing virtue, that beholdeth the wretched desires of the world.

1.

When dreadful swelling seas,
Through boistrous windy blasts,
So top the ships, that all for nought
Serves anchor, sail, and masts:
Who takes not pleasure then,
Safely on shore to rest,
And see with dread and deep despair
How shipmen are distrest.

2.

Not that we pleasure take,
When others feelen smart,
Our gladness grow'th to see their harms,
And yet to feel no part.
Delight we take also,
Well ranged in array,
When armies meet, to see the fight,
Yet free be from this fray.

3.

But

3.

But yet among the rest,
 No joy may match with this,
 T'aspire unto the temple high,
 Where Wisdom throned is.
 Defended with the saws
 Of hoary heads expert,
 Which clear it keeps from error's mist,
 That might the truth pervert.

4.

From whence thou may'st look down,
 And see, as under foot,
 Man's wandering will and doubtful life,
 From whence they took their root.
 How some by wit contend,
 By prowess some to rise,
 Riches and rule to gain and hold,
 Is all that men devise.

5.

O miserable minds,
 O hearts in folly drent,
 Why see you not what blindness in
 This wretched life is spent?
 Body, devoid of grief,
 Mind free from care and dread,
 Is all and some that Nature craves,
 Wherewith our life to feed.

6.

So that for Nature's turn
 Few things may well suffice,
 Dolour and grief clean to expell,
 And some delight surprize.

Yea,

Yea, and it falleth oft,
 That Nature more content,
 Is with the less, than when the more
 To cause delight is spent. *

*The Lover in liberty smileth at them in thraldom,
 that sometime scorned his bondage.*

At liberty I sit and see
 Them that have erst laugh'd me to scorn,
 Whipp'd with the whip that scourged me,
 And now they ban that they were born.
 I see them sit full soberly,
 And think their earnest looks to hide;
 Now in themselves they cannot spy,
 That they or this in me have spied.
 I see them sitting all alone,
 Marking the steps, each word, and look;
 And now they tread, where I have gone,
 The painful path that I forsook.
 Now I see well I saw no whit,
 When they saw well that now are blind;
 But happy hap hath made me quit,
 And just judgment hath them assign'd.
 I see them wander all alone,
 And tread full fast in dreadful doubt
 The self same path that I have gone:
 Blessed be hap that brought me out!
 At liberty all this I see,
 And see no word but erst among,
 Smiling at them that laugh'd at me,
 Lo, such is hap: mark well my song.

* In the original these are printed as Alexandrine couplets, but are here divided according to the modern mode.

Of Fortune and Fame.

1.

The plague is great, where Fortune frowns,
 One mischief brings a thousand woes,
 Where trumpets give their warlike sounds,
 The weak sustain sharp overthrows :
 No better life they taste or feel
 That subject are to Fortune's wheel.

2.

Her happy chance may last no time ;
 Her pleasure threateneth pains to come ;
 She is the fall of those that climb,
 And yet her wheel advanceth some,
 No force, where that she hates or loves
 Her fickle mind so oft removes.

3.

She gives no gift, but craves as fast,
 She soon repents a thankful deed ;
 She turneth after every blast ;
 She helps them oft that hath no need.
 Where Power dwells, and riches rest,
 False Fortune is a common guest.

4.

Yet some affirm, and prove by skill,
 Fortune is not a flying fame,
 She neither can do good nor ill,
 She hath no form, yet bears a name ;
 Yet we but strive against the streams,
 To frame such toys on fancy's dreams.

5.

If she hath shape or name alone,
 If she do rule or bear no sway,
 If she have body, life, or none,
 Be she a sprite I cannot say ;
 But well I wot, some cause there is
 That causeth woe, and sendeth bliss.

6. The

6.

The causes of things I will not blame,
 Lest I offend the prince of peace :
 But I may chide, and brawl with fame,
 To make her cry, and never cease
 To blow the trump within her ears,
 That may appease my woeful tears.

All worldly pleasures fade.

1.

The winter with his grisly storms
 No longer dare abide ;
 The pleasant grass with lusty green
 The earth hath newly dyed.

2.

The trees have leaves, the boughs down spread,
 New changed is the year ;
 The water-brooks are clean sunk down,
 The pleasant banks appear.

3.

The spring is come, the goodly nymphs
 Now dance in every place ;
 Thus hath the year most pleasantly
 Of late ychang'd his face.

4.

Hope for no immortality,
 For wealth will wear away,
 As we may learn by every year,
 Nay hours of every day.

5.

For Zephyrus doth mollify
 The cold and blustering winds ;
 The summer's drought doth take away
 The spring out of our minds.

6.

And yet the summer cannot last,
 But once must step aside ;
 Then autumn thinks to keep his place,
 But autumn cannot bide.

7.

For when he hath brought forth his fruits,
 And stuff'd the barns with corn,
 Then winter eats and empties all,
 And thus is autumn worn.

8.

Then hoary frosts possess the place,
 Then tempests work much harm,
 Then rage of storms doth make all cold,
 Which summer had made so warm.

9.

Wherefore let no man put his trust
 In that, that will decay ;
 For slipper wealth will not continue,
 Pleasure will wear away.

10.

For when that we have lost our life,
 And lie under a stone,
 What are we then ; we are but earth ;
 Then is our pleasure gone.

11.

No man can tell what God Almighty
 Of every wight doth cast ;
 No man can say, to-day I live,
 Till morn my life shall last.

12.

For when thou shalt before thy judge
 Stand to receive thy doom,
 What sentence Minos doth pronounce,
 That must of thee become.

13. Then

13.

Then shall not noble stock and blood
 Redeem thee from his hands,
 Nor sugred talk with eloquence
 Shall loose thee from his bands.

14.

Nor yet thy life uprightly led
 Can help thee out of hell;
 For who descendeth down so deep,
 Must there abide and dwell.

15.

Diana could not thence deliver
 The chaste Hippolitus,
 Nor Theseus could not call to life
 His friend Pirithous.

ART. VIII. "*The Paradyse of Daynty Devises aptly furnished with sundry pithie and learned inventions, devised and written for the most part by M. Edwards, sometimes of her Majesties chappel: the rest by sundry learned gentlemen, both of honor and woorshippe.*"

viz.

S. Barnarde.	Jasper Heywood.
E. O.	F. K.
L. Vaux.	M. Bewe.
D. S.	R. Hill.

M. Yloop with others."

The device—an angel crowned, holding in his right hand a flaming heart, and in his left a cross. The motto about it, "Ego sum via et veritas."

Imprinted at London by Henry Disle, dwelling in

*Paules Churchyard, at the south west doore of Saint
Paules Church, and are there to be solde. 1576.
4to.**

On the next leaf is the coat armour in twelve escutcheons of Henry Lord Compton, to whom the book is dedicated by H. D. the printer.

This Collection was again printed by Disle in 1577, and 1578, and is the only book of his printing which has escaped the devastations of time.

There was an edition in 1585, probably by Edward White, to whom the copy was granted by Timothy Rider. White also put forth editions in 1596, and 1600.

Edward Alde also put forth an edition in 1596, 4to. to which the device is a flowerpot.

Notwithstanding all these editions, the work is now very scarce.

To the Right Honorable Syr Henry Compton, Knight,
Lorde Compton of Compton.

RIGHT HONORABLE and my very good Lord,
(presuming uppon your cūrtesy) I am bolde to present
unto your honor, this small volume; entituled, The
Paradise of deyn ty devises, being penned by divers
learned gentlemen, and collected together, through
the travell of one both of worship and credite, for his
private use; who not long since departed this lyfe,

* From the transcript of this book by the late George Stevens, who says
"It has been attempted to render the following MS. a fac-simile of the first
edition of the Paradise of Dainty Devices, with all its inaccuracy of spelling,
punctuation, &c.; but as habits of orthography, &c. are not easily got rid of,
they may occasionally have prevailed over the blunders which the transcriber
has professed to copy."

which

which when I had perused over, not without the advise of sundry my freendes, I determined by theyr good motion, to set them in print, who therunto greatly perswaded me, with these and like woordes: The wryters of them were both of honor and worship: besides that our own countrey men, and such as for theyr learnyng and gravitie might be accounted of, among the wisest. Furthermore, the ditties both pithy and pleasant, as well for the invention as meter, and wyll yeelde a farre greater delight, being as they are so aptly made to be set to any song in five partes, or song to instrument. Which wel consydering, I purposed not to forsake so good an occasion, beseeching your honor to accept it in good part, cheefely for the aucthours sake: who though some of them are departed this lyfe, yet theyr woorthy doings shall continue for ever: for like as the shadow foloweth the body, so praise foloweth vertue: and as the shadow goeth sometimes before, and sometimes behind, so doth praise also to vertue: but the later it commeth the greater it is, and to be the better esteemed. Thus fearing to offende your honour with these my rude speeches, I end, wishing your L. many yeres of joy.

Your good Lordship's wholly to commaund

H. D.

Contents of this first edition of this Miscellany.

1. The Translation of the blessed St. Barnard's Verses conteyning the unstable Felicitie of this Way-faring Worlde. The author's signature, "My Lucke is Losse."

2. "Beware of had I wylt." Same signature.

3. The

3. The perfect Tryall of a Faithfull Freend. Signed
"Yloop."
4. No Pleasure without some Payne. By E. S.
5. Our Pleasures are Vanities. By D. S.
6. May. By M. Edwardes.
7. Fair Woordes make Fooles Faine. By the same.
8. In his Extreame Sycknesse. By Lord Vaux.
9. For Christmas Day. By F[ranc]. K[inwel-
marsh.]
10. Easter-Day. By Jasper Heywood.
11. For Whitsunday. By M. Kindlemarsh.
12. "Who mindes to bring his shippe to happy
shore,
Must care to knowe the lawes of wysdome's
lore." By Jasper Heywood.
13. Of the Unconstant Stay of Fortune's Giftes. By
R. Hill.
14. No Woordes, but Deedes. By R. D.
15. He desyreth Exchange of Lyfe. By Ld. Vaux.
16. Of the Instabilitie of Youth. By the same.
17. "Most happy is that state alone,
Where woordes and deedes agree in one."
By F. K.
18. "Who wyll aspire to dignitie,
By learnyng must advaunced be."
By the same.
19. "Man's flitting life fyndes surest stay,
Where sacred vertue beareth sway."
By M. T.
20. Nothing is comparable unto a Faithfull Freend.
By F. K.

21. Respite finem. By D. S.
22. He persuadeth his Frend from the fond Effects
of Love. *
23. Wantyng his desyre, he complayneth. By
M. Edwardes.
24. Trye before you Trust. By D. S.
25. A Lady Forsaken complayneth. By M. D.
26. Finding Worldly Joyes but Vanities, he wyseth
death. By F. M.
27. Having marryed a woorthy Lady, and taken
away by Death, he complayneth his mishap. By
F. G.
28. A woorthy Dittie, song before the Queene's
Majestie at Bristowe. By D. S.
29. His good Name being blemished, he bewaileth.
By the Earl of Oxford.
30. Of Fortune's Power. By M. Edwardes.
31. "Though Triumph after bloudy warres,
The greatest brags do beare,
Yet Triumph of a conquered minde,
The crowne of Fame shall weare."
By the same.
32. "Whoso will be accompted wise." By the
same.
33. A Frendly Admonition. By R. Hill.
34. Sundrie Men, sundrie Affectes. By the same.
35. † Time gives Experience. By R. H.
36. Of Sufferance cometh Ease. By E. S.
37. † Being trapped in Loye, he complayneth. By
the same.

* Ritson attributes this to Thomas Churchyard.

38. † "Though

38. † "Though Fortune have sette thee on hie,
Remember yet that thou shalt die."

By F. K.

39. A Vertuous Gentlewoman in the Praise of hir
Love. By M. K.

40. Oppressed with Sorowe, he wyssheth Death.

41. "Where reason makes request,
There wisdom ought supplie,
With friendly answer prest,
To graunt, or else denie."

Signed, "My Lucke is Losse."

42. "Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos,
Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus, opes."

Same signature.

43. "What Joye to a Contented Mynde." Same
signature.

44. *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est.* By
M. Edwardes.

45. Thinke to dye. By D. S.

46. Beyng asked the occasion of his white head, he
answereth thus. By Lord Vaux.

47. † "I would to God, I were Acteon." By M. B.

48. "Why should I lenger long to live." By E. S.

49. Prudens. The historie of Damocles, and Dio-
nise.

50. Fortitude. A yong man of Ægipt, and Valerian.

51. Justice. Zalouch, and his sonne.

52. Temperaunce. Spurina, and the Romaine
Ladies. By F. M.

53. A Bunche of Herbes and Flowers.

54. † "Now mortall man beholde and see
This worlde is but a vanitie."

By M. Thorn.

55. In

55. In commendation of Musick. By M. Edwardes.
56. † "When sage Uliesses sailed by." By M. Hew.
57. Findyng no Joye, he desireth Death. By W. H.
58. Hope well, and have well. By the same.
59. † He repenteth his Folly. By the same.
60. He requesteth some frendly Comfort, affirmyng his constancie. By M. Edwardes.
61. He complaineth his Mishapp. By M. H.
62. No foe to a Flatterer.
63. "The Spider with great Skill." By W. Hunis.
64. "The subtill slily Sleights." By M. Edwardes.
65. "With painted Speache I list not prove." By M. B.
66. † Trie, and then trust. By Richard Hill.
67. Complainyng to his Frende, he replieth wittily. By M. Edwardes.
68. † No Paines comparable to his Attempt. By W. H.
69. No Pleasure without some Paine. By Lord Vaux.
70. The Fruites of fained Frendes. By W. H.
71. Beyng importunate, at the length, he obtaineth. By M. B.
72. Requyryng the favour of his Love, she aunswereth thus. By E. S.
73. A Lover's Joye. By F. K.
74. † The Judgement of Desire. By the E. of O.
75. The Complaint of a Lover, wearyng blacke and tawnie. By the same.
76. † He complaineth thus: "Lo heare the Man," &c.
77. Findyng no relief, he complaineth thus. By R. H.
78. † Beyng

78. † Beyng in Love, he complaineth. By Lord Vaux.

79. † A Lover Disdained, complaineth. By the same.

80. Beyng in Love, he complaineth. By M. B.

81. A Lover Rejected, complaineth. By E. of O.

82. Not attaynyng to his Desire, he complaineth. By the same.

83. † His Mynde not quietly settled, he writeth thus. By the same.

84. † Of the Mightie Power of Love. By the same.

85. Beyng Disdained, he complaineth. By L. Vaux.

86. Of the Meane Estate. By the same.

87. Of a Contented Mynde. By the same.

88. Trie before you trust. By the same.

89. He renounceth all the Affectes of Love. By the same.

90. † Beyng in Sorrowe, he complaineth. By the same.

91. Beyng in Love, he complaineth. By R. L.

92. Beyng in Trouble, he writeth thus. By T. M.

93. Beyng troubled in Mynde, he writeth as followeth. By J. H.

94. Looke or you Leape. By Jasper Heywood.

95. † He bewaileth his Mishappe. By R. H.

96. The Complaint of a Synner. By F. K.

97. "The fruite that sprynges from wilful wites,
Is ruthe, and ruins rage,

And sure what heedelesse youthe committes,
Repentaunce rues in age."

Signed, "Yloop."

Finis.

Imprinted

Imprinted at London by Henry Disle, dwellyng at the south-west doore of Paules church, 1576.

This edition contains seventeen articles which are not in the edition of 1600. They are thus distinguished †.

The following articles, which are found in the edition of 1600, are wanting in this.

	Page
1. "Amid the Vale." By Jasper Heywood.	3
2. "A Faithfull Friend." By M. Edwardes.	36
3. "Alacke, when I looke Backe." By W. Hunnis.	61
4. "I read a Maying Rime." By M. S.	26
5. "If thou delight." By W. Hunnis	48
6. "In Loathsome Race." By Candishe.	70
7. "In Searche of Thinges." By W. Hunnis.	71
8. "In Wealthe we see." By the same.	72
9. "In May by Kinde." By M. Edwardes.	82
10. "Like as the Doleful Dove." By W. Hunnis.	61
11. "My Eye." By the same.	55
12. "My owne Godfather." By H. D.	66
13. "O Sovereigne Salve." By Jasper Heywood.	83
14. "Perhaps you thinke." By A. Bourcher.*	20
15. "The Deepe Turmoiled Wight."	21
16. "The Wandring Youth." By J. Heywood.	84
17. "Who seekes the Way."	69
18. "What is the World." By G. Gaske.	79
19. "What Fond Delight." By J. H.	80
20. "You Muses Nine." By Lodowicke Loyd	28

* Ritson says this is also in the edition of 1596.

Such is the irregularity of the first edition that the pages run backwards and forwards, so that the same number sometimes occurs twice over.

A Table of the Names or Signatures of the Authors in this Collection. With the number of Poems furnished by each.

1. My Lucke is Losse ; a signature not decyphered.
Five copies.
2. Yloop, supposed to be Pooley, two copies.
3. E. S. five copies.
4. D. S. [Sand] five copies.
5. R. Edwardes, ten copies.
6. Lord Vaux, thirteen copies. Ritson says some of them are distinguished as those of Lord Vaux, the elder ; but in Steevens's copy I can find no such distinction.
7. F. K. Francis Kinwelmersh, nine copies.
8. Jasper Heywood, three copies.
9. Richard Hill, four copies.
10. R. D. qu. Robert Dillington ? one.
11. M. T. qu. Thorn ? one.
12. M. Thorn, one.
13. M. D. qu. Dyer ? one.
14. F. M. not mentioned by Ritson, two.
15. F. G. Fulke Greville, one.
16. Earl of Oxford, seven.
17. M. B. qu. Bew ? four.
18. M. Bew, one.
19. R. H. qu. Hill or Hall ? three.
20. W. H. William Hunnis, seven.
21. R. L.

22. T. M.

22. T. M. qu. Thomas Marshall? though Ritson says no such name, or initials, occur in this edition. But if Steevens's copy deserve credit, they certainly do occur once.
23. J. H. qu. Jasper Heywood? one copy.



To these are to be added the following names from the edition of 1600.

24. M. S. which Ritson supposes may be Sackville, but surely as Sackville had borne the title of Lord Buckhurst for more than thirty years, he would not have been so designated in 1600.
25. Mr. Candishe.
26. H. D. not in the edition of 1576, though Ritson says it is.
27. A. Bourcher.
26. G. Gaske, which Mr. Park thinks, with apparent probability, means Gaskoine.
27. J. H. qu. Jasp. Heywood?
28. Lod. Loyd, who, according to Ritson, has a copy in the edition of 1576, which I cannot find there.



For the sake of juxta-position, I here add a table of the names or signatures of the authors of England's Helicon, 1600.

1. Sir P. Sydney, thirteen copies.
2. E. B. Edmund Bolton, five.
3. Edm. Spenser, four.
4. Michael Drayton, five.
5. Robert Greeche, six.
6. Thomas Lodge, eleven.

T

7. Nicholas

7. Nicholas Breton, eight.
8. Shepherd Tonie; evidently a fictitious signature, seven.
9. George Peele, three.
10. J. D. qu. Sir John Davies? one.
11. J. M. qu. Jervis Markham? two.
12. Earl of Surry, two.
13. Thomas Watson, five.
14. John Wootton, two.
15. S. E. D. Sir Edward Dyer, six.
16. William Shakspeare, one.
17. Ignoto—under which signature, some are supposed to be Sir Walter Raleigh's, eleven copies.
18. * W. H. qu. William Hunnis? two.
19. Bartholomew Young, twenty-four.
20. Richard Barnefield, two.
21. * Earl of Oxford, one.
22. H. C. Henry Constable, four.
23. T. B. qu. Thomas Bastard? one.
24. W. S. William Smith, one.
25. * M. F. G. Fulke Grevile, one.
26. J. G. who, Ritson supposes, may be J. Gough—why not J. Grange?
27. M. H. Nowell, called N. Howell, in the second edition, 1614.†
28. Christopher Marlow.

N.B. Those who were contributors to the Paradise of Dainty Devises have an asterisk against their names.

† Of which edition I propose, by the favour of a most learned and amiable friend, to give a future account.

ART. IX. *A handefull of pleasant delites, containing sundrie new sonets, and delectable histories in divers kindes of meeter: newly devised to the newest tunes, &c. by Clement Robinson and others.* 1584. 16mo.

ART. X. *The Phœnix Nest. Built up with the most rare and refined workes of Noblemen, woorthy Knights, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and brave schollers. Never before this time published. Set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gent.** 1593, 4to.

Of these two very rare collections, I hope, by the liberal aid of some accomplished friends, to give a satisfactory account hereafter.

I place their titles here for the information of those, who are not yet deeply skilled in this department of literature, which is become so difficult from the rare occurrence and high price of its materials. I have only once had a momentary glance at the contents of these very curious miscellanies.

ART. XI. *The Citie's great concern in this case or question of Honour and Arms, Whether Apprenticeship extinguisheth Gentry? Discoursed; with a clear refutation of the pernicious error that it doth.*

Lat. Jerem. Cap. 3. Bonum est viro, cum importerit jugum ab adolescentia sua.

London. Printed by William Godbid, dwelling in Little Britain. 1674. Duod. pp. 97.

* Herbert, II. 1220. Wart. H. E. P. III. p. 401.

This I presume is the book of John Philipot the Herald, which A. Wood says was written to "prove that gentry doth not abate with apprenticeship, but only sleepeth, during the time of their indentures, and awaketh again when they are expired," and which book Wood had not seen. See Ath. Ox. II. F. 37.

It is dedicated "Honoratissimo Senatui populoque Augustæ urbis Londinensis."

This is followed by "the Bookseller's Report," which is succeeded by "A preface in defence of trade and commerce," and an address "To the Reader."

John Philipot died 25 Nov. 1645. Most of his works were published by his son Thomas; among which was the "Villare Cantianum" 1659, and 1664, fol. one of our earliest county histories. See Wood's Ath. F. I. 285. II. 36.

Thomas Gore in his "Catalogus eorū qui de Re Heraldica scripserunt," a curious and useful book, mentions a work of this John Philipot, not recorded by Wood, and which I have never seen, entitled

"A perfect Collection, or Catalogue of all Knights Bachelours made by King James since his coming to the Crown of England, faithfully extracted out of the Records. Printed at London 1660, 8vo."

There are many MS. catalogues of these Knights, who were very numerous, in the British Museum.

Thomas Philipot, the son, was author of a volume of "Poems, London, 1646, 8vo." which now rarely occurs, but was among Dr. Farmer's collection, No. 6591.

ART. XII. *The Life of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney, with the true interest of England, as it then stood in relation to all forrain princes: and particularly for suppressing the power of Spain stated by him. His principall actions, counsels, designes, and death. Together with a short account of the maxims and policies used by Queen Elizabeth in her government.*

Written by Sir Fulke Grevil, Knight, Lord Brook, a servant to Queen Elizabeth, and his companion and friend. London, Printed for Henry Seile, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, 1652. 8vo. pp. 247.

This book is dedicated "most humbly to the Right Honourable the Countesse of Sunderland," by P. B. I give this title, as it is more full than in A. Wood, Ath. I. 522. where the reader may find a full account of Sir Fulke Greville, who was born 1554, made a Peer, 18 James I. and murdered by his servant Haywood, 30 Sept. 1628, at the age of 74.

ART. XIII. *Observations upon the Provinces United. And on the State of France. Written by Sir Thomas Overbury. London. Printed by T. Maxey for Richard Marriot; and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's churchyard, Fleetstreet, 1651. Duod. pp. 80.*

Annexed to this volume is "the lively portraiture of Sir Thomas Overbury" by S. Pass. Under which are the following lines:

T 3

A man's

A man's best fortune, or his worst's a wife;
 Yet I, that knew nor marriage peace nor strife,
 Live by a good, by a bad one lost my life.

A wife like her I writ, man scarce can wed;
 Of a false friend like mine man scarce hath read.

These allusions are obvious to every one acquainted with the story of Sir Thomas Overbury. His good "Wife," a poem, has gone through numerous editions. His false friend, Somerset, and his false friend's bad wife, no one can think of, without shuddering!

Overbury was born 1581, and died 13 Sept. 1613.

It is very doubtful, whether he was the real author of the above book.

ART. XIV. "*Chronicon Rusticum-Commerciale; or, Memoirs of Wool, &c. being a collection of history and argument, concerning the Woollen manufacture and Woollen trade in general; particularly the rise, progress, improvements, declensions, revolutions, and the respective causes thereof (with a view of the different prices of wool, at certain distant periods) in England; as given by a succession of writers, from ancient down to the present times. Also an account of the several laws, from time to time made, and of many schemes offered, for preventing the exportation of raw wool; likewise of other expedients for preserving and promoting the interest of the kingdom in that commodity manufactured;*

factured: with occasional notes, dissertations, and reflections upon the whole. By John Smith, L.L.B. In two volumes. London: Printed for T. Osborne at Gray's Inn, 1747, 8vo." pp. 996, besides dedication and preface.

That I may accompany my copious articles of ancient poetry with some mixture of subjects, which in the judgment of a large portion of mankind, are deemed more solid, I have here undertaken to introduce to the notice or recollection of my readers the "Memoirs of Wool," an invaluable and erudite work, which now, I believe, is becoming scarce. The best account of the author's plan, materials, and views, is given in his own preface, which, though long, I here therefore transcribe.

"The Preface.

"The public is here presented with a work, of which the design is wholly new, upon the same subject.

"The title-page says briefly what it is; and the table of contents gives further light into it. Yet custom demands a preface; and there may be reason also for adding somewhat under that form, to tempt, if possible, the shy reader to bestow a few weeks of his time in a way, to which it has been known that a very few hours* have been denied.

"Nor is this a singular instance of neglect; it has

* "Upon a particular occasion, a certain person more than ordinarily concerned, and not uncommonly employed, gave it as a reason for not reading a Tract upon this subject, "that it would have cost him two or three hours."

been said, (and from what the author himself hath seen and heard, * he partly believes it) that it is become almost a standing rule with many gentlemen, as often as this subject is started for their deliberation, to take up their hats and move off.

“ And it is not indeed a party-subject, making any thing particularly against, or even for a minister. It is not a subject of literature or entertainment. It is by no means palatable to the men of taste ; nor yet greatly relished by those of business.

“ Nevertheless it is important ; and generally interesting, and universally acknowledged to be so. And, though it were not altogether of so much importance, as it really is ; yet, as every subject that is of any consideration, does claim from some or other, (and especially of those who are concerned with it) at least so much attention as is necessary to a right understanding of it ; and for that end does require to be investigated properly : so, by what means it comes to pass, that this, which is confessedly of a very great and extensive concern, and which has been accordingly often brought upon the tapis, should be so little the object of close consultation and due enquiry, is somewhat mysterious ; and I think not to be accounted for but in the following manner.

“ The good people of England either think, 1. That things, in this respect, are as well as they can be, or need to be. Or, 2. Leaning severally to their own opinions, (however various and taken up by chance

* A gentleman going into ——— met several coming out ; and asking one of them, what was doing within ? he answered “ something about wool ! ” to whom the gentleman gravely replied, “ and do you run away from it ? ”

rather

rather than choice; more upon trust than examination) they believe they have an intuitive knowledge of it; and that it requires no search or pains to be fully informed concerning the same. Or, 3. That it is a matter beyond the reach of the most diligent and inquisitive, who are not bred to trade and manufacture. Or, 4. That it is so much the proper business, and peculiar province of those who are, that no other persons need themselves the least care or thought about it. That the landed interest particularly, in regard thereof, is so far embarked upon the same bottom with the trading, that the steerage may be safely left to the latter alone.

“ And though the most general opinions are to be found under the one or the other of these heads; and though these are some of them very contrary to each other, yet are they all wide of the truth; for, 1. This business is neither in a state of perfection; nor yet incapable of amendment. 2. A right understanding thereof does not lie so near the surface, as to present itself, at the first glance, to every eye. 3. Nor is it a matter inscrutable, but, like other knowledge, may be attained with due application and attention, as well by persons not bred to trade and manufacture, as by those that are. As to the fourth opinion (which is the most plausible, and therefore the most general), “ That it is their peculiar province, and may be safely trusted with those whose immediate profession is trade and manufacture;” it is thought best (because least exceptionable, and carrying most conviction along with it) to reply in the words of some persons no less eminent as traders themselves than as writers upon trade; and first of Sir JOSIAH CHILD.

“ Merchants

"Merchants (says he) while they are in the busy and eager prosecution of their particular trades, although they be very wise and good men, are not always the best judges of trade, as it relates to the power and profit of a kingdom. The reason may be, because their eyes are so continually fixed upon what makes for their peculiar gain or loss, that they have no leisure to expatiate or turn their thoughts to what is most advantageous to the kingdom in general. Of this I could give pregnant instances in the age we live in, and former councils of trade, since the Restoration.

"The like may be said of all shopkeepers, artificers, clothiers, and other manufacturers, until they have left off their trades, and being rich by the purchase of lands, become of the same common interest with most of their countrymen."

2. JOHN CARY, Esq. Merchant of Bristol.

"The representations made by private merchants (who generally differ as their interests clash with each other) tend rather to distract than to inform the government."

3. Mr. JOSHUA GEE, Merchant.

"'Tis true indeed that a considerable number of merchants is always chosen into the house; but then it has been observed, that by the mutual opposition of those, who are engaged in different interests, they rather puzzle than give light to the argument in debate. And I must confess I have usually found gentlemen more ready to entertain right notions of commerce, as it respects the advantage or disadvantage of the public, than most men in trade, few of whom, though otherwise
wise

wise well skilled in their own way, give themselves the trouble to look further than what concerns their own particular interest."

4. THE BRITISH MERCHANT says,

"The Merchant may have a distinct interest from that of his country. He may thrive by a trade, that shall prove her ruin."

5. To these may be added, what Dr. DAVENANT has said, although no merchant, but a person of ingenuity, experience, and observation.

"There is hardly a society of merchants that would not have it thought, the whole prosperity of the kingdom depends on their single traffic: so that at any time, when they come to be consulted, their answers are dark and partial; and when they deliberate themselves, it is generally with a bias, and a secret eye to their own advantage."

"Hence it follows that this subject is more properly the gentleman's care and study, not only because their stake is considerable in their country, and they have leisure for speculation; but because they are of all others, the most nearly interested in this particular. The WOOL of the kingdom is in effect their property, making a large part of the landed estates. And most gentlemen, how indifferent soever otherwise to politics in a general sense, or however thoughtless about what of a public nature seems to them of a more remote and doubtful consideration, have yet an eye to that, which so certainly and immediately affects them, as do their rents. Being willing to have the use and enjoyment of their own estates to themselves, they are desirous so far as may be to have also the tuition of them in
6 their

their own proper persons. And where that, by the law, is vested in others, for them, they hope from such trustees an equal regard to their property and interest as if it was their own concern alone. This is expected on the one hand, and is understood to be promised on the other. And to these ends, i.e. in order to form a right judgment, and to pursue just measures in this case, both the gentleman in a private station, and he that has undertook a public one, may be at least as well qualified as any other persons in the kingdom, provided they will bend their minds thereto, by acquiring a due knowledge of certain facts; that being what they chiefly want, to acquit themselves perfectly about it.

“The gentlemen of Great Britain are masters of argument; and the maxims of trade and policy are at this time, almost generally, pretty well understood by them. But with regard to facts, it must be said there is almost a general ignorance on this subject; there being scarce a single point of consequence, historically true, as now, or for some years past, commonly urged about it, either in conversation or in writing.

“This will appear sufficiently in the following collection.

“If the work shall seem tedious, it must be confessed that a more succinct account might have been given of several matters therein contained. But then it would have wanted authority sufficient for removing those prejudices, which, through a long course of false history, in one regard or another, has taken deep root in the minds of the people. And as it would have been unreasonable to have expected that implicit credit without evidence, which this work denies to many others,

others, on the like score: so it was judged better to be prolix, than to omit any thing in the least material; and still better, than to leave any fact of moment doubtful.

“From the nature of which, many of them, it was necessary to be the more large and circumstantial in several quotations and transcripts, in regard they are not simple but complicated facts, viz. 1. Opinions and arguments; or if it be allowable to use the word on this occasion, doctrines or theories. 2. Policies, or measures taken in consequence thereof. 3. The result or consequence of those measures. And these, being contained partly in small tracts, long since out of print; the purport of them did not admit of being so briefly summed up, with reference made to the tracts themselves, as if they had been more accessible authors; but in order to a competent portrait, they required to be exhibited in their original dress; and though not at full length, yet in some due proportion.

“It was further necessary for the ascertaining and pointing out to observation, several of these facts, to make large additions occasionally by way of note, &c. which has contributed to swell this work to what it is, the quantity of four volumes, although in the compass of two.

“The materials which compose the text of these Memoirs, are books of Records and Antiquity, (English, Scotch, and Irish) Rymer's *Fœdera*, State Papers, Debates, and Votes in Parliament; History, ancient and modern; Dictionaries, Atlases: all the best books of Trade, general and particular, Foreign as well as English. Among the Foreign are, v. g. *The History of the Commerce and Navigation of the Ancients*:

cients, by M. Huet, Bishop of Auranches: His *Memoirs of the Dutch Trade*: De Witt's *Maxims of Holland*: Mr. Savary's *Dictionaire Universel du Commerce*: The *Traite Le Negoce d' Amsterdam*, by Sieur Jean Pierre Ricards: The *Trade of Marseilles*, by Gasper Carveuil. And, if not all the lesser tracts of English authors, which have been occasionally wrote with an eye to the English Woollen trade, yet many, and those the best that have been wrote upon every extraordinary incident relating thereto, have been consulted, and more or less transcribed into this work.

“ It contains then, for instance, all the strong pleadings or appeals to the public, which have been made at different times on one side of the question or on the other: 1. In regard to a free and open trade, or to trade limited to companies. 2. To the prohibiting or permitting of Irish cattle. 3. To the expediency of an absolute prohibition, or instead thereof, a duty on wool exported, (a question agitated in the reign of Charles II.) 4. In regard to the East India silks and calicoes. 5. To Irish manufacture, woollen and linen. 6. To the French trade. 7. To the use and wear of calicoes painted and printed in England; with all the laws relative to each of these particularly, and to the Woollen trade in general; and a number of schemes for preventing the exportation of Wool from Great Britain and Ireland. To which are added many custom-house accounts of Imports and Exports: also accounts of the price of Wool, at different times and in different places, in England and elsewhere. The whole disposed into a regular history, as the subject would bear.

“ Among the English writers made use of in this work,

work, may be mentioned more particularly, as a principal one, *THE BRITISH MERCHANT*; of which it is said by the editor, Mr. King, that it "contains many valuable papers, and so much knowledge in trade, as would never have appeared in the world, had it not been upon a particular occasion (a pernicious treaty of commerce with France) extorted from some worthy persons, eminent merchants of London, the authors."

"Yet is *The British Merchant*" but three volumes, of more than two hundred, larger and lesser, which have been collated towards the forming these *Memoirs of Wool, &c.*; and the greater part of which "*The British Merchant*" does not appear to have been at all acquainted with.

"*The British Merchant*" is, it is true, incomparably the best of all our English writers in this way; contradicting most materially the bulk of those his countrymen who had gone before him upon that subject. But for that reason and because, as may be conceived, the title of the work does not point directly to the business of Wool; therefore all succeeding writers on that head have had as little regard to the facts and sentiments therein contained, as if no such work had ever been published for the better information of this kingdom.

"In short, a spirit of romance on the one hand, and of credulity on the other, had for a long time before possessed both the English writers and readers on the Woollen trade. And, as a bone which has been too long out of its place is not to be reduced but with an uncommon difficulty and pain, after repeated efforts; so the single attempt of "*The British Merchant*," for want of being properly followed up, has had in this particular,

particular, it may be said, no effect at all. For there is not so much as one writer, that the author of these *Memoirs* hath met with, since him, who, instead of correcting inveterate errors by a work of such good authority, and by other helps that were to be had, and as might have been expected in an age of more light and greater accuracy in all other matters, has not ignorantly and obstinately persisted in the old beaten path of their other predecessors; or rather exceeded them, by wandering still further from sobriety, sense, and truth. Insomuch, that a series of tracts (from one particularly, entitled, “*The Golden Fleece*” &c. anno 1736-7, to another, or rather the same in substance, under the title of “*The Danger of Great Britain and Ireland becoming Provinces to France*,” &c. by the same author, anno 1746) are penned with so much extravagance and ignorance; containing such a heap of falsehood and chimeras, as are even a disgrace to the English name, justly renowned for masterly productions in every other part of useful knowledge.

“Not only pamphlets such as have been mentioned, but, which is far worse, some books of price, that would be thought to convey the most solid intelligence, and which are very good authorities in the main, as to most other matters, have erred egregiously in this. Amongst these are particularly the “*Atlas Maritimus Commercialis*,” and “*Chambers’s Dictionary*.” Upon the latter lies the greater stress; because that work has deservedly obtained a place in most libraries; and besides, to many private persons, is itself in the place of a library; and however useful in other regards, yet in respect of this subject, it has only a tendency to soothe the nation in a folly to which it has been long habituated,

habituated, and to buoy up the people in notions, false, and therefore unprofitable, which they have already too strongly imbibed.

In general, "as the care of our national commerce redounds more to the riches and prosperity of the public than any other act of government, (on which account) it is a pity that we do not see the state of it marked out in every particular reign, with greater distinction and accuracy than is usual among our historians,"* so, that defect in regard to this greatest branch of English commerce is, in some measure, here supplied; and perhaps to a degree beyond what could well have been expected, considering how much "those authors who have heretofore applied themselves to preserve the most considerable events have neglected this part of history."† And considering also that the custom-house books, which are our most faithful registers in this case, are not searchable at pleasure like some other public offices.

"Notwithstanding which, some custom-house accounts having occurred in one occasional tract or another, and others having at times, and of late especially, been exhibited to Parliament, the author of these Memoirs has been careful to collate all he could so meet with, and though they are but few in comparison, yet the light these do afford is not inconsiderable.

"The publication of the "*Bibliotheca Harleiana*," with the sale of that library, and of some other very large collections of books and pamphlets, hath also furnished helps for this work, which otherwise so far

* *Freeholder*, No. 41.

† See chap. iii. p. 7—p. 9-§ 6.

from procuring, a person could not have known either where to have sought, or how to have asked for. And though some of the scattered materials so gleaned up, if viewed and considered apart from other matters, and from one another, would not have been much to any person's edification; yet, as several fragments of one and the same body, when collected and rightly disposed, do make something of a significant figure, although not a complete one; so these upon the same subject,

Juxta se posita magis inlarescunt;

being placed, as they are, chiefly according to their respective dates, they borrow light from what goes before, and help to render that which follows perspicuous.

“ Upon the whole, if any gentlemen shall (and some methinks there should be found that will) think it worthy of their time and pains, to make themselves masters of this subject: in that case, they have here the matter fully before them; at least they have a much larger fund of materials here to exercise their judgments upon, than in reference to the same things, is to be met with in any other single work whatsoever.

“ It is upon the truth of these several premises, that the author grounds the use of the following collection; wherein, as he is not conscious of any partial concealment or secretion, so he is confident that he has not, in any regard, acted otherwise than as a faithful editor.

“ And therefore, however persons may see cause to dissent from his conclusions or comments; the facts upon which he has built, will not, he thinks, be disputed.

puted. And though the generality of his countrymen should not immediately fall into his way of thinking altogether; yet he flatters himself that the careful reader will soon entertain other sentiments on this head, than what he had before; and that in the end he will not so much differ from him, as from what, at his first setting out upon these Memoirs, was his own opinion.

“ He concludes his preface with this hope at least; that they who shall take these volumes in hand will be pleased to read the same throughout, before they pass a final judgment upon any part thereof; and that no prejudice will be entertained to the work, on the score of its being (as it is) so much out of the way of his proper business, the immediate duties of his profession, as a clergyman. Of this indeed he has the less reason to be apprehensive, as some of the greatest personages of the Church have, in all times, thought it no diminution of their character to approve themselves friends to the State, by employing their pens, though not on the same, yet on subjects of a like secular nature; and as some of those who now adorn the highest stations in it have done him the honour to appear in the small list of his subscribers. Nor can he fear that men of true learning will be wanting in the same equity and candour; since such never fail of shewing all reasonable countenance and favour to whatever has a tendency to the knowledge of things, that are of themselves useful, though of humble fame. But whatever judgment may be passed on the author or his book, nothing can rob him of the pleasing consciousness of sincerely intending the good of his country to the utmost of his power. Satisfied as he is with himself in that particular;

ticular; having secured this point, the peace of his own mind, he is not greatly anxious for what others shall say or think about the matter."

Arthur Young in his *Annals of Agriculture*, Vol. VI. 1786, in his "Observations on the pending bill for restraining the Growers, &c. of Wool," begins in the following words:

"The history of wool, in England, has been admirably written by Smith with so much accuracy that scarcely any measure relative to that commodity can be stated, which has not been fully explained and considered, on the most liberal and enlightened principles: not deduced from vague theories, but from the clear page of ample experience. From the year 1730 to 1740, there issued from the press a multiplicity of pamphlets, calling for restrictions on the growers of wool, in order to prevent a practice, falsely said to be common and notorious, of *ouling*, that is, exporting it into France. Committees of the House of Commons sat repeatedly on the subject, and various bills were proposed for increasing felonies by the severest penalties on all concerned in the business. Some of these passed into laws, for the clamour of the woollen manufacturers was great, and they had the dexterity to deceive parliament. The foundation of their complaints was, as they pretended, the great decline of their manufacture, their export decreasing every day, and the heaviest misfortunes denounced on the whole kingdom, from that consequent rise in French fabrics, which was supposed to take place from their clandestine import of our wool. It is very surprizing, that no
member

member of the House of Commons, at that time, had penetration enough to move for an enquiry into the facts alledged. Such was the impudence of the clamour, that the House supposed some foundation for it, took the evil for granted, and entered on the consideration of a remedy. But it was a remedy for an evil that had no existence. For what was the amazement of mankind, when they afterwards found, on an enquiry instituted for a very different end, that so far had the export of woollens declined during that period of complaint, it had flourished beyond all example; and had actually been greater than at any similar period from the foundation of the monarchy! The conclusions to be drawn from this were obvious. If wool had really been exported during that period, the export could not possibly have had any bad effects; for the trade was then at its height; and, if it had not been exported, or at least only to a trifling amount, what was to be thought of propositions for multiplying restrictions, penalties, and felonies, and, in many instances, actually creating the crimes which were pretended to be prevented? Nothing but the manufacturing spirit of monopoly could arrive at that combination of knavery and folly manifest in such a procedure."

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XV. *Retirement, a Poetical Fragment.*

In the first Number of this Work I have given some account of Evelyn's Essay on Solitude: the following fragment of a long poem begun in 1801, which I found a place there, had not the article been already too long.

RETIREMENT.

The fragment of a poem in blank verse.

Ye woods, that underneath your covering wings
 Hide my tir'd frame, all hail! Here Noise, and Toil,
 Hollow-eyed base Intrigue, and Envy pale,
 Black Malice, and envenom'd Calumny,
 Dare not disturb the silence of your reign:
 Here I can woo lone Quiet, here collect
 My scatter'd thoughts, and to my enfeebled mind
 Call back new vigour; here can re-arrange
 The forms, that now in wild confusion float
 On my tumultuous brain. Be present, Muse!
 And as the mist withdraws, and every thought
 Takes its due shape before the mental eye,
 Aid me to paint it in the living song!

Green fields, and whispering trees, and living
 streams,
 And hills and vales, where graze rich herds, and frisk
 The new-born lambs, before my fancy play.
 O for the pencil dipt in Nature's hues,
 Which, guided by sweet Thomson's magic hand,
 Touch'd with due brilliance all their glowing charms:
 Or thine, more varied Cowper, in whose strain,
 Now moral and now gay, now rural scenes
 Burst with enchantment on the raptur'd sight!

Where yonder shepherd's hut, that on the knoll
 Crown'd by those ancient elms, which overhang
 Its low thatch'd roof, just peeps, there dwell a race
 Who see the morning dawn and evening set
 In all their glories. Thro' the livelong day
 Heav'n's purest breezes brace their vigorous limbs;
 Labour makes rest delightful: to coarse fare
 Keen appetite gives zest; and sound their sleep
 On the hard pallet, while the rocking winds,

That

That whistle thro' their crazy tenement,

But lull them to a more profound repose.

For me had Providence that humbler lot

Decreed, methinks my days had happier been,

Than now to sickly Indolence a prey,

Wasting with cares, and torn with worldly wrongs.

Then Health had nerv'd my feeble form, and bloom'd

My pallid cheek ; and in this languid eye

Sweet Cheerfulness her dancing rays inspir'd.

Gay had I bounded o'er the distant hills,

Breasted the piercing blast, or with the wind

In equal race contended unfatigued !

O then how grateful had the close of eve

Return'd me to my little shed, the hearth

Bright-blazing, and the lowly couch of straw !

But now, alas, to vain anxiety

I wake, and as the minutes drag along

Curse the long day, yet no relief at night

Find ; for, tho' weary, feverish heats deny

Rest to my aching frame ; and Sleep aloof

Hovers, as if in mockery of my prayers.

Ambition treads not in these peaceful haunts,

But Innocence is leagued with truest Joy.

And what can life afford compared with these ?

Can rank and riches, splendid palaces,

The gaudy equipage, the liveried slave,

Appease the anxious cares, the guilty pangs,

That lurk within the heart ; or lull to rest

Corporeal sickness ?—Short, alas, the reign

Of worldly greatness ! Death comes unprepar'd,

Perchance e'en while you stretch the arm to grasp

The bauble, for which years of toil, and crime,

And suffering, have been wasted ; when your heir

By a short course of folly undermines

The tottering column of your hard-earn'd fame,

And sinks it in the dust from whence it rose!

Happy is he, who 'cross yon sloping field
Directs the labouring ploughshare, and inhales
The fragrance of the fresh-turn'd soil, till noon
Relieves his weary team, and brings him back
To th' antique hall, which in our grandsire's days
Own'd loftier habitants, and has beheld
Many a bold race of feudal lords expire
'Neath its fantastic roof; for there the board
Spread by the frugal dame affords a feast
More exquisite to him, whom healthy toil
Invigorates, than regal banquets seem
To the poor sickly minion of a court.

O never may I in the tainted air
Of crowded cities, where the din of trade
And the loud clamours of corrupted mobs
Assail my senses, be again immur'd!

I seek these shades to hide my tortur'd head
From an unjust, oppressive, hated world.
The gloom of dark umbrageous boughs; the fresh
And perfum'd odour that the loaded breeze
Bears from the quivering leaves; the pathway cool,
That takes with soft embrace my aching feet,
Soothe my worn spirit, calm my trembling steps,
And to existence rays of hope recall.
I hear no shout of mobs; I hear no roll
Of rattling cars, bedaub'd with new-got wealth,
And deck'd with purchas'd blood-stain'd coronets,
Thund'ring along the streets, and threat'ning loud
To crush such poor and humble worms as I.
I hear no more the coarse obstreperous din
Of puff'd up lawyers, venal, stupid, fierce,
Blind to all merits but their own, and arm'd
With all a pleader's subtle tricks to close
The door, which thence has open'd to themselves.

I hear

I hear no coxcomb Lord, who, having climb'd
 By the base arts a tool and minion loves,
 Babbles his finical and frothy stuff,
 And strives to legislate for all the world.
 But wand'ring silent on, a gradual calm
 Spreads o'er my heart, "there yet is peace for me,"
 I cry; and quick my buoyant spirit springs,
 And throws in scorn its load of cares away.

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ART. XVI. *A Tragicall Historie of the troubles and Civile Warres of the Lowe Countries, otherwise called Flanders. Wherein is sett forth the originall and full proceedyng of the saied troubles, and civile warres, with all the stratagemes, sieges, forceble takynges, and manlike defenses, of divers and sondrie cities, townes, and fortresses of the same, together with the barbarous crueltie and tyrannie of the Spaniard, and trecherous Hispaniolized Wallons, and others of the saied Lowe Countries. And there withall, the estate and cause of Religion, especially from the yere 1559, unto the yere 1581. Besides many letters, commissions, contractes of peace, unions, articles and agrementes, published and proclaimed in the saied Provinces. Translated out of Frenche into Englishe, by T. S. Gent. Imprinted at London by Jhon Kyngston for Tobie Smith, dwelling in Paules Churchyarde, at the signe of the Crane. 4to. ff. 211. besides Dedication and Epistle.*

The dedication of this translation to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, is signed "Thomas Stocker, London,

don, 15 March, 1583." Stocker appears by many various titles in Herbert's Typography to have been a voluminous translator, principally of divinity; and though omitted in the index, this work is recorded by him in p. 841. It is mentioned also by Tanner, who misdates it 1585, and who says Stocker was sprung from a gentilitial family; and names another translation of his, mentioned also by Herbert, entitled "A right noble and pleasant History of the Successors of Alexander surnamed the Great, taken out of Diodorus Siculus: and some of their lives written by the wise Plutarch: translated out of the French into English by Thomas Stocker." Printed by H. Troy for H. Binneman. Licensed, 1568. 4to. The original of this is dedicated "To the high, noble, honourable, and wise Lordes, my Lordes of the Estates, the Deputies, Presidents, and Counsellors, Burrough maisters, Scouters or Marshallles, Maiors, Bailieffes, and to al other officers and ministers of the Provinces whatsoever, united to the Lowe Countreis: your most humble and obedient vassal and subject Theophile, wissheth grace, peace, and love from God through Jesus Christ his only beloved Sonne our Lord." Signed "Theophile. D. L."

The work is divided into four books.

I. "The first booke: conteynynge the very originall and chiefe beginning of all those troubles, and cruell warres, which sithens have ensued."

II. "The seconde booke: in the beginning whereof shall be described and set forth, the Inquisition of Spaine, and the execution thereof: and next after, howe the banished Princes, Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others, assailed the Low Countries, both with horsemen and footemen good store, for the recoverie
of

of their enheritances, and goods, from which they were driven away by the tyrannie of the Duke of Alva."

III. "The thirde booke: wherein shal be set downe the second invasion of the Nobilitie, Gentlemen, and other fugitives, and banished men into the same."

IV. "The fourth booke: wherein shal bee set forth the utter Revolte of all the Lowe Countries, and the union of the estates, with Holland and Zealand, and many other thynges thereon ensuyng."

The paging of this fourth book commences anew. *

ART. XVII. *The Faire Æthiopian. Dedicated to the King and Queen, by their Majesties most humble subject and servant William Lisle. London, printed by John Haviland, at the Author's charge, and are to be sold at St. Dunstan's churchyard in Fleetstreet, and by St. Maries in both Universities. 1631. 4to.*

The Epistle Dedicatory of this volume, to the Lord Admiral, is dated 1596.

Perhaps the two first lines of this long poem will satisfy the reader, as they have done the present writer, without going farther into it.

The following are the happy commencement of this work!

"About the tongues when divers with me wrangle,
And count our English but a mingle mangle." &c.

* There is "A lamentable and pitifull Description of the Wofull Warres in Flaunders, since the foure last yeares of the Emperor Charles the Fifth his raigne. With a brieie rehearsall of many things done since that season, until this present yeare, and death of Don John. Written by Thomas Charchyarde, Gentleman. Imprinted by Ralph Newbery, anno 1578." 4to. Herbert, II. 906.

I presume

I presume this author is the same William Lisle, whom Ritson records to have published "The Colonies of Bartas, with the commentarie of S.G.S. Englished by Wm. Lisle," 1597, and of whom A. Wood gives the ensuing account.

"Wm. Lisle was educated at Eton school, and admitted to King's College, Cambridge, 1584, where in due time he took the degree of A. M. and became Fellow, which he vacated by succeeding to his estates at Wilburgham, in Cambridgeshire. He was afterwards a rare Antiquary, was appointed one of the Esquires Extraordinary of the King's body, and published "A Saxon Treatise concerning the Old and New Testament, written about the time of King Edgar (700 years ago) by Cælfrius Abbas, thought to be the same that was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury." &c. London. 1623. 4to. Published from an ancient copy in Sir Rob. Cotton's library, with a large and learned epistle to the readers, set before it by the said Lisle. To this book he added these things following (first found out by Joh. Josselin, servant to Matthew, Archbishop of Canterbury, which had been printed in 8vo. by Joh. Day in the reign of Q. Elizabeth): 1. "A Testimony of Antiquity shewing the ancient faith in the church of England, touching the sacrament of the body and blood of our Lord." It is the same with "A Sermon of the Paschal Lamb (on Easter Day), and of the sacramental body and blood of Christ," &c.; before which is a large and learned preface of about sixteen leaves in 8vo. written by the said Josselin, and reprinted by Lisle. 2. "The words of Cælfrie Abbot of S. Albans, and also of Malmsbury, taken out of his Epistles written to Wulfsine, Bishop of Scyrburne," &c.

&c. 3. "The Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and Ten Commandments in the Saxon and English Tongue." He was the same with William Lisle of Wilburgham, Esquire, of the King's body, who collected four books of Du Bartas. 1. The Ark. 2. Babylon. 3. The Colonies. 4. The Columns, or Pillars, in French and English, for the instruction and pleasure of such as delight in both languages. Lond. 1637. 4to. To which is a large commentary put by S. G. B. This William Lisle died in 1637, and was buried, as I presume, at Wilburgham, before mentioned." From Wood's Fasti, I. 147.

ART. XVIII. *The Life of Theodore Agrippa D' Aubigne, containing a succinct account of the most remarkable occurrences during the Civil Wars of France in the reigns of Charles IX. Henry III. Henry IV. and in the minority of Lewis XIII. London. Printed for Edward and Charles Dilly in the Poultry. 1772. 8vo. pp. 421, besides Introduction and Index.*

This was written by Mrs. Sarah Scott, wife of George Lewis Scott, Esq. and sister to the late Mrs. Montagu of Portman Square, and of Matthew Lord Rokeby.

Mrs. Scott died at Catton, near Norwich, in Nov. 1795. The following is an imperfect list of her numerous publications; all of which were, I think, anonymous, and many of them not now to be traced. She was an excellent historian, of great acquirements, extraordinary memory, and strong sense; and constantly employed

employed in literary labours ; yet careless of fame, and free from vanity and ostentation. Owing to a disagreement of tempers, she soon separated from her husband, who was a man well known in the world, of amiable character, and of intellectual eminence, especially in the severer sciences : but in every other relation of life, she was, with some peculiarities, a woman of exemplary conduct, of sound principles, enlivened by the warmest sense of religion, and of a charity so unbounded, so totally regardless of herself, as to be almost excessive and indiscriminate. Her talents were not as brilliant, nor her genius as predominant, as those of her sister, Mrs. Montagu ; but in some departments of literature she was by no means her inferior. When she left her husband, she united her income with that of her intimate friend, Lady Bab Montague, the sister of Lord Halifax ; and they continued to live together till the death of the latter. From that period Mrs. S. continually changed her habitation ; for restlessness was one of her foibles. Her intercourse with the world was various and extensive ; and there were few literary people of her day with whom she had not either an acquaintance or a correspondence. Yet when she died, not one of her contemporaries who knew her literary habits came forward to preserve the slightest memorial of her ; and she went to her grave as unnoticed as the most obscure of those, who have done nothing worthy of remembrance. Under these circumstances, the writer of this article trusts to a candid reception of this imperfect memoir, while he laments that Mrs. Scott herself shut out some of the best materials, by ordering all her papers and voluminous correspondence, which came into the

hands

hands of her executrix, to be burnt: an order much to be lamented, because there is reason to believe, from the fragments which remain in other hands, that her letters abounded with literary anecdotes, and acute observations on character and life. Her style was easy, unaffected, and perspicuous; her remarks sound, and her sagacity striking. Though her fancy was not sufficiently powerful to give the highest attraction to a novel, she excelled in ethical remarks, and the annals of the actual scenes of human nature. In dramatic effect, in high-wrought passion, and splendid imagery, perhaps she was deficient.

Imperfect List of Mrs. Scott's Works.

1. The History of Cornelia. A Novel. London, Printed for A. Millar. 1750. duod.
2. A Journey through every stage of Life. London, for A. Millar. 1754. 2 vols. duod.
3. Agreeable Ugliness; or, the Triumph of the Graces. Exemplified in the real life and fortunes of a young lady of some distinction. London, for R. and J. Dodsley. 1754. duod.
4. The History of Mecklenburgh. London, for J. Newbery. 1762. 8vo.
5. A Description of Millenium Hall. The Second Edition corrected. London, for J. Newbery. 1764. duod.
6. The History of Sir George Ellison, in two vols. London, for A. Millar. 1766. duod.
7. The Test of Filial Duty, in 2 vols. London, for the Author. Sold by T. Carnan, No. 65, St. Paul's Churchyard. 1772. duod.
8. Life of Theodore Agrippe D'Aubigne. As above.

Introduction to the Life of D' Aubigne.

“ There is a secret satisfaction in relating the actions of a man, who has particularly engaged our esteem. We flatter ourselves we shall by this means communicate to others part of the pleasure, which the contemplation of them has afforded ourselves ; and we fancy we are doing an act of justice, in holding forth to public view a character, which ought not to sink into oblivion, with the despicable race of beings, who in their passage from the cradle to the grave performed no action worthy of record ; whether from a regular course of vicious conduct, or from that insipid insignificance, with which the lives of some men are tinctured, in whom though censure can find no grievous offences, candour can discover nothing to commend ; who equally void of strong passions to seduce them into evil, or of virtues to stimulate them to worthy actions, are through life, like Mahomet's tomb, suspended between heaven and hell ; who, being mere negatives, are destitute of either positive virtue or vice ; yet by no means innocent, for they incur great guilt by a neglect of the due exertion of the talents, which were committed to their trust for useful purposes. The justice of a fair representation is more especially due to men, from whom it has long been withheld. Such has been the lot of the Huguenots. Their actions have been related by historians, who were under the influence both of party and religious prejudices ; men blinded by passion, and warped by interest, as incapable of judging with candour, as averse to acknowledging truths, which might give offence to the powerful. Near the times of the dreadful desolation made by those civil wars,

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the hatred excited by the contention must have influenced the minds of men, and given asperity to their pens; but many of the French historians wrote after the cruel and impolitic revocation of the edict of Nantz; and little justice could the Huguenots expect, under the reign of their bigoted persecutor.

“Yet the merit of Theodore Agrippa D’Aubigne was so conspicuous, that there is no doubt, but during the time his granddaughter, Madame de Maintenon, shone in the most exalted sphere, many persons would have been employed in collecting the various incidents of his life, and presenting him in full lustre to the world, had not his attachment to the reformed religion been considered, even by her, as a crime, that overbalanced all his virtues. Integrity, courage, and constancy, would appear to change their nature, and become criminal in the eyes of so bigoted a woman, when exercised in the defence of tenets, which she considered as heretical. She would reflect with horror on those parts of his conduct, which to the unprejudiced eye appear most laudable; and would blush where she had reason to boast. Had not this been the case, the servile pens of mercenary flatterers would not have been employed in endeavouring to dignify, by a supposed royal descent a man who had so just a title to honour far more intrinsic from his noble actions, and unblemished virtue. But the spirit and constancy, with which he exposed both his life and fortune in defence of his religion, could not be an agreeable subject of contemplation to a woman, who detested the tenets he professed, and practised both deceit and force to prevail on all whom she could influence to abjure them; even the descendants of that man, who from the regular course of his

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actions

actions we may reasonably believe would have readily sacrificed his life, could he thereby have purchased for them a steady perseverance in the religion, to which he was so warmly attached.

“ I am sensible that when his granddaughter was in the zenith of her power, Agrippa D'Aubigne would have appeared more worthy of attention than at present : but a brave and honest man must always be an interesting object ; and the contemplation of great virtues, even of a sort the least suited to the fashion of the times, will ever warm the heart. Of such I trust the subject of the following sheets will be found possessed ; though it is certain, that when an author makes choice of a character, because it is particularly pleasing to himself, he would be very unreasonable were he to expect, that it would become equally the favorite of his readers. Taste influences our judgments in regard to virtue, as in other things ; people differ concerning intellectual as well as corporeal beauty, but they differ only in degrees of approbation ; they will give a preference to one particular turn of mind or features, but some charms will be allowed to every object, that can produce any just claim to real beauty, though it be not of the kind most agreeable to the peculiar taste of the spectator or of the reader.

The undeviating rectitude, the perfect consistency, the unspotted virtue of Agrippa D'Aubigne's character render him one of the best examples, that history can exhibit. The camp of Henry IV. and the court of Catharine De Medicis contained many illustrious men. Times of trouble are times of heroism ; but in the shock of interest, the contentions of party rage, and all the heat of irritated ambition, it is very rare to find
unshaken

unshaken integrity; in this time it was still more to be admired, as Catherine De Medicis so eminently possessed, and with such general success employed, the arts of seduction; to the ambitious she held forth the temptations of power, to the avaricious of wealth, to the luxurious of pleasure. Never had the great enemy of mankind so able a minister, and so faithful a representative. Every species of dissimulation, every mode of treachery, was adopted by her to allure, to betray, and to ruin: not only on the common frailty of human nature, or on the weakness of peculiar dispositions, did she found her hopes and schemes to corrupt, but even when zeal for right objects was carried beyond just bounds, or a virtue beyond its due proportion, she watched the opportunity for mischief. But D'Aubigne was under a better guard than human prudence; and in spite of all the snares she laid for him, or the temptations, the nature of the times, and the solicitations of a prince he loved put in this way, he walked surely and uprightly, by following invariably the undefiled law, which giveth light to the simple. The faithful disciple of this law, he lived with honour, and died in peace; and possesses the best renown, an honest fame, while his adversary, the pupil of Machiavel, led a life of turbulence and infelicity, and left a memory detested by all good, and despised by all wise men.

“Some may think the conduct of a man, who was not greatly exalted by birth, nor dignified by titles, nor rendered conspicuous by the splendour of riches, below their notice; but in his own words I will endeavour to obviate the objection. In the beginning of his

his private memoirs he addresses his children, for whose use he wrote them, nearly to this effect :

“ In the works of the ancients, and in the lives of the emperors, and other great men of antiquity, we may be taught both by precept and example, how to repel the attacks of an enemy, and to baffle the machinations of rebellious subjects : but you cannot there find any instructions for common life, which to you, my children, is a more necessary branch of knowledge. For in the sphere wherein you are to move, the actions of private men, not of princes, are the proper objects of your imitation. You can seldom have to contend with any but your equals ; and in your intercourse with them, you will have more occasion for dexterity and address, than for force. Henry the Great was not pleased to see any of his dependants apply closely to the perusal of the lives of kings and emperors ; and having observed Monsieur de Neufry much attached to the study of Tacitus, apprehensive lest a destructive ambition should be excited in a man of his spirit, he advised him to lay aside the book, and confine himself to the histories of persons of his own rank.

“ This advice I address to you ; and in compliance with your reasonable request, I here give an historical account of my life, with that paternal freedom and confidence which allows me to lay open every action, which it would have been a shameful impertinence to have inserted in my Universal History. As I can neither blush from conscious vanity in relating my good actions, nor from shame in confessing my faults to you, my children, I shall recount every minute particular, as if you were still sitting on my knee, and listening

to me with the amiable simplicity of childish attention. My desire is, that what I have done well may inspire you with emulation; and that you may detest and avoid my faults, for I shall lay them all open before you; as they may prove 'the most useful part of my narration. To you I leave it to make such reflections upon them as reason and virtue shall suggest. Actions must be judged by their motives, not by their consequences. Good or ill fortune are not at our command; they are dispensed by a superior and wiser power."

"D'Aubigne's address to his children I may apply to my readers. The courage of an Alexander, the popularity of a Cæsar, the arts of an Augustus, or to approach nearer to the pursuits of a nation of politicians, the subtleties of a Machiavel, offer no subject of imitation to the greater part of mankind. Such exalted stations as call for the exertion of talents like theirs are above the reach of most men, and ought to be foreign to their wishes. But the man of steady integrity, of inflexible virtue, of noble frankness, of disinterested generosity, and of warm and sincere piety, is an object every man may, and every man ought to imitate. Virtue is within the reach of every station; it cannot, in all, wear a dress equally splendid, but it is alike respectable, in its plainest garb and in its richest attire.

"While we admire the heroic virtues of many, who lived in France at that period, we have reason to return thanks to Providence, that we are born in times wherein such virtues are not called forth in our countrymen by dreadful occasion. A civil war is the nursery of heroes. That slaughter and desolation, which sink the greatest part of a nation into despair and

wretchedness, elevate the soul of a brave man almost above mortality. He struggles with that fate, which others droop under, and seeks in the pursuit of glory, for some compensation for the loss of that happiness, of which the ravages of war deprive him, as well as the rest of his countrymen. Animated by a bolder spirit, he attempts to conquer those evils, which softer natures endeavour patiently to endure.

“The seeds of those civil wars, wherein D’Aubigne was engaged during the greatest part of his life, were sown before his birth. The rapid progress of the reformed religion in France alarmed those of the established church, and excited the civil power to take such measures to suppress it, as rather caused its increase; for the effects of persecution have ever been directly contrary to the views of those who employed it. Disappointment added rage to the bigotry of persecutors; and fear and resentment heated the zeal of the persecuted; but the enmity between the two parties did not break out into open hostilities, during the life of Henry II. who was accidentally killed in a tournament by the Count De Montgomery, in July 1559; nor in the short reign of his son and successor, Francis II. but in the minority of Charles IX. who ascended the throne of France on the fifth of December 1560, the kingdom became involved in all the horrors of a civil war.”

Theodore Agrippa D’Aubigne was born 8 Feb. 1550, and died 29 April, 1630, æt. 81, at Geneva.

“D’Aubigne left three children, Constant, his son, and two daughters; the eldest daughter married the
Seigneur

Seigneur D'Adets de Caumont, &c. the other the Seigneur de Villette de Mursey. Happy it was for D'Aubigne that he could not see so far into futurity as to know that his granddaughter, by his worthless son, would have so great a share in the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and the subsequent destruction of the reformed churches in France, for the preservation of which he so freely sacrificed his fortune, and would joyfully have laid down his life, could he thereby have purchased their prosperity. The interests of the religion he professed were through life his first object; he wished to extend its influence, and steadily practised the duties it recommended; from which even his passions, strong as they were by nature, could not seduce him. His integrity, his love of civil liberty, and every principle of virtue, were so founded on, or blended with his piety, that neither the sunshine of favour nor the storms of fortune could overcome them. Ambition could not tempt him to violate the natural probity of his mind, nor to forego his sincerity, though he knew that his fortune was at stake; that by courtly compliances he should rise to honours and dignities; without them, had nothing but neglect, perhaps hatred, to expect; for princes seldom love the man who refuses their favours. The uncommon brightness of his understanding and the liveliness of his wit were such recommendations to him in a court, and especially to a sovereign who had so much himself, and allowed the greatest latitude in that way to all around him, as could not have failed of rendering him a general favourite, if his rigid manners and blunt frankness had not disgusted, because they reproached those whom his conversation delighted. Had he not of himself told us the

very early progress he made in letters, it would have been difficult to have reconciled his learning with his military life, which seems to have allowed no leisure for study. At seventeen years old he entered the army; was a captain fifty years, forty-four of which he was *maitre de camp*, and thirty-two also *mareschal de camp*; continually engaged in the field or in some military operations; yet his writings are very numerous, and lasting monuments of his genius. Some of them, indeed, though admired at the season they were written, being relative only to the occurrences of those times, have now lost much of their merit, as the poignancy of the satire, and the play of wit to be found in them, are no longer felt, nor in many parts discerned, from our ignorance of the things designed to be ridiculed. Of these are *Les Confessions de Sancy*, and *Les Aventures du Baron de Fœneste*. The merit of his *General History of his own Time* did not depend on times and seasons; it will always be esteemed as one of the best during that period, though none ever produced a greater number of historians, the natural consequence of an uncommon series of interesting and shining events.

“His “*Private Memoirs*” were written only for the use of his children, never published by him, nor till very long after his death. He left but two of them, and desired they might never be published. Herein he was disobeyed; and there seems so little reason for burying them in oblivion, that the disobedience is excusable.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Scott obtained a just reputation by this life. It is compiled not only from D'Aubigne's own private account, but from the principal historians and memoir-writers of that age: and it is characterized not only by research and knowledge, but by a perspicuous narrative; by a lucid selection and arrangement of materials; by force of sentiment, and vigour of language.

a very interesting life

ART. XIX. *Heroologia Anglica: hoc est, Clarissimorum et doctissimorum aliquot Anglorum, qui floruerunt ab anno Cristi M.D. usque ad presentem annum MDCCXX, vivæ effigies, vitæ, et elogia. Duobus Tomis. Authore H. H. Anglo Britanno. Impensis Crispini Passæi Calecographus, et Janssonii Bibliopolæ Arnheimensis. Folio.*

This is part of an engraved title-page, ornamented with figures, with a small map of England at the top, and a view of London at the bottom.

The author was Henry Holland, son of Philemon Holland, a physician and schoolmaster at Coventry, and the well-known translator of Camden, &c. Henry was born at Coventry, and travelled with John Lord Harrington into the Palatinate in 1613, and collected and wrote (besides the *Heroologia*) "*Monumenta Sepulchralia Ecclesiæ S. Pauli Lond.*" 4to; and engraved and published "*A book of Kings, being a true and lively effigies of all our English Kings from the Conquest till this present,*" &c. 1618. He was not educated either in Oxford or Cambridge, having been a member of the Society of Stationers in London. I think it is most probable that he was brother to Abraham

ham Holland, who subscribes his name as "Abr. Holland alumnus S.S. Trin. Coll. Cantabr." to some copies of Latin verses on the death of John second Lord Harrington, of Exton, in the *Heroologia*; which Abraham was the author of a poem, called "*Naumachia*; or, *Holland's Sea-Fight*," Lond. 1622. 4to. and died 18 Feb. 1625, when his "*Posthuma*" were edited by "his brother H. Holland." At this time however there were other writers of the name of Hen. Holland. *

The *Heroologia* is dedicated to James I. After which is "*Præfatio ad Spectatorem piūm, et ad humanum Lectorem.*" This is succeeded by "*Post-Præfatio seu commonefactio Spectatori piō, Lectori candido, Censorique æquo.*" The last I will copy as explanatory of the work.

"Docti, dilecti, piique: En vobis delineatas Anglicanæ gentis heroum effigies, quas curavi (quod maxime potui) ut ab ipsis illorum vivis imaginibus oleo depictis effingerentur: una cum succincta vitarum suarum historia, quæ collegi et conquestivi ex ipsis VERITATIS visceribus, in mundi theatrum produco, non spectandi solum gratiâ (cum puerorum sit nuda oscilla, seu imagunculas attonite intueri) nedum superstitioso affectu ullo: Papistæ enim canonizatorum sacrificulorum suorum Icones retinere solent inviolatas; sed etiam idque imprimis, ut illorum piam memoriam illustremque famam immortalitati commendarem, defunctosque quodammodo a mortuis excitarem, et illis quandam vitam infunderem. Neque tamen dicti illius immemor, S^ci Augustini in libris suis de Civitate

* Wood's Ath. I. 499.

Dei: "Sepulchrorum memoria magis est vivorum consolatio quam defunctorum utilitas." Denique ut ipse hæc vivorum simulachra intuitus, et virtutibus jam defunctorum notatibus Deum Opt. Max. gloria afficias, propter tam eximios et salutares ministros excitatos. Theologorum autem et scriptorum vitis ut-
cunque a me delineatis catalogum, et quasi Commem-
tariolum quoddam singulorum librorum et tractatuum
ab iis conscriptorum sive Anglice sive Latine editorum
subjeci et subjunxi.

Sed fortasse aliquis vestrum excipiet (vos autem *ὁμι-
λῆταις* populares meos alloquor) supercesse, complures
alios per excellentes viros natione Anglos 'qui in hoc
album referri possent: Concedo id quidem, sed in
veras illorum effigies non potui incidere: falsas autem
et adulterinas Picturas in omnium conspectum pro-
ferre nolui: Huc accedit, quod destinatum et mihi pro-
positum numerum, complevi. Neque vereor affirmare
hos ipsos quos exhibui intra centenos annos proxime
elapsos in Natione nostra longe excelluisse. Nihilo-
minus, si qua in re deliquerim vel minus exquisitè quid
descripserim, quod non adco repugnanter cognoscam,
ad tuam, benevole Lector Spectatorque, facilem et
candidam censuram confugio, unde in proposito meo
confirmabor, et postea omnium aspectui judicioque
exponam, consimiles virorum præstantium atque
etiānum in nostra Gente superstitum effigies qui-
bus sapientiores, doctiores, prudentiores, nulla ætas
vidit. Et hoc sane opus parturio, jamque in manibus
habeo. Iterum valete."

Next follows "Admonitio ad Lectorem," which is
succeeded by several copies of commendatory Latin
verses.

The

The first division, or volume (both being bound together, and paged as one), contains principally laymen; the second is entirely dedicated to divines.

This work is very valuable, as it contains, I believe, the first regular collection of English heads, several of which are done by the family of Pass, and many of subjects which have never been otherwise engraved, except as they were copied from these. A reference to the enumeration of prints in the first volume of Granger's Biographical History will confirm this assertion. It may however be useful to give

A List of the Portraits in this Work.

Tom. I.

1. Henry VIII.
2. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex Ob. 1540.
3. Sir Thomas More. Ob. 1535.
4. Cardinal Wolsey. Ob. 1530.
5. Cardinal Reginald Pole. Ob. 1558.
6. Edward VI.
7. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset; a fine head. Ob. 1549.
8. Lady Jane Gray. Ob. 1553.
9. Q. Elizabeth; followed by a print of her tomb.
10. Henry Prince of Wales; a fine head. Ob. 1612.
11. The same, a whole length, Tilting; followed by a print of his tomb.
12. Sir John Check; a fine head. Ob. 1557.
13. William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Ob. 1569.
14. Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex. Ob. 1576.
15. Sir Nicholas Bacon. Ob. 1578.
16. Sir

16. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Navigator. Ob. 1583.
17. Sir Henry Sydney, K. G. (of whom a beautiful portrait remains at Penhurst.) * Ob. 1586.
18. Sir Philip Sydney. Ob. 1586.
19. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, by W. Pass. Ob. 1588.
20. Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick. Ob. 1589.
21. Sir Francis Walsingham. Ob. 1590.
22. Sir Richard Granville, Navigator. Ob. 1591.
23. Thomas Candish, Navigator. Ob. 1592.
24. Christopher Carlile, Navigator. Ob. 1593.
25. Sir Martin Frobisher, Navigator. Ob. 1594.
26. Sir John Hawkins, Navigator. Ob. 1596.
27. Sir Francis Drake, Navigator. Ob. 1596.
28. William Cecil, Lord Burleigh. Ob. 1598.
29. Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Ob. 1600.
30. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. Ob. 1601.
31. George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. Ob. 1605.
32. Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. Ob. 1612.
33. Thomas Sutton, Founder of the Charterhouse. Ob. 1611.
34. John Harrington, Lord Harrington of Exton. Ob. 1613.
35. John second Lord Harrington of Exton. Ob. 1614. fine.

The Second Part is dedicated “ Ad utrasque illustrissimas et florentissimas Angliæ Academias, binos

* Granger ~~makes~~ a strange mistake in calling his mother a Dudley. His wife was a Dudley, by which his son Sir Philip became nephew to Robert Earl of Leicester.

illos

illos regni oculos, sydera clara, binosque *Literarum et Religionis purioris fontes*," which is followed by "auctoris inscriptiuncula."

List of the Portraits in Tom. II.

36. John Collet, Dean of St. Paul's. Ob.
37. William Tyndal, Martyr. Ob. 1536.
38. John Bradford, Martyr. Ob. 1555.
39. Bishop Hugh Latymer, Martyr. Ob. 1555.
40. Bp. Nicolas Ridley, Martyr. Ob. 1555.
41. John Rogers, Martyr. Ob. 1555.
42. Laurence Sanders, Martyr. Ob. 1555-6.
43. Abp. Thomas Cranmer. Ob. 1556.
44. John Bale, Bp. of Ossory. Ob. 1558.
45. Bp. John Jewell. Ob. 1573.
46. David Whitehead. Ob. 1571.
47. Abp. Matthew Parker. Ob. 1574.
48. Thomas Becon. Ob. 1570.
49. John Cay, M. D. Ob. 1573.
50. Robert Abbot, Bp. of Salisbury. Ob. 1618.
51. James Montagu, Bp. of Winchester. Ob. 1618.
52. Edward Dering. Ob. 1576.
53. Abp. Edmund Grindall. Ob. 1583.
54. John Fox, Martyrologist. Ob. 1587.
55. Abp. Edwin Sandys. Ob. 1588.
56. Laurence Humfrey. Ob. 1589.
57. John More, S. T. P. Ob. 1592.
58. William Whitaker, S. T. P. Ob. 1595.
59. Alexander Nowell. Ob. 1601.
60. William Perkins, S. T. P. Ob. 1602.
61. Abp. John Whitgift. Ob. 1603.
62. John Reynolds, D.D. Ob. 1607.

63. Richard

- 63. Richard Vaughan, Bp. of London. Ob. 1607.
- 64. Gervase Babington, Bp. of Worcester. Ob. 1610.
- 65. Thomas Holland, S. T. P. Ob. 1612.

ART. XX. *Abel Redivivus : or, The Dead yet speaking. The lives and deaths of the Modern Divines. Written by severall able and learned men (whose names ye shall finde in the Epistle to the Reader.) And now digested into one volume, for the benefit and satisfaction of all those that desire to be acquainted with the paths of piety and virtue. Prov. x. 7. "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." London, Printed by Thomas Brudenell for John Stafford, dwelling in Brides Churchyard, near Fleetstreet. 1651. 4to.*

This is one of the voluminous publications of Dr. Thomas Fuller, who signs his name to the "Epistle to the Reader," from his residence at Waltham Abbey.

The work is adorned with a great many small engraved heads, which, though mentioned generally in a note by Granger (Vol. I. p. 204) are, I think, not particularly specified by him. None, I presume, are originals, but copied from Holland, Boissard, and others.

"As for the makers of the work," says Fuller in the Epistle, "they are many; some done by Dr. Featly, now at rest with God, viz. The lives of Jewell, Reynolds, Abbot, and diverse others. Some by that reverend and learned divine Master Gataker; viz. The lives of Peter Martyn, Bale, Whitgift, Ridley, Whitaker,

aker, Parker, and others. Dr. Willet's life by Dr. Smith, his son in law. Erasmus his life by the Rev. Bishop of Kilmore. The life of Bishop Andrewes, by the judicious and industrious, my worthy friend, Master Isaacson: and my meannesse wrote all the lives of Berengarius, Huss, Hieron of Prague, Archbishop Cranmer, Master Fox, Perkins, Junius, &c. Save the most part of the poetry was done by Master Quarles, father and son, sufficiently known for their abilities therein. The rest the Stationer got transcribed out of Mr. Holland and other authors."

I shall only cite the poetical character at the end of the life and death of Dr. Andrew Willet.

" See here a true Nathaniel, in whose breast
A careful conscience kept her lasting feast.
Whose simple heart could never lodge a guile
In a soft word, nor malice in a smile.
He was a faithful labourer, whose pains
Was pleasure; and an other's good, his gains:
The height of whose ambition was, to grow
More ripe in knowledge, to make others know:
Whose lamp was ever shining, never hid;
And when his tongue preach'd not, his actions did:
The world was least his care; he fought for heaven;
And what he had, he held not carn'd, but given:
The dearest wealth he own'd, the world ne'er gave;
Nor owes her ought but house-rent for a grave."

Dr. Andrew Willet, Rector of Barley in Hertfordshire, was a celebrated divine, whose theological works, both Latin and English, are numerous. He died 4 Dec. 1621, æt. 59. He was also a poet, the author of "Sacra Emblemata," and "an Epithalamium" in English. "As the Latins," says A. Wood, "have had

had these emblematisers Andr. Alciatus, Reusnerus, and Sambucus, so in England we have had these in the reign of Q. Eliz. Andr. Willet, Thom. Combe, and Geoffrey Whitney ;”* which words, it seems, were borrowed from Meres.

A well-written selection of the Lives of our most celebrated Divines, with critical accounts of their works, is a desideratum in our literature, which, if supplied, seems calculated for a most extensive sale, and the most important benefits to society. Such a work, if well digested, and brought within a moderate compass, no clergyman could forego, and to the many of this profession, who cannot purchase a library, it would afford an advantageous substitute. It would encourage their labours, assist their studies, and direct their judgments; while the charms of biography would render it interesting to those who are least inclined to the toil of books. Such a work ought only to be undertaken by a clergyman, who joins to an intimacy with the whole learning of his profession, the skill of composition, and the powers of a vigorous, reflecting, and rich mind.

ART XXI. NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The third volume of the “Progresses of Q. Elizabeth, by John Nichols, F.A.S. Edinb. and Perth, to which are subjoined some of the early progresses of King James,” published this month, having but this moment reached the Editor of the *CENSURA*, he cannot refrain from announcing a work so full of entertainment to antiquarian readers, though he has not yet had time

* Ath. I. 230. Ritson's Bibl. Poet. p. 394.

to examine its contents minutely, much less to give an account of them. The two first volumes have been long since sold.

The Editor also feels no common pleasure in congratulating his readers on the appearance of a work of the highest interest, which, though he has yet had only a few minutes to inspect, he has no doubt will be found amply to supply a great desideratum in our literature : This is "The Plays of Philip Massinger, by W. Gifford, Esq. with notes critical and explanatory, in four volumes, 8vo." The precision and sagacity of thought, the force and elegance of stile, which distinguish the author of the Baviad and Mæviad, break out in every line of the Introduction.

Mr. Johnes has brought forward a third volume of his translation of Froissart.

Mr. Park has already edited the works of Milton, Thomson, Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, Beattie, and Cunningham, for Sharpe's edition of the Poets. It is much to be desired, that he would add new lives of the authors, inspired as they would be by that union of research and taste and feeling, which so preeminently distinguish him.

Mr. Todd's edition of Spenser has not yet reached the Editor.

June 24, 1805.

ART.

ART. XXII. *A Select Obituary of Literary Persons of Great Britain,*

OMITTED IN THE BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, FOR
SIXTY YEARS FROM 1734.

1734.

Hon. Roger North, Biographer, 1 March, aged 90
Reverend John Clarke, Class. Edit. 8 May
William Oldisworth, 22 August

1739.

Charles Hornby, Esq. Antiq. 19 September

1740.

Knightly Danvers, Lawyer, 14 January
Archibald Hutchinson, Pol. Arith. 12 August

1741.

Samuel Buckley, Editor of Thuanus, 8 September

1742.

Reverend Charles Wheatley, Divine, 13 May
Nathan Bailey, Author of Dictionary, 27 June
John Oldmixon, 9 July

1744.

Giles Jacob, 5 May

1745.

Reverend Arthur Bedford, 13 September

Y 2

George

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1746.

George Ogle, Esq. Poetical Translator, 20 October

1747.

Reverend John Lewis of Margate, Antiq. 16 January

Michael Mattaire, 17 September

Thomas Robinson, (Law of Gavelkind) 29 December

1748.

Dr. Samuel Patrick, 20 March

1749.

Sir Matthew Decker, Baronet, 18 March

Reverend James Upton, 13 August

Mark Catesby, F.R.S. aged 70, 24 December

1752.

Henry Coventry, Esq. 29 December

1753.

Richard Earl of Burlington, 4 December

Robert Shiels, Biographer, 27 December

1754.

Samuel Gale, F.A.S. 10 January

Sollom Emlyn, Esq. 28 June

Duchess of Somerset, 7 July

Reverend Samuel Shuckford, 14 July

1755.

Zachariah Williams, æt. 83

Sir William Yonge, K. B. 10 August

Charles

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1756.

Charles Viner, Esq. Lawyer, 5 June
Richard Roderick, F. A. S. 20 July

1757.

James Dawkins, Traveller, December

1760

Arthur Collins, Genealogist, 16 March
Reverend Mr. Upton, Prebendary of Rochester, 2 Dec.

1761.

Reverend Mr. Cawthorne, Poet, 15 April
Wm. Huggins, Esq. Translator of Ariosto, 2 July

1763.

Sir Michael Foster, Judge K. B. 7 November

1764.

Hamilton Boyle, Earl of Corke, 17 January
Rev. Tho. Newcomb, A. M. Poet, aged 91

1767.

Sir Martin Wright, Judge K. B. 26 September

1768.

Richard Mounteney, Clas. Edit. Bar. Exq. Irel. 9 April

1769.

Sneyd Davies, D. D. 6 Feb.

Mr. Derrik, 6 May

Reverend Zechariah Mudge, 21 April

Edmund Hoyle, Author of Whist, aged 97, 29 August

τ 3

Honourable

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1770.

Honourable Charles Yorke, 20 January

1771.

George Canning, 11 April
Frederick Lord Baltimore, 8 September,
Reverend William Langhorne

1772.

Samuel Dyer, F. R. S. 13 September
Thomas Nugent, LL. D. 27 April

1773.

Anthony Askew, M. D. 27 February
Rev. Walter Harte
Hall Hartson

1774.

Reverend Charles Jenner, Poet
Glocester Ridley, 3 November

1775.

Reverend Dr. Richardson, 12 March
Samuel Boyce, Engraver and Poet, 21 March
Reverend Dr. David Durell, 16 October
Christopher Nugent, M. D. 12 November

1777.

Reverend William Gostling, A. M.

1778.

Rev. James Hampton, Translator of Pelybius, 15 July
Alexand

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1779.

Alexander Dow, Historian

George Edward Ayscough, 14 October

1780.

Foote Gower, M. D. Antiquary, 27 May

Samuel Musgrave, M. D. Gr. Crit. 4 July

Captain John Carver, Traveller.

1781.

John Aikin, D. D.

Robert Watson, D. D. Historian, 7 April

1782.

Rev. W. Cole, F. A. S. 16 December

1783.

Jeremiah Milles, D. D. 1 February

Reverend John Watson, of Stockport, 14 March

William Lawrence, M. D. 6 June, aged 71

Peter Pinnel, D. D. 16 August

1784.

Mrs. Vigor, 12 September

Edward Wynne, Barrister, 24 December

1785.

Thomas Gibbons, D. D. 22 February

Reverend Henry Taylor, May

Charles Collignon, M. D. 1 October

1786.

Joseph Edmondson, Herald, 17 February

J. O. Justamond, Translator, 27 February

τ 4

Captain

Thomas Townson, D.D. 9 April, æt. 78
 John Thorpe, F.A.S. 2 August, æt. 78.
 John Ross, D.D. Bishop of Exeter, 14 August
 Constantine Lord Mulgrave, 10 October
 Philip Thicknesse, 28 October, aged 73
 Rev. Alexander Crowcher Schomberg, 6 April, æt. 36
 Mrs. Sheridan, 28 June
 John Leake, M. D. 8 August

1793.

Mrs. Griffiths, Novelist, January
 Mrs. Taylor (late Miss Scott), Poetess, 4 June
 James Six, F.R.S. 25 August
 Reverend John Collinson, F.A.S. Topog.; 27 Aug.
 Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Rochester, 22 August
 Rev. John Mitchell, F.R.S. 21 April, æt. 60
 Barak Longmate, Engraver, 23 July, aged 55
 Rev. John Wallis, 23 July, æt. 79

1794.

Charles Fearne, Barrister, 25 January, æt. 52
 Rev. Richard Paget, 9 December, aged 28

1795.

Rev. Anthony Temple, 30 April, æt. 72
 John Pownall, F.A.S. 17 July, aged 70
 Rev. Hen. Zouch, A.M. 17 June
 George Adams, Optician, 14 Aug.
 Sir John Prestwich, 14 August
 Rev. Edw. Heber, A.M. 15 Oct. æt. 44
 Rev. Sambrook N. Russell, 29 November

Rev.

1796.

Rev. Samuel Pegge, LL.D. 14 Feb. æt. 92**John Anderson, F R. S.** 13 January, æt. 70**Charles Rivington Hopson, M. D.** 23 December**Thomas Christie,** October, at Surinam

1797.

William Gillum, Poet, 9 January**Francis Randolph, D. D.** 18 February, æt. 84**Reverend Peter Newcome,** 2 April, aged 70**Reverend Charles Bulkeley,** 15 April, aged 78**Lt. John Heyrick, Poet,** 18 June, aged 35*(To be continued.)*

ART. XXIII. *A List of Literary Persons of Great Britain, who have died in the last twelve years, with the dates of their deaths.*

[Continued from p. 104.]

1801.

Sir James Stonehouse, Bart. M.D. 8 Dec. æt. 80
 Hugh Blair, D.D. 27 December, æt. 83
 Sir George Leonard Staunton, Bart. circ. December
 Robert Orme, Esq. the Historian, January
 Robert Farren Cheetham, 12 January, æt. 24
 Samuel Rudder, Gloucestershire Historian, 15 March
 William Heberden, M.D. May 17, æt. 91
 Rev. William Drake, M. A. F. A. S. 13 June, æt. 80
 John Millar, Esq. Scotch Professor of Law, 30 April
 Rev. William Hawkins, late Poetry Professor, Oxford,
 12 July, æt. 79
 Sir Grey Cooper, 30 July, æt. 76
 Robert Bage, Novelist, 1 September, æt. 72
 Rev. Owen Manning, 9 September, æt. 80
 Gilbert Wakefield, 10 September, æt. 46
 Benjamin Blayney, D.D. 20 October, æt. 74
 Richard Pulteney, M.D. 16 Nov. æt. 72
 David Levi, learned Jew
 Bennet Langton, Esq. LL.D. 18 December, æt. 66
 Rev. James Hurdis, 22 Dec. æt. 39
 Mrs. Chapone, 25 Dec. æt. 75

John

325.

1802.

John Moore, M. D. 18 February. æt. 72
Alexander Geddes, LL. D. 25 February. æt. 65
Erasmus Darwin, M. D. 17 April, æt. 71
George Fordyce, M. D. 25 May, æt. 66
Lady Burrell, 20 June
Thomas Garnett, M. D. 28 June, æt. 37
R. Owen Cambridge, 17 September, æt. 86
Thomas Knowles, D. D. 6 October, æt. 78
Joseph Strutt, Engraver, 15 October. æt. 55
Thomas Dermody, Poet, October
Henry Hunter, D. D. 27 October, æt. 64
Rev. Stebbing Shaw, 28 October, æt. 40
Samuel Paterson, 29 October, æt. 78
Rev. Henry Moore, 2 February, æt. 71
John Butler, Bishop of Hereford, 10 Dec. æt. 85

1803.

John Throsby, Topographer, 5 February, æt. 66
William Boys, F.A.S. 15 March, æt. 68
Sir James Marriott, Knight, 21 March, æt. 73
Henry Skrine, Tourist
Sir William Hamilton, K. B. 6 April, æt. 74
Henry Swinburne, Traveller, April
Charles Peter Layard, DD. FRS. 10 April, æt. 55
Rev. Richard Hole, Poet, 28 May
Robert Jephson, Esq. Poet, 31 May
Joseph Richardson, Esq. 9 June, æt. 46
Joseph Galloway, 29 August
Alexander Thomson, Poet, 7 November, æt. 41

Rev.

Rev. Richard Amner, Dissenting Minister, 8 June,
æt. 67

William Woodfall, Printer, 1 August, æt. 58

John Hoole, Poet, 2 August, æt. 76

John Topham, F. A. S. 19 August

James Beattie, LL.D. 18 August, æt. 68.

Ralph Griffith, LL.D. Founder of *Monthly Review*,
28 September, æt. 83

Joseph Ritson, Critic, September

Thomas Astle, F. A. S. 1 December, æt. 69

1804.

Rev. John Fawcett, Dissenting Minister, 24 Jan.

Philip Yorke of Erthyg, F. A. S. 19 Feb. æt. 61

Rev. John Howlett, 29 February

Joseph Priestley, LL.D. 6 February, æt. 74

Rev. Wm. Gilpin, 5 April, æt. 80

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, B.D. 12 April, æt. 45

Rev. Robert Potter, August

Rev. Samuel Ayscough, November

Jacob Bryant, November, æt. 89

Rev. Richard Graves, 23 November, æt. 90

Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, 8 January, aged 84

Newton Ogle, D.D. 6 Jan. aged 78

Rev. Henry Cox Mason, A.M.

Mr. Thomas Malton, Tourist, 7 March

John Whitehead, M.D. 7 March

Powell Snell, Poet, 8 April, æt. 67

Rev. Jonathan Boucher, 27th April, æt. 67

W. Forsyth, F. A. S. 25 July

Robert Macfarlane, 8 August, aged 70

Rev. Thomas Twining, A. M. 6 August, aged 70

Sir Geo. A. W. Shuckburgh, 11 August, aged 53

Rev.

Rev. Rob. Ingram, A. M. 3 August, aged 77
 Thomas Percival, M. D. 30 August, æt. 64
 Rev. W. Tyndal, A. M. F. A. S. 16 September
 Rev. Thomas James, A. M. 24 September
 Mr. Carter, Ballad Writer, 12 October
 Francis Eyre, 7 November, aged 72
 Rev. Dr. Archibald Maclaine, 25 November, æt. 82
 James Bandinell, D.D. 25 Nov. æt. 93
 Mrs. Lefroy, Poetess, 16 December, aged 56
 Charles Nalson Cole, 18 December, æt. 82
 Samuel Rose, Barrister, 20 December, 37
 W. Cunningham, Poet, 27 December, æt. 24.

1805

Charles Townley, F. R. S. A. S. 3 January, æt. 67
 Professor John Robison, A.M. of Edinburgh, 30 Jan.
 William Buchan, M. D. 25 Feb. aged 76
 Col. Philip De La Motte, Antiquary, 11 March
 Wm. Butter, M. D. 23 March, æt. 79
 Dr. Bisset, 21 May, æt. 48
 Thomas Pownall, F. R. A. S. S. æt. 85, 25 Feb.
 William Paley, D. D. 25 May
 Sir William Pulteney, Bart. 28 May

ARTHUR MURPHY.

"On the 19th of June 1805, departed this life, at his apartments at Knightsbridge, in the 78th year of his age, Arthur Murphy, Esq. Barrister at Law and a Benchet of Lincoln's Inn. He lived in the closest friendship with the most polished authors and greatest lawyers of his time. His knowledge of the classics was profound. His translations of the Roman historians enlarged his fame. His dramatic productions were inferior to none of the time in which he flourished.

The

The fire of the poet was particularly adorned by the refined taste of the critic. The moderation of his ambition, and the modesty of his nature, inclined his genius to court the retirement of his study, in preference to the pursuits of an active life. As a man of high talents and a warm heart he lived honoured, and as a very devout Christian he was long resigned to the will of his Creator; in the words he was often heard to repeat from Pope—

Half taught by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death and calmly pass away."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor is much obliged to Mr. Brayley for the MS. regarding Richard the Third, which he has not yet had time to examine sufficiently.

The Editor has to lament that the very curious article regarding Puttenham's Art of Poetry, by his friend Mr. Gilchrist, has only reached him this day: otherwise it would have supplied the place of much less valuable matter in this Number. It will of course appear in No. IV.

Mr. B. is particularly obliged to Mr. S. for his hint regarding "The Handful of Pleasant Delites."

ERRATA in No. II.

A Correspondent has pointed out some errors of the press and of the transcriber, in the article of Dr. Frank Nichols, p. 195; he became M. D. 1729, and read the H. oration 1739. He died 7 Jan. 1778, not 1780.

P. 124. Mr. Johnes is M. P. *for* Cardiganshire, *not* Carmarthenshire.

P. 113. for "futile" read "fertile."

P. 114. for "Cantates" read "Cantantes."

ERRATA in No. III.

The 67th Poem in England's Helicon is entitled "Firmius the Shepheard," and the 76th is "Montana" (not "Montano") the Shepheard his love to Aminta.

June 24, 1805.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER IV.

ART. I. *Jehovah Jireh. God in the Mount; or, England's Parliamentary Chronicle. Containing a most exact narration of all the most material Proceedings of this renowned and unparalell'd Parliament: the armies which have been or are in the severall parts of this land; the manner of the battails and sieges of Kenton, Brainford, Stafford, Litchfield, Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Lin, Gloucester, Newbury, and of those other places in England where any have been, from the yeare 1641 to this present moneth of October 1643, concluding with the late Covenant of Great Britain and Ireland. Collected and published, principally for the high honour of our wonder-working God, still most graciously and gloriously carrying on the great work of a pure reformation in Church and State; as also for the great encouragement of all that are zealous for God and lovers of their country. By the most unworthy admirer thereof, JOHN VICARS.*

Happy art thou, O Israel, who is like unto thee! O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help,

and who is the sword of thy excellencie: and thine enemies shall be found lyers unto thee: and thou shalt tread upon their high places. Deut. iii. 2.

The works of the Lord are great, and sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. His works are honourable and glorious, and his righteousness endureth for ever. Psalm iii. 2, 3.

The Lord hath so done all his marvellous works, that they ought to be had in everlasting remembrance. Psalm iii. 4.

It is ordered by the Committee of the House of Commons in Parliament, concerning Printing, that this book intituled, GOD ON THE MOUNT, or, A Parliamentarie Chronicle, be printed by Jo. Rothwell and Tho. Underhill, Jo. White.

London: printed by T. Paine and M. Simmons, for J. Rothwell and T. Underhill. 1644. pp. 434, besides index, and dedications, &c.

The first part of this work ends at page 87, and the second part begins at page 89, with the title "GOD IN THE MOUNT; or, A Continuation of England's Parliamentary Chronicle."

ART. II. *God's Arke overtopping the world's waves; or, the third part of the Parliamentary Chronicle. Containing a successive continuation and exact and faithfull narration of all the most materiall Parliamentary Proceedings and memorable mercies where-with God hath crowned this famous present Parliament and their armies in all the severall parts of the land; the famous sieges, defeats, battails, victories and prizes obtained and taken by land and sea;*

tes; the appeasing of the Kentish Rebellion; Hull's admirable preservation; the famous victories at Horn-castle, Aulton, Alsford, Selby, and Arundell Castle; Discoveries of many desperate plots and designs against the Parliament; the establishing of a new Great Seal of England; the advance and actions of our Brethren the Scots among us; the most renowned siege and deliverance of Plymouth and Lyme: together with all the famous performances of all our armies in the West and North of the kingdome, from July 1643 to July 1644: and concluding with a most exact, full, and faithfull relation of the most famous victory at Marston Moor, near York. Collected and published for God's high honour and the great encouragement of all that are zealous for God and lovers of their country. By the most unworthy admirer of them, JOHN VICARS.

What nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto it, as the Lord our God is in all things that we have called upon him for? Only therefore take heed to thyselfe, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things, which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart, all the dayes of thy life: But teach them to thy sons and thy sons' sons. Deut. iv. 7, 9.

London: printed by M. Simons and J. Macock, 1646. 4to. pp. 304, besides Tables and Dedications.

ART. III. *The Burning Bush not consumed; or, the Fourth and last part of the Parliamentarie Chronicle. Containing a full and faithfull continuation*

Continuation and exact narration of all the most materiall and most memorable proceedings of this renowned Parliament. The Armies and Forces, which are or have been in the severall parts of the kingdome; the description of all the brave battails, victories, and famous defeats given to the enemies, both by sea and land; especially the winning of Newcastle, the glorious victory at Naseby, and that famous victory at Langport, won through fire and water; together with all the other admirable successes of our most renowned and victorious Generale Sir Thomas Fairfax, with his despised new-modelled army in the West, even to admiration: and the happy rendition of Oxford, and the rest of the strong garrisons about it. Beginning from August 1644, and comming up to this present moneth of July 1646. Collected for God's high honour, and all pious Parliamentarians' comfort: By the most unworthie admirer of them, JOHN VICARS.

Isaiah lxiii. 7. I will mention the loving kindnesse of the Lord, and the high praises of our God, according to all the rich mercies which the Lord hath bestowed upon us; and his great goodnesse towards us (his English Israel) which hee hath conferred on us, according to his great mercies, and according to the multitudes of his loving kindnesse. The Third, and this Fourth Part, being printed at the sole and entire cost and charge of the authour himself.

Imprinted at London by R. C. and M. B. for M. Spark, at the Bible in Green Arbor, J. Rothwell, at the Sun in P. Churchyard, and T. Underhill; at the

the Bible in Wood-str. 1646. 4to. pp. 476, besides tables and dedications.

And at the end of this Fourth Part, is "*A Colossus of Eternall-bounden Gratitude; or, a Panegyricall Pyramides of perpetuall Praise. First erected by our Britain's ingenious and ingenuous Mercurie: And now re-erected by the unworthy authour of this Parliamentary Chronicle, with some plain and homely inlaid work of his own in some convenient places.*" pp. 14.

The First Part of this curious and very scarce medley of facts and furious party venom is dedicated 1st to the Lords and Commons, and 2dly to "Isaac Pennington, Lord Mayor"—"Sir John Wolaston, Lord Mayor Elect"—"Sir Richard Sprignall, and Alderman Warner," and their wives.

The Third Part is dedicated to Alderman Adams, Lord Mayor—Sir John Wollaston, and Sir Richard Sprignall, and their ladies.

The Fourth Part is dedicated to Thomas Adame, Esq. Lord Mayor—Sir Matthew Brand, Kt. High Sheriff of Surry; and Sir Richard Sprignall, Kt.—To Lady Francesse Brand, Lady Anne Sprignall, the Lady Rebecca Wollastone, Mistris Mary Grimstone, all of them, his pious and most precious friends.

It is difficult to select any thing from such multifarious contents. But as a short thing of the most general interest I shall transcribe the list, (though imperfect) by Vicars, of those who fell on both sides.

"Psalmes lviii. 10, 11.

"The righteous shall rejoyce when he seeth God's vengeance on the wicked, and shall wash his feet in

their blood; so that a man shall say, verily there is a God that judgeth the earth."

"The Slaine on the King's side.

1. The Earl of Lyndsey, the Lord Generall of the King's Army that appeared in the field at first against the Parliament.
2. The Lord George Stuart, being Lord of Aubignie in France.
3. The Lord John Stuart.
4. The Lord Bernhard Stuart, All these three brave young Lords being of the blood royall, and all three brothers to the Duke of Lenox.
5. The Earle of Northampton.
6. The Earle of Denbigh.
7. The Earle of Carnarvan.
8. The Earle of Sunderland.
9. The Earle of Kingstone.
10. The Earle of Strafford beheaded for treason on the Tower-hill.
11. The Lord Grandison.
12. The Lord Faulkland.
13. The Lord Carey, son to the Earle of Monmouth.
14. The Lord Ashton.
15. The Marquesse of Viville, a French Lord.
16. The Arch-Prelate of Canterbury beheaded for treason on Tower-Hill.
17. General Cavendish.
18. Generall Mynne.
19. Sir Edward Varney.
20. Sir John Harper.
21. Sir Bevell Greenville, son to the Marquesse of Hartfort.
22. Sir

22. Sir George Bowles.
23. Sir William Wentworth, brother to the Earl of Strafford.
24. Sir Francis Dacres, neare Kinsman to the Lord Dacres.
25. Sir William Lambton.
26. Sir Marmaduke Loudson.
27. Sir Thomas Metton.
28. Mounsieur Saint Paul, a French Gentleman.
29. Sir Richard Goodhill.
30. Sir Alexander Carew, beheaded for treason on the Tower-Hill.
31. Sir John Hotham, beheaded also for treason on Tower-Hill.
32. Sir Henry Gage.
33. Sir William Crofts.
34. Sir Thomas Nott.
35. Sir Owen.
36. Sir Brian Stapleton.
37. Sir Francis Carnabie.
38. Sir Richard Hutton.
39. Col. Monroe.
40. Col. Wane.
41. Col. Ewers, nephew to the Lord Ewers.
42. Col. Roper, brother to the Lord Baltinglasse.
43. Col. Slingsby, son to Sir William Slingsby.
44. Col. Fenwick, eldest son to Sir John Fenwick.
45. Col. Prideaux.
46. Col. Atkins.
47. Col. Marrow.
48. Col. Baynes.
49. Col. Conyers.
50. Generall Goring's brother.

51. Col. Houghton, son to Sir Gylb. Houghton.
52. Generall Goring's Quarter-Master-Gen. of Horse.
53. Gen. Goring's Quarter-Master of Foot.
54. Col. Phillips.
55. Lieut.-Col. Ward.
56. Lieut.-Col. Howard.
57. Lieut.-Col. Bowles.
58. Lieut.-Col. Lisle.
59. Lieut.-Col. Stonywood.
60. Serjt.-Major Beaumont.
61. Serjt.-Maj. Purvey.
62. Serjt.-Maj. Smith.
63. Serjt.-Maj. Lower.
64. Serjt.-Maj. Wells.
65. The Mayor of Preston, Mr. Adams.
66. Major Heskith.
67. Major Trevillian.
68. Major Hatton Farmar.
69. Major Pilkington.
70. Major Duet.
71. Major Heynes.
72. Major Pollard.
73. Captain Wray.
74. Capt. Bins.
75. Captain Houghton.
76. Captain Hotham, beheaded on Tower Hill.
77. Captain Baggot.
78. Captain James.
79. Captain Cornisham.
80. Captain Plunket.
81. The King's Standard-bearer at that fight where
and when the Earle of Northampton was
slaine.

82. Sir

82. Sir John Smith, brother to the Lord Carrington.
83. Dr. Weston, a Phisitian.
84. An Earl, or such like eminent personage found slaine in the field at Nasebie fight, with a star and a red crosse upon his coat, but his name or title not known.
85. Major Threave.
86. Capt. Fry.
87. Col. Billingsly.
88. Captain Cottingham.
89. Major Caft.
90. Six Priests slain in Bazing House.
91. Lieut.-Col. Gardiner.

The most eminent persons slaine on the Parliament's party, since the beginning of these unhappie warres.

1. The Lord St. John.
2. The Lord Brooke.
3. Sir William Fairfax, brother to the most noble and renowned Lord Fairfax.
4. Sir John Meldrum.
5. Major-Gen. Charles Fairfax, sonne to the aforesaid noble Lord Fairfax, and brother to our present most renowned Generall Sir Thomas Fairfax, slaine at Marston-Moore fight.
6. Col. Essex.
7. Col. Hampden.
8. Col. Tucker.
9. Lieut.-Col. Ramsey.
10. Serjt.-Major Quarles.

11. Major

11. Major Stawham, a brave Scottish Gent.
12. Major Fitz-Simons.
13. Major Bradbury.
14. Major Jackson.
15. Capt. Lacie.
16. Capt. Lister.
17. Capt. Nuttie
18. Capt. Massie.
19. Capt. Hunt.
20. Capt. Oglesby.
21. Capt. Williams.
22. Capt. Pue.
23. Master Hugh Popham.
24. Major Haynes.
25. Capt. Dove.
26. Lieut. Col. Ingoldsby.
27. Cap. Allen.
28. Maj. Francis Sydenham.
29. Col. John Gunter."

In Part III. p. 17, is a copy of "An Ordinance of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, touching the rebellion in Kent, dated "Die Mercurii, August 16, 1643," in which "Sir Henry Vane senior, Sir John Sidley, Sir Anthony Welden, Sir Michael Levesey, Sir Henry Heyman, Mr. Nut, Mr. Augustine Skinner, Mr. Thomas Blunt, Mr. Thomas Franklin, Sir Edward Boyse, Mr. Brown, Sir William Springate, Sir Edward Master, Mr. John Boyl, Mr. John Boyse, Sir Peter Wroth, Mr. Richard Lee, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Mr. Thomas Selyard, and Sir John Robarts, or any three of them, are appointed to seize upon the arms and horses of the loyalist insurgents."

But it is not yet possible to detail in this work the various contents of these volumes. *

ART. IV. "*The Arte of English Poesie, contrived into three bookes: the first of Poets and Poesie, the second of Proportion, the third of Ornament.*" At London, printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Black Friars, neere Ludgate, 1589, 4to.

This is on many accounts one of the most curious and entertaining, and intrinsically, one of the most valuable books of the age of Elizabeth. In the third volume of his History of English Poetry, Warton has given an elaborate account of Wilson's "*Arte of Rhetoricke*, printed in 1553, and in the Second Number of Oldys's British Librarian is a brief analysis of Webbe's "*Discourse of English Poetrie*," printed in 1586. Although the volume before us was printed subsequent to either of these it bears testimony of having been composed many years before it went to press, and was probably written, in part, when the earliest of the above volumes appeared; to which, as an elementary treatise on the arts, it is infinitely superior, as being formed on a more comprehensive scale and illustrated by examples, while the copious intermixture of contemporary anecdote, tradition, manners, opinions, and the numerous specimens of coeval poetry no where else preserved, contribute to form a volume of infinite amusement, curiosity, and value.

The book "comming into the printer's hands,"

* Perhaps the Editor may hereafter give farther extracts from these

(probably

(probably after the author's death) "with the bare title and without any other ordinary addresse," accounts for the solecism of its being dedicated to the Lord Treasurer Burghley, at the same time that it is addressed throughout to Elizabeth, whose portrait is prefixed: indeed the printer was evidently troubled to reconcile his own inclination with the manifest intention of the author.

The first chapters are employed in descanting on the honour and antiquity of the profession, proving poets to have been the first priests, the first prophets, the first philosophers, and what not? from the high historical authorities of Linus, Orpheus, &c. &c. "to the third and fourth generation:" yet such was the accepted opinion of our credulous forefathers, which continues to receive support and confirmation from the concurrence of the learned: "Of the dignity of Poetrie," Camden observes*, "much hath been said by the Worthie Sir Philip Sidney, and by the gentleman" (unquestionably our author) "which proved that poets were the first politicians, the first philosophers, the first historiographers: I will only add out of Philo, that they were God's owne creatures, who in his book "*de plantatione Noe*"—but if I were to eccho all the fables, *et vatum plorabile si quid*, like Milton's high reasoners on fix'd fate and free will, I should "find no end, in wandering mazes lost." Having dispatch'd the history of poetry thus far, we are taught in the seventh chapter "how in the time of Charlemaine, and many years after him the Latin poetes wrote in ryme;" among other examples he mentions one of Ed-

* Remains concerning Brittain, P. 478. Ed. 1629.

ward the Third, who, "quartering the armes of England and France, did discover his pretence and clayme to the crowne of France in these ryming verses.

Rex sum regnorum bina ratione duorum,
Anglorum regno, sum rex ego jure paterno;
Matris jure quidem Francorum nuncupor eum,
Hinc est armorum variatio facta meorum.

Which verses Philip de Valois, then possessing the crowne, as next heire male by pretexte of the lawe Salique, and holding out Edward the Third, answered in these other of as good stuffe.

Prædo regnorum qui diceris esse duorum,
Regno materno privaberis atque paterno,
Prolis jus nullum ubi matris non fuit ullum
Hinc est armorum variatio stulta tuorum.

And as this was used in the greatest and gayest matters of princes and popes by the idle invention of monastick men then reigning in all their superlative; so did every scholer and secular clerke or versifier, when he wrote any short poeme or matter of good lesson put it in rhyme, whereby it came to passe that all your old proverbes and common sayings which they would have plausible to the reader, and easie to remember and beare away, were of that sorte." He adds "we find but very few of these ryming verses among the Latines of the civiler ages, and those rather hapning by chaunce than of any purpose in the writer, as this *distick* among the disports of *Ovid*:

Quot cælum stellæ tot habet tua Roma puellas,
Pascua quotq. hædos tot habet tua Roma Cynædos."

With

With which example Mr. Sharon Turner may fortify his "Enquiry into the early use of Rhyme." *

The succeeding chapter is employed in considering the "reputation poets and poesie were in old time with princes, and otherwise generally, and how they be now become contemptible." Many examples are adduced from "olde time," and in later days "how much were Jehan de Mehi and Gulliaunte de Loris made of by the French Kings; and Geffre Chaucer, father of our English poets, by Richard the Second, who, as it was supposed, gave him the maner of New Holme in Oxfordshire. And Gower to Henry the Fourth, and Harding to Edward the Fourth. And King Henry the Eighth, her Majesties' father, for a few psalmes of David turned into English Meetre by Sternhold, made him groome of his privy chamber, and gave him many other good gifts. And one Gray what good estimation did he grow unto with the same King Henry, and afterward with the Duke of Sommerset Protector, for making certaine merry Ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The Hunte is up, the Hunte is up*. And Queene Mary his daughter for one Epithalamium or nuptial song made by Vargas a Spanish poet, at her marriage with King Philip in Winchester, gave him during his life two hundred crownes pension."

Here is a tradition concerning Chaucer which escaped the vigilance of Tyrivhitt; and what follows respecting Gower and Harding has remained unnoticed by the biographers of either: such notices it is true are too equivocal to be received implicitly, but from hints like these arising from traditions not very distant from the subjects that gave birth to them, enquiries

* V. de Archaeologia, Vol. XIV. p. 168.

may follow that may possibly lead to facts which biographers might otherwise have sought for in vain. In this chapter occurs the following anecdote of the "French Queene, Lady Anne of Britaine, wife first to King Charles the VIII. and after to Lewis the XII. who, passing one day from her lodging toward the Kinges side, saw in a gallerie Maister Allaine Chartier, the King's secretarie, an excellent maker or poet, leaning on a tables-end asleep, and stooped down to kisse him, saying thus, in all their hearings; "we may not of princely courtesie passe by and not honour with our kisse the mouth from whence so many sweete ditties and golden poems have issued:" and at a short distance Puttenham observes, that "such among the nobilitie or gentrie as be very well seene in many laudable sciences, and especially in making or poesie, it is so come to passe that they have no courage to write, and if they have, yet they are loth to be knowne of their skill. So as I know very many notable gentlemen of the court that have written commendably, and have suppress it agayne, or els suffer'd it to be publish'd without their own names to it: as if it were a discredit for a gentleman to seeme learned, and to shew himself amorous of any good art."

One is at a loss to reconcile this complaint of Puttenham with the ample catalogue of poetical writers during Elizabeth's reign, although in "The Paradise of Dainty Devises," and in Tottel's collection many anonymous specimens are to be found.

It is rather from necessity than inclination that I pass over intermediate chapters, relating chiefly to classical customs, and Latin or Greek poetry; which will be found less interesting than the 31st, containing a general criticism on English poets antecedent
and

and co-eval with the age of our author; with which, as it finishes the first division of his subject, shall also close for the present this review of the work.

“ It appeareth by sundry records of bookes both printed and written, that many of our countrymen haue painfully trauelled in this part: of whose workes some appeare to be but bare translations, others some matter of their owne invention, and very commendable, whereof some recital shall be made in this place, to th’ intent cheifly that their names should not be defrauded of such honour as seemeth due to them for hauing by their thankfull studies so much beautified our English tong (as at this day it will be found our nation is in nothing inferiour to the French or Italian for copie of language, subtiltie of deuice, good method and proportion in any forme of poeme, but that they may compare with the moeste, and perchance passe a great manie of them. And I will not reach aboute the time of King *Edward* the Third, and *Richard* the Second, for any that wrote in English meeter: because before their times by reason of the late Normane conquest, which had brought into this realme much alteration both of our langage and lawes, and therewithall a certaine martiall barbarousnes, whereby the study of all good learning was much decayd, as a long time after no man or very few extended to write in any laudable science: so as beyond that time there is little or nothing worth commendation to be founde written in this arte. And those of the first age were *Chaucer* and *Gower*, both of them as I suppose knyghtes. After whom followed *John Lydgate*, the monke of Bury, and that nameles, who wrote the *Satyre* called *Piers Plowman*; next him followed *Har-*
ding

ding the Chronicler; then in King *Henry* the Eightes times *Skelton*, (I wot not for what great worthines) surnamed the Poet *Laureat*. In the latter end of the same Kinges raigne sprong up a new company of courtlie makers, of whom Sir *Thomas Wyat* th' elder, and *Henry* Earle of *Surry* were two cheiftains, who hauing traauiled into *Italie*, and there tasted the sweete and statelie measures and style of the Italian poesie as novices newly crept out of the schools of *Dante*, *Ariosto*, and *Petrarch*, they greatlie polished our rude and homely maner of vulgar poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may iustly be sayd the first reformers of our English meeter and stile. In the same time, or not long after was the Lord *Nicholas Vaux*, a man of much facultie in vulgar makings. Afterward in King *Edward* the Sixth's time came to be in reputation for the same facultie *Thomas Sternehold*, who first translated into English certaine psalmes of *David*, and *John Heywood* the Epigrammatist, who for the myrthe and quicknesse of his conceits more than for any good learning was in him came to be well benefited by the King. But the principall man in this profession at the same time was Maister *Edward Ferrys* a man of no lesse myrthe and felicitie that way, but of much more skil, and magnificence in his meeter, and therefore wrate for the most part for the stage, in *Tragedie*, and sometimes in *Comedie* or *Enterlude*, wherein he gave the king so much good recreation, as he had thereby many good rewardes. In Queene *Maries* time, flourished aboue any other, Doctour *Phaer*, one that was well learned, and excellently translated into English verse Heroicall certaine bookes of *Virgil's Eneidos*. Since him followed Maister *Ar-*

thure Golding, who with no lesse commendation turned into English meeter the *Metamorphosis of Ouide*; and that other Doctour, who made the supplement to those bookes of *Virgil's Æneidos*, which Maister Phaer left undone. And in her Majesties time that nowe is are spronge vp an other crewe of courtlic makers noblemen and gentlemen of her Majesties own servants, who haue written excellently well, as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the reste; of which number is first that noble gentleman *Edward Earle of Oxford*, *Thomas Lord Buckhurst*, when he was young, *Henry Lord Paget*, Sir *Philip Sydney*, Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, Maister *Edward Dyer*, Maister *Fulke Greuell*, *Gascon*, *Britton*, *Turberville*, and a great many other learned gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for enuie, but to auoyde tediousnesse, and who haue deserved no little commendation. But of them all particularly this is myne opinion, that *Chaucer*, with *Gower*, *Ludgat*, and *Harding* for their antiquitie ought to haue the first place, and *Chaucer* as the most renowned of them all, for the much learning appeareth to be in him aboue any of the rest. And though many of his bookes be but bare translations out of the Latin and French, yet are they well handled, as his books of *Troilus* and *Cresseid*, and the *Romaunt of the Rose*, whereof he translated but one half, the deuice was *John de Melunes* a French poet. The *Canterbury Tales* were *Chaucer's* owne inuention as I suppose, and where he sheweth more the naturall of his pleasant wit, then in any other of his workes, his similitudes, comparisons, and all other descriptions are such as cannot be amended. His meeter Heroicall of
Troilus

Trilus and *Cresseid* is uery graue and stately, keeping the staffe of seuen, and the verse of ten ; his other verses of the Canterbury tales be but riding ryme, neurthelesse uery well becoming the matter of that pleasaunt pilgrimage in which eury man's part is playd with much decency. *Gower*, sauing for his good and graue moralities, had nothing in him highly to be commended, for his uerse was homely and without good measure, his wordes strained much deale out of the French writers, his ryme wrested, and his inuentions small subtiltie : the applications of his moralities are the best in him, and yet those many times uery grossely bestowed, neither doth the substance of his workes sufficientlie answer the subtiltie of his titles. *Lydgat* a translatour onely and no deuiser of that which he wrate, but one that wrate in good verse. *Harding*, a poet epic or historical, handled himselfe well according to the time and manner of his subject. He that wrote the Satyr of Piers Plowman, seemed to have bene a malcontent of that time, and therefore bent himselfe wholly to taxe the disorders of that age, and specially the pride of the Romane Clergy, of whose fall he seemeth to be a very true prophet ; his verse is but loose meeter, and his termes hard and obscure, so as in them is little pleasure to be taken. *Shelton* a sharpe satirist, but with more rayling and scoffery then became a Poet Lawreat. Such among the Greekes was called *Pantomium*, with us buffoons, altogether applying their wits to scurrillities and other ridiculous matters. *Henry Earle* of Surrey and *Sir Thomas Wyat*, betweene whome I finde very little difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes vpon English poesie ; their conceits were lofty,

their stiles stately, their conueyance cleanly, their termes proper, and their meetre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister *Francis Petrarcha*. The Lord *Vaux* his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptness of his descriptions such as he taketh vpon him to make, namely, in sundry of his songs, wherein he sheweth the counterfait action very liuely and pleasantly. Of the latter sorte I thinke thus: That for Tragedie, the Lord Buckhurst, and Maister *Edward Ferrys*, for such doings as I have sene of theirs, do deserue the hiest price. Th' Earle of Oxford and Maister *Edwardes* of her Majesties Chappell for Comedie and Enterlude. For Eglogue and pastoral poesie, Sir *Philip Sydney* and Maister Challenner, and that other gentleman who wrate the late Shepheardes Callender. For dittie and amorous Ode I find Sir *Walter Rawleigh's* wayne most lustie, insolent, and passionate. Maister *Edward Dyer*, for Elegie most sweete, solempne and of high conceit. *Gascon* for a goode meetre and for a plentifull wayne. *Phaer* and *Golding* for a learned and well corrected verse, specially in translation, cleare and very faithfully answering their authour's intent. Others haue also written with much facilitie, but more commendably perchance if they had not written so much nor so popularly. But last in recitall and first in degree is the Queene our soueraigne Ladic, whose learned, delicate, noble Muse, easilie surmounteth all the rest that haue written before her time or since, for sence, sweetness, and subtiltie, be it in Ode, Elegie, Epigram, or any other kind of poeme Heroick or Lyricke, wherein it shall please her Majestie to employe her penne, euen by as much oddes as her owne excellent estate

estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassals." *

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[To be continued.]

ART. V. *A Discourse of English Poetrie: together with the Author's Judgment touching the reformation of our English verse. By William Webbe, Graduate. Imprinted at London by John Charlewood. 4to. 1586.*

A full account of this book, of which, for the sake of juxta position, I here insert the title, may be found in Oldys's "British Librarian," p. 86.

ART. VI. *The Six Bookes of a Common-Weale. Written by J. Bodin, a famous Lawyer, and a man of great experience in matters of State. Out of the French and Latine copies, done into English, by Richard Knolles. London, Impensis G. Bishop, 1606. Imprinted by Adam Islip. Fol. pp. 794.*

Dedication by Knolles.

To my most especiall good friend, Sir Peter Manwood, Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bath.

"SIR,

"Gathering matter to continue the lives of the Turkish Emperours, but finding nothing hetherto worthy the writing, more than matters common: such

* Oldys's account of this book, extracted from the notes to his *Life of Raleigh*, is inserted in the new edition of the *Theatrum Poetarum*, p. 310.

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having been the policies of latter times, as to keepe secret the reasons and certain knowlege of the doings of great estates, that if some of the most wise, mightie, and honorable, sitting at the helmes of Commonweales, doe not shew the way, posteritie will be defrauded of the most excellent things that many ages have before brought forth: and yet succeeding times shall bring to light so much as God in his owne time seeth best for the good of the Christian Commonwealth. The *Sarasin Historie* also not to be performed without the light of their own Chronicles, and the stories of many other countries by them conquered and possessed; a more famous and mightie people, and of longer continuance than the Turkes, and the first planters, spreaders, and maintainers of the Mahometane religion: besides the difficulty of the labour to so weake a body, apace declining, wanting all comfort and helpe but your owne, by the experience of so many yeares spent in the former (and the beginning of this, which you have so long since seene) I doubt (if it please God I live to performe it) I must write it shortly, as I did the generall Historie to my Lives. In the mean time having had some leisure, and loath to bestow good houres evill, I thought good to translate these six bookes of Bodin his Commonwealth, which I here commend unto you. But Sir, my most worthy and only friend, if beside the divers formes of Commonweales, and such other worthis matter, as is here by the author set downe, you wish also to see by what lawes and customs they have been also governed, a thing infinite; I instead of all referre you unto the reading of the Common Law of this realme, which without all doubt in the auntient puritie thereof, for religious sinceritie, wisdom, power, and

and equall upright justice, excelleth all the laws of men that ever yet were, and a knowledge best be-
seeming the noble gentrie of this land. To make an
end, the whole labours of my life have been and ever
shall be comfortable to me when they please you, to
whom I have wholly dedicated myselfe. The Lord in
his great mercy ever keepe you and all yours. From
Sandwich, this 18th day of December 1605.

"Yours ever to be commaunded,

RICH. KNOLLES."

I transcribe this dedication, because so little is known of the writer, of whose History of the Turks Johnson speaks highly in his Rambler. Knolles was a clergyman and schoolmaster at Sandwich, in Kent, from which town sprung the celebrated lawyer Sir Roger Manwood, father of Sir Peter.

As to the subject of this work, the Translator in his Address to the Reader, says, "Long and many yeares agoe Plato, Xenophon, and Aristotle, and in the memorie of our fathers Sir Thomas Moore, (sometimes Lord Chauncellour of this land) all men of great fame and learning, and besides them not many moe, whose works in the space of 2000 yeares ever came to light, tooke this so noble and weightie an argument in hand; which they yet so passed through, Aristotle only excepted, as that in their most grave and learned discourses is to be seene a certaine imaginarie forme of a perfect commonweale, by themselves diversly fantasied, such as indeed never was, either yet ever shall be, rather than any true shape or fashion of such a perfect estate and commonweale, as hath indeed been, or yet reasonably may be set downe for an example for others

to imitate and conforme themselves unto. So that according to these great and learned mens high and statelie conceits, was never yet any commonweale framed, neither yet any great matter from their so absolute imaginations drawn, for the behoofe and profit of such estates and commonweales as have indeed since been, and wherein we now live. Which I say not in any thing to impaire or deminish the fame and credite of these so renowned and excellent men, whose memoriall live for ever, but onely that the strong opinion conceived of the great knowledge of them, so grave and learned auntients, and especially in matters of state, wherein they as schoolemen had but little or no experience, might not be altogether prejudiciall unto the honourable and reasonable endeavors of some others of our time, no lesse, yea and happily better, acquainted with the studies and affaires of estates and commonweales than they were. For if the true value of things bee to be deemed by the necessarie and profitable use thereof, I see not what should let, but that the six bookes of Io. Bodin De Repub. wherein hee, being himselfe a most famous civilian, and a man much employed in the publicke affaires both of his Prince and countrey, so orderly and exactly prosecuteth all formes and fashions of commonweales, with the good and evill, the perfections and imperfections incident unto the same, and many other matters and questions most necessarie to be knowne for the maintenance and preservation of them, may well be compared, yea and happily not without cause also preferred before any of them, which have as yet taken that so great an argument upon them. Which bookes by him for the common good of his native countrey onely,

first

first written in French, (and seven times printed in three yeares space, a thing not common) at such time as that mightie kingdom began now after the long and bloodie civile warres, againe to take breath, were by him afterwarde for the publicke benefit of the rest of the Christian kingdomes and commonweales turned into Latine also: which to doe he was the rather mooved, for that, as hee himselfe sayth, at the time of his employment here in England, he certainly understood one Olybius a Frenchman, privately in noble men's houses in London, and another likewise in the University at Cambridge, with great obscuritie and difficultie there to interpret those his bookes of a commonweale, then written but in French onely: which was as much as in him lay to make the same common unto all men, the chiefe scope and drift of him in the whole worke being to make the subjects obedient unto the magistrates, the magistrates unto the princes, and the princes unto the lawes of God and Nature. Which his so good and Christian an intent and purpose in some part to further, I out of French and Latine copies have into our owne vulgar translated that thou seest: seeking therein the true sense and meaning of the author, rather than precisely following the strict rules of a nice translator."

ART. VII. *Collins's Odes, Descriptive and Allegorical.* 1746.

Nothing seems more unaccountable than the caprice of public taste. The poems of Collins, of which such numerous impressions in every splendid, as well as every

every cheap form, have lately found a sale, were received with such coldness on their first publication, that the unhappy and disappointed author in a fit of disgust and indignation burned the greater part of the copies with his own hand. Yet this was the man, of the felicity of whose genius Langhorne speaks as approaching to inspiration, in a passage to which Mr. Roscoe has lately given a sanction, by citing it in his preface to the life of Leo X.

In what strange torpor were the fancy, the feelings, and the taste of the nation buried, when they could receive with indifference the Ode on the Passions, and the Odes to Fear, and to Evening! But these perhaps are too abstract for the multitude, who cannot admire them till long established authority supersedes their own judgments. So it was even with Milton, whose early compositions, the *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, the very essence of poetry, were little noticed by his contemporaries, while the vile doggerel of such wretched rhymers as Cleveland and Brome, and others of the same stamp, was universally praised and admired.

Collins is a proof, that he who gives up the reins to his fancy may act injuriously to his own happiness; but who can deny that he stands the best chance of attaining the mantle of a poet? "To repose by Elysian waterfalls," and range beyond the dull scenes of reality, may render the sensations too acute for intercourse with the rude manners of the world, and too much enervate the heart, which is doomed to encounter difficulties, neglect, and calumny. But in what other temperament can the productions of genius be formed? Can the dull reasoner, the ready wit, the happy adept
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in familiar manners, the quick observer of what is ridiculous in daily life, be qualified to rise to those "strains of a higher tone" which only deserve the name of poetry?

I have heard that genuine poetry is calculated for universal taste; an opinion which Johnson seemed to have entertained. The idea appears to me strangely erroneous. The seeds of taste must be sown by Nature: but they will never arrive at maturity without high cultivation. Such is the case in all the arts: carry a person of uncultivated mind successively into rooms where are exhibited the worst daubs of modern painters, and the finest ancient specimens of the art; and he will uniformly prefer the unchaste glare of the former. So it is with the untutored taste in poetry. And as the Flemish school of pictures is always the favourite with the mob, so are Hudibras and Swift more congenial to them than Spenser, and Milton, and Collins.

But there are those, whose original lowness of spirit, no education, no birth, or acquirements, or rank can elevate. Lord Chesterfield said that when he read Milton he always took snuff; and while he recommended to his son the vulgar points of Martial, he condemned the touching simplicity of the Greek epigrams to his supreme contempt. On a mind so constituted it is unnecessary to remark. A better style of poetry has now received the countenance of the public; and as long as Cowper, and Burns, and Beattie receive the public applause, genius will not be without "the fostering dew of praise."

ART. VIII. *History of the ancient Earls of Warren and Surry, and their descendants to the present time. By the Rev. John Watson, M. A. F. A. S. and Rector of Stockport in Cheshire.*

His name shall live from generation to generation.

Ecclus. xxxix. 9.

Warrington, printed by William Eyres, 1776, 4to. pp. 437.

This was the original edition of Dr. Watson's History mentioned in No. I and II. of which only six copies were printed, probably for the purpose of circulating them for corrections and additions. One copy, formerly Mr. Astle's, is in the Library of the Royal Institution, with the MS. notes of the compiler.

ART. IX. *A perfect Collection or Catalogue of all Knights Batchelaurs made by King James since his coming to the Crown of England. Faithfully extracted out of the Records by J. P. Esq. Somerset Herald, a devout servant of the Royal Line.*

Cicero ad Atticum. Honor quid nisi Virtus cognita.

London, printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Prince's Armes in S. Pauls Churchyard, 1660, 8vo. pp. 94. Dedicated to Sir Edward Nicholas.

This work has already been mentioned in No. III. John Philipot the author died in 1645.

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It seems by this Catalogue, that King James made 2323 Knights, of whom 900 were made the first year. "If" says the Editor, "you observe the history of those days, you will find many knighted, who, in the time of the late Queen, had shewed small affection to that king of peace. But he was wise, and best knew how to make up a breach." There is a copy of this in the Library of the Royal Institution, which was formerly Oldys's.

ART. X. *Virorum Doctorum de Disciplinis Beneficentium effigies XLIII. A Philippo Gallo Antwerpiae, 1572. fol.*

Having given an account, in my last Number, of Holland's Heroologia, I insert in this place the above work of a similar nature; though perhaps not strictly within my plan. It contains no lives like Holland: but two Latin distichs at the bottom of each portrait. At the commencement is an advertisement in two pages, entitled "Philippus Gallæus Pictor et Chalcographus Bonarum Artium Amatoribus," dated "Antwerpiae VI. Kal. Mart. 1572." Of the distichs he says "Singulorum quos nunc exhibemus elogia, Benedictus Arias Montanus, (qui disciplinarum omnium, et nostrarum etiam artium, picturæ et sculpturæ peritos plurimum diligit) binis distichis artificiose complexus est, quæ non minus varietate et elegantia, quam veritate laudum lectores juvabunt."

The portraits are 1. Æneas Silvius. 2. Abrahamus Ortelius. 3. Andreas Alciatus. 4. Andreas Vesalius. 5. Angelus Politianus. 6. Ben. Arius Montanus.

tantus. 7. Bilibaldus Pircheymer. 8. Christophor Plantinus. 9. Clemens Marotus. 10. Cornelius Gemma. 11. Cornelius Grapheus. 12. Dantes Ali-gerius. 13. Erasmus Roterod. 14. Franciscus Pe-trarcha. 15. Gemma Frisius. 16. Georgius Macro-pedius. 17. Gilbertus Limburgus. 18. Guilielmus Budæus. 19. Guilielmus Philander. 20. Hadrianus Junius. 21. Hadrianus Trajectensis. 22. Hieronymus Savonarola. 23. Jacobus Latomus. 24. Joachimus Camerarius. 25. Joannes Bapt. Gellius. 26. Joannes Becanus. 27. Joannes Bocatius. 28. Joannes Dousa. 29. Joannes Fischerus. 30. Joannes Sam-bucus. 31. Joannes Sartorius. 32. Ludovicus Vives. 33. Marsilius Ficinus. 34. Nicolaus Tar-taglia. 35. Pet. Andreas Mathiolus. 36. Petrus Apianus. 37. Petrus Bembus. 38. Rembertus Do-donæus. 39. Rodolphus Agricola. 40. Ruardus Tapperus. 41. Stanislaus Hosius. 42. Theodorus Pulmannus. 43. Thomas Morus. 44. Wolfgangus Lazius.

This book is scarce. In the copy I have seen there is bound with it " *Doctorum aliquot Virorum Vivæ Effigies. Joos de Bosscher excudebat,*" which contains forty portraits, of which some of the subjects are the same as those in the former work.

ART. XI. *A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland: containing a full account of their situa-tion, extent, soil, product, harbours, bays, tides, anchoring places, and fisheries. The ancient and modern government, religion, and customs of the inhabitants, particularly of their Druids, Heathen temples,*

temples, monasteries, churches, chapels, antiquities, monuments, forts, caves, and other curiosities of art and nature; of their admirable and expeditious way of curing most diseases by simples of their own product. A particular account of the SECOND SIGHT, or faculty of foreseeing things to come by way of vision so common among them. A brief hint of methods to improve trade in that country both by sea and land; with a new map of the whole, describing the harbours, anchoring places and dangerous rocks, for the benefit of sailors. To which is added, a brief description of the Isles of Orkney and Shetland. By M. Martin, Gent. Printed for A. Bell, at the Cross Keys and Bible in Cornhill, near Stocks-market, 1703. 8vo. p. 392, besides the dedication, preface, and contents.

This is the book which, having been put into the hands of Dr. Johnson when very young by his father,* is supposed to have infused into him the first desire of visiting the Hebrides, of which he has given so interesting and luminous an account.

The following abstract of this book is copied from the "History of the Works of the Learned, for August and September 1703, Vol. V. p. 470. † &c.

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 414.

† "The History of the Works of the Learned; or, an impartial account of books lately printed in all parts of Europe. With a particular relation of the state of learning in each country. Vol. V. to be continued monthly. London, printed for H. Rhodes, at the Star near Fleet-bridge; T. Bennet at the Half Moon in St. Paul's Churchyard; A. Bell at the Cross Keys in Cornhill; D. Midwinter, and T. Leigh at the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1703. 4to."

"The

“ The author of this book is a native of Skie, which is the most considerable of all the islands here described. Some years ago he obliged the public with a description of St. Kilda, * or Hirta, the westernmost of all the Scots Isles; which account of his was very agreeable to the curious; especially to such as have any true taste for natural and experimental philosophy. The natural history of these islands is what he chiefly aims at in the following treatise. He is very particular in the nature of the climate and soil, of the produce of the places by sea and land, and of the variety of remarkable cures performed by the natives, merely by the use of simples; nor does he omit their religion, customs, and government, and the materials and advantages, which most of them have for encouraging a trade by sea and land. He has taken a particular care to describe the harbours and bays, and the dangerous shelves and rocks that lie about those islands; which, together with the new and exact map he has added to the book, makes it of very great use to sailors. Those, who delight in antiquities, will here also find an entertainment suited to their genius, in his description of the ancient forts, monuments, &c. in those islands.

“ Mr. Martin takes notice, that he is the first native, who ever attempted the description of this country, which is the reason why all the accounts we have hitherto had of it, have been very lame and defective. Most of these islands are so little frequented by any but their own natives, and their language is understood by so few, who were capable and willing to take a description of them, that we may justly look upon

* Voyage to St. Kilda, Lond. 1698, 8vo.

the following treatise to be a description of a country hitherto in a great measure unknown; and considering the interest that the inhabitants of these kingdoms have in it, and the advantages which by a due improvement they may reap from it, there is no reason to be assigned why it may not be as acceptable as some of those modern voyages which have made so great a noise in the world. It will appear by the following description, that those islands contain a large extent of ground, and that they are also very considerable for the number of their inhabitants; so that the subject is not so contemptible as people are apt to think at first. But to be more particular.

“Our author begins with the description of the island called *Lewis*, from a corrupt pronunciation of the Irish *Leog*, that signifies lakes, with which that island abounds. It is the utmost tract of land to the north-west of Scotland, is from south to north 100 miles in length; and from east to west, from three to fourteen in breadth. It is divided principally into two parts, the one called *Lewis*, and the other *Harries*. The air is temperately cold and moist, and the inhabitants use *usquebaugh* for a corrective. A great part of the coast of this island is arable, so that it abounds with corn. The soil is generally sandy, except in the heaths, which in some places is black, and in others affords a fine red clay, fit for the potter's use, and of which the natives make many vessels. They dig their corn-ground with spades, and cover it with sea-ware, which they say produces a greater increase than by ploughing; and thus they employ 500 of their inhabitants every day for some months. When they sow their ground, they use a harrow with wooden teeth in

the first and second rows, and rough-heath in the third row, which smooths it; and this harrow is drawn by a man with a strong rope across his breast. Some of them fatten their ground with soot, but the corn of this ground is said to occasion the jaundice; and they observe that the corn of any of their ground, after first tilling, is apt to occasion the head-ache and vomiting, when made into bread or ale. They make a liquor of oats here, called usquebaugh-baul, which is four times distilled, and so very strong that two spoonfuls of it is a sufficient dose; and if any man exceeds that, it endangers his life.

“Mr. Martin tells us of several good harbours in this island, and particularly of Loch-Carlway, which, though little known or frequented, is a convenient harbour for ships of the first rate. The coasts and bays of this island abound in fair weather, with cod, ling, herrings, and all other sorts of fish taken in the Western islands. There is plenty of cod and ling of a very large size near Loch Carlway; but the fishing there is much interrupted by whales, though the natives employ many boats together in pursuit of them; their way is to chase them up into bays, till they wound one of them mortally, and then it runs ashore; and thus many of them are killed. About five years ago there were fifty young ones killed in this manner, and most of them eaten by the common people, who called them sea-pork, and find them to be very good food; some thin and meagre people became fat and plump in a week's time by eating them. They observe that the bigger whales are more purgative than the lesser, and that the lesser are better nourishment. There is great plenty of shell-fish, such as clams, oysters, cockles, muscles, limpets,

limpits, wilks, and spout-fish in the bays here. There is such a prodigious quantity of the latter, cast out of the sand of Loghtua, that the inhabitants are not able to consume them, either by eating or fattening their ground with them.

“The bays and coasts of this island afford great quantities of small coral and coraline; the coral does not exceed six inches in length, and is about the bigness of a goose’s quill. The fresh-water lakes in this island abound in trouts and eels; the common bait for them is earth-worms; but parboiled muscles attract them best; and the properest season for catching them is, when the wind blows from the south-west. The rivers on each side this island abound with salmon and black muscles, and pearl is many times found in the latter. The natives about the river Barvas have a foolish opinion, that if a female cross that river first on the first day of May, it hinders the salmon from coming into that river; and therefore take care that a male shall pass it very early that morning. There are several fountains here noted for their particular qualities, as follows; there is one at Loch-Carl-vay that will not whiten linen; there is one at St. Cowsten’s church that will not boil any meat, though kept on a fire a whole day; and St. Andrew’s well in the village Shadar is made a test by the natives to know if a sick person will die of the present distemper, which they try thus: they send one with a wooden dish for some of the water to the patient, and if the dish, when laid softly upon the surface of the water, turn round sun-ways, they conclude he will recover; but if otherwise, that he will die.

“There are many caves on the coast of this island,
 B B 2 which

which abound with otters, seals, and sea-fowl; and there is a caye in Loch-Grace, which distills water from the top, that petrifies in the bottom. There are several natural and artificial forts on the coasts; most of the latter are composed of large stones, are of a round form, and made taper-wise towards the top: they are commonly about three stories high, have a double wall, and the passage commonly goes round the wall. Several of these forts are built on heaths at a considerable distance from any stony ground; and they have many times great heaps of stones, commonly called cairns, erected on the heaths, so that one would wonder from whence they could gather them. There are likewise many single stones erected in this island, particularly one in the parish of Barvas, called the Thrushel-stone, which is twenty feet high, and near as much in breadth. It is supposed they were set up as monuments for persons of note killed in battle.

“ At the village of Classerniss there are thirty-nine stones thus erected, being six or seven feet high, and two in breadth each; they are placed in form of an avenue of eight feet broad, and the distance betwixt each stone is six; there is one stone erected at the entrance of this avenue; and at the south-end of it there is a circle of twelve stones of the same distance and height with the other thirty-nine, and in the centre of this circle there is one stone of thirteen feet high, shaped like the rudder of a ship; without this circle, there are four stones of the same height and distance on the east, west, and south sides. The inhabitants say this was a heathen temple, and that the chief druid or priest stood near the big stone in the centre from whence

whence he addressed himself to the people that surrounded him. Of this temple our author has given us a description in a copper plate.

“He observes that horses are considerably less here, than in the neighbouring continent, yet perform the husbandman’s labour as well as those of a larger size, though in the spring they have nothing to feed upon, but sea-ware. He tells of a chase here fifteen miles in compass, where there are abundance of deer, which feed also upon sea-ware when the frost and snow continues long. There is a small number of birch and hazle trees on the S. W. side of Loch-Stornway; but no more wood in the whole island, which is chargeable on the neglect of the inhabitants; for that the soil is capable of producing them is evident from those trees above-mentioned, and from the roots of great trees that our author saw at the head of Loch-Erisport. There is abundance of sea and land fowl in this island, and their amphibiz are seals and otters; the seals are eaten by the vulgar, who find them as nourishing as beef and mutton.

“The inhabitants are well-proportioned, of a good stature, free from bodily imperfections; and several of them arrive to a great age. They are generally of a sanguine constitution, and their hair commonly of a light brown or red, and but few of them black. They are seldom troubled with epidemical distempers, except the small pox; and that too but seldom; but it commonly sweeps off abundance of young people. Their common cure for removing fevers and pleurisies, is to let blood plentifully; against the diarrhea, and dysentery, they powder the kernel of black malucca beans, and drink it with boiled milk with good success.

Against the cough they drink oatmeal and water boiled together when they go to bed, and sometimes add a little butter to it. This disposes them to sleep and sweat, and is very diuretic, if there be no salt in it. They likewise boil the roots of nettles and reeds in water, and add yeast to it to make it ferment; and this they find likewise to be beneficial against the cough. The falling down of the uvula they cure in this manner; they take a long quill, and putting a horse's hair double into it, make a noose at the end of the quill, and putting it about the lower end of the uvula, they cut off all that part of the uvula below the hair with a pair of scissars; and then the patient swallows a little bread and cheese, which completes the cure without any inconvenience, so as the distemper never returns. They cure green wounds with ointment made of golden rod, all-heal, and fresh butter. They have two ways of curing the jaundice; the one by laying the patient on his face, as if they would look upon his back bones, and presently pour a pailful of cold water on his bare back; and this has often the desired success; the other way is by undressing the patient, and touching his vertebræ with the red hot tongs, which makes him run about furiously, till the pain abates, which happens very speedily, and the patient recovers soon after.

“The natives are generally of a quick apprehension, have a mechanical genius, are inclinable to poesy and musick; and many of them play on the violin pretty well, without any instructor. The men are dexterous in swimming, archery, and vaulting; many of them are stout and able seamen, and will tug at the oar all day

day long upon bread and water, and a snuff of tobacco.

“Having finished his description of Lewis, he comes to that of the inferior adjacent islands. His account of the superstitious customs and devotion of the inhabitants of Lewis, when they go to the Flannan islands, once a year, for eggs, fowls, down, feathers, and quills, is a great argument of the people’s religious temper; but at the same time is an evident proof of their gross ignorance and want of instruction, which the proprietors, and those who have the government of church and state, are particularly concerned to remedy. His description of Rona is very observable. This is that island, of which the famous Buchanan says, ‘That the inhabitants are perhaps the only people of the world, who never want any thing, and abound with all things that they think necessary, being equally ignorant of luxury and avarice, and who possess that innocence of life, and tranquillity of mind through their ignorance of vice, that other people of the world cannot attain to by great industry and plenty of good instructions; so that they seem to want nothing to make them completely happy, but that they know not their own happiness.’

“He adds, that the proprietor who was one of the proprietors of Lewis, limited the number of families that should inhabit it; and assigned them their numbers of great and small cattle, upon which they might live commodiously, and pay him his tribute; and all the rest, and also the increase of their people, they sent to him. Mr. Martin informs us, that this island is but a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, and the inhabitants made but five families. The minister

of Barvas in Lewis, to whose parish they belong, and to whom the island is assigned as part of his benefice, used to visit them once a year. Mr. Daniel Morrison, who was his acquaintance and minister of the place, gave him this account of his first reception there: upon his landing they received him very affectionately and saluted him thus: 'God save you, pilgrim; you are heartily welcome; we have had repeated apparitions of your person among us, by way of the SECOND STONE, and we heartily congratulate your arrival in this our remote country.' They expressed their esteem for him by making a turn round him sunways; and when he advised them to forbear that custom, they were surprised, said it was due to his character, and therefore they would not fail to perform it. There were three inclosures betwixt the landing place and the village; and as he entered each of them, the inhabitants took him severally by the hand and bid him welcome. When he came to the house prepared for him, he had a bundle of straw for his seat; and after some general discourse, they went to their respective dwellings, and killed a sheep for each family; and flayed the skins off, so as they were entire and in form like a sack; and these being filled with barley meal, they brought him as a present; and one of them speaking in name of the rest, said: 'Traveller, we are very sensible of your favour in coming so far to instruct us in our way to happiness, and in venturing yourself on the great ocean; pray be pleased to accept of this small present, which we humbly offer as an expression of our sincere love.' They also presented his map with some pecks of meal, as being likewise a traveller;
but

but the boat's crew having been there before, they gave them only their daily maintenance.

“ They had a chapel dedicated to St. Ronan, and on the altar a plank of wood about ten feet long, and at the distance of every foot a hole, and in each hole a stone, to which the natives ascribe several virtues; and one of them they think promotes speedily delivery to women in travail. In this chapel they repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and Ten Commandments every Sunday morning. They know not the use of money, but barter for such little things as they want, when any vessel arrives there. Their houses are built with stone, and thatched with straw. They take their surnames from the colour of the sky, rainbow and clouds. When any of them come to the isle of Lewis, which is seldom, because they lie at twenty leagues distance, they are astonished to see so many people. They admire greyhounds very much, and love to have them in their company. They wonder when they see a horse; and one of them hearing a horse neigh, asked if he laughed. One of them being in a house of several stories, and hearing the people walk over his head, he thought the house had been falling, and was in a mighty consternation. When Mr. Morrison was there, two young men courted one young woman, who was the only unmarried female in the island; and when she was married to the one, the other thought his loss irreparable. Soon after they were married, Mr. Morrison sailed from the island; but being driven back again by contrary wind, the young man, who was thus disappointed, came very cheerfully to Mr. Morrison, and told him he thanked God and St. Ronan, who had brought him back, for he hoped he would allow

found them lost, whereas those of their protestant neighbours were safe and full; which exposed the priest and his proselytes to no small derision.

“ Mr. Martin comes in the next place to give us a description of the Isle of Harries, which is about twenty-four miles long, and four, five, and six broad. The soil is more fruitful than that of Lewis, and produces a greater quantity of corn. The air is temperately cold, and the natives qualify it by a dose of aqua vitæ, or brandy; but make no use of usquebah. There is a good harbour here called Glass by seamen, and Scalpa by the natives. It is a mile and an half long, and a mile broad. Within the isle there is a lake called Loch Tarbat, which has several small isles in it, and is sometimes frequented by herrings. Without this loch there is plenty of cod, ling, and large eels. There is a fresh water lake at the entrance of the island, to which the sea has access at spring tides; it abounds with oysters and several other sorts of fish. There are many fresh water lakes in this island well stored with trouts, eels, and salmon. Each lake has a river running from it to the sea, from whence the salmon comes in the beginning of May, and sooner if the season be warm. There are abundance of excellent springs, which issue from the mountains of this island, and there is one lately discovered near Marvag, very good for speedily restoring lost appetite; there is another near the village Bowe, very good against collick, stitches, and gravel. There are several caves in the mountains, and on each side the coast, and one particularly in the Hill Ulweal, capable of holding fifty men, and may be defended by one man against a thousand, with a cane only in his hand, for it is accessible only

to one at a time, and by the least touch ~~he~~ may throw them down over the rock as they climb up. There are two wells in this cave, and one of them they say of so extraordinary a nature, that if a dog drink of it, it immediately runs dry for some time.

“There are wild goats in this island, which the natives say breed twice per annum. There is a chace of deer which contains about 2000: no man is permitted to hunt in it without a licence, and there is a particular part of it reserved for Macleod, the proprietor, who is always sure to find game enough in it when he pleases. In the winter time when the ground is all covered with snow, the deer come in great flocks to the coast, and feed upon the *Alga Marina*, or seaware. They have mertricks here which yield a very fine fur of a brown colour, and their dung has a scent like musk. They have likewise abundance of otters and seals, plenty of land and sea fowl, and excellent hawks. They have two sorts of eagles, one large and grey, the other less and black, shaped like a hawk; both of them destructive to the fawns, sheep, and lambs. The shore on the western coast abounds with variety of curious shells, finely streaked and coloured. Great quantities of *os sepie* are found in the sand, the natives powder it, and boil it in milk for the diarrhea and dysenteria, and rub it on the eyes of sheep to take off the film. Abundance of nuts, called *Molucca beans*, are brought in here by the sea. The natives use them as amulets against witchcraft, and say, that when any evil of that sort is intended against the person that wears them, the nut turns black. That they have so changed colour, Mr. Martin says he has seen, but cannot be positive as to the cause of it. Quantities of amber-grease

grease have likewise been found on the coast of this island. Several people here that had lost their hearing, recovered it by putting some powder of tobacco into their ears with a quill. Their sheep which feed on sandy ground become blind sometimes, and are cured by rubbing chalk in their eyes. They boil wild garlick in water, and make use of the infusion against the stone and gravel with good success."

Such was the account given of this book in the Number for Aug. 1703, p. 470; and it went on thus in the following Number for Sept. 1703, p. 529.

"What we said in our last Number is sufficient to give the reader an idea of the book. The author is uniform in his description, and follows the same method in all the isles, so that we shall now content ourselves with exhibiting some of the contents; that to us appear most extraordinary, and shall begin with his account of the ancient and modern customs of the inhabitants of those islands.

"Mr. Martin says that every heir or young chieftain of a tribe or clan was obliged in honour to give a publick specimen of his valour, before he was owned and declared to be governor or leader of his people. That this specimen was commonly an incursion upon the lands of some neighbour they were at variance with, to drive their cattle; and this they were bound to effect or die in the attempt. They were usually attended in such exploits by young men of quality that had not beforehand given any proof of their valour, and if the young chieftain succeeded, he was ever after esteemed valiant,

valiant, and fit for government, and those of his retinue had a share of his reputation. This custom being reciprocal among them was not accounted robbery, and the damage which one tribe sustained by such an essay was repaired when their chieftain came in his turn to make his specimen; but this practice is now in disuse.

“When those chieftains entered upon the government of their clans, they observed the formalities that follow: He was placed on a heap of stones in form of a pyramid, and his friends and followers stood round him in a circle; one of his chief friends delivered into his hand his father's sword, and another delivered him a white rod; soon after the chief druid or orator pronounced a panegyrick upon the pedigree, valour, and liberality of his ancestors, as patterns worthy of the young chieftain's imitation. They had their officers civil and military to attend them on all occasions; and some families continue them still, particularly Sir Donald Macdonald who has his standard-bearer, quartermaster, &c. They had a constant centinel on the top of their houses, and a competent number of young gentlemen well versed in managing the sword, target, archery, &c. Every chieftain had a bold armour bearer to attend him night and day, and he had a double portion of meat assigned him at every meal, being always a man of extraordinary bulk and strength. When they went upon any military expedition, they used to draw blood from the first animal they met on the enemy's ground, and to sprinkle some of it upon their colony as an omen of good success. Before they engaged in battle, the chief druid harangued the army from a rising ground, put them in mind of the great things

things that had been performed by the valour of their ancestors, raised their hopes with the noble rewards of honour and victory, and dispelled their fears by all the topics that natural courage could suggest, and after this harangue, they fell upon the enemy with a shout. These druids pretended to foretel future events, and decided all causes civil and ecclesiastical. They worship a deity under the name of Taramis, which signifies thunder, and another under the name of Belus, whence it is thought the festival called Beltin on the day of May proceeds. It was usual with the druids to extinguish all the fires in the parish on that day, until the tithes were paid; then they re-kindled them.

“ They had a custom of burning malefactors betwixt two fires; and from thence came their proverb, which they use still at this day, to express a man’s being in a strait, viz. that he is betwixt two fires of Bell. Our author takes notice of an objection raised by some against druids being in the isles, viz. that there were no oaks there, and answers it, by shewing their mistake; for there are oaks at present at Sleat in the Isle of Skie, and they abound in that country of old, though now they be decayed through the neglect of the inhabitants.

“ When the chieftains go a hunting, they are usually attended with a numerous retinue; and when he gives the first specimen of that manly exercise, upon his return, he gives his cloaths, arms, and all his hunting equipage to the forrester. Every great family had two stewards, the first served always at home, and was obliged to be well versed in the pedigree of all the families in the isles and highlands, and to assign every

every man his seat at table according to his quality, for preventing contention ; and if he had happened to make a mistake, it was not imputed to the master of the family. They had also cup-bearers and purse-masters, and most of them were hereditary, and held their places by charter.

“ These chieftains anciently ratified their leagues of friendship by drinking a drop of blood, commonly drawn out of the little fingers, and those who violated a league thus confirmed were ever after held unworthy of society. After the druids were laid aside, they were succeeded by orators who kept the genealogies of their families, repeated the same on every succession, and made epithalamiums upon the occasion of marriages and births ; these orators had a mighty ascendant over the greatest men in their time, who, either out of respect to them, or for fear of their satires, would grant them almost any thing they demanded, but at last lost their reputation by their insolence, and are now in very little esteem, whereas formerly they were allowed to sit among the chiefs of families. Their way of study was very singular. They used to shut their doors and windows for a day’s time, and to lie down upon their backs with a stone upon their bellies, and their heads wrapped in their plades, and in this posture they pumped their brains for rhetorical encomiums, which they uttered in a dark and unintelligible stile. The poets of bards were likewise intituled formerly to the bridegroom’s upper garment, but now must content themselves with what he is pleased to give them.

“ The Islanders had formerly a wicked custom of consulting invisible oracles, concerning the fate of battles and families ; and this they performed three seve-

ral ways. The first was by a company of men; one of whom being chosen by lot, was carried by night to a river, which was the boundary betwixt two villages, and four of the company taking him by the legs and arms, they struck his hips with force against the bank, and one of them crying, 'What have you got here?' another answered, 'A log of birch-wood:' upon which the other replied, 'Let his invisible friends appear from all quarters and relieve him, by giving a present answer to our demands.' And in a few minutes after, a number of little creatures came from sea, answered the question, and disappeared. Then the man was set at liberty, and the people returned home to take measures according to the response, which was still ambiguous, and so the poor fools were deluded. And this consultation was generally fatal to those who practised it, as was evident in a mischievous race of people, who consulted it about sixty-two years ago, and are since extinguished both root and branch.

" Their second way was by a company of men retiring into a solitary place, where they singled out one of their number, and wrapped him in a big cow's hide, covering him all with it except his head, and left him so all night, until his invisible friends relieved him by answering the questions proposed, and his neighbours returned to him in the morning to know what it was. Our author tells that one John Erach, an inhabitant of Lewis, acquainted Mr. Alexander Cooper, present minister of North-Vest, that it was his lot to be one night within an hide, as above mentioned; during which time he felt and heard such terrible things that he could not express them, and said with an air of great

great remorse, that he would not do the like again for a thousand worlds.

“The third way of consultation was by putting a live cat on a spit ; and one of the company asking the person what he was doing? He answered, ‘ I roast this cat until his friends answer the question :’ and afterwards a big cat, attended with a number of lesser ones, came to relieve the cat and answer the questions : and if the answer were the same with those given to the man in the hide, it was believed to be infallible.

“The next remarkable thing we shall take notice of, is our author’s account of the Second Sight, and his remarkable instances to prove it. The Second Sight, he says, is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seer, that they neither see nor think of any thing else, as long as it continues, and then they are pensive or jovial, according to the object represented to them. This faculty does not descend lineally, as some have imagined, nor is it acquired by any previous compact, or any way communicable by one to another. The seer knows nothing of it before it appears, and the same object is frequently seen by different persons at a considerable distance from one another. If the object appears early in the morning, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterward ; if at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day ; if in the evening perhaps that night, the later always in accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision appears. When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostick of

death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person, for if it be not above the middle, death is not expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer. Persons that are to be married together, are seen standing by one another's sides, and sometimes two or three together, according to the number of wives or husbands. To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a sign of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons. To see a seat empty at the time one sits in it, is a presage for the person's speedy death. Sometimes they are forewarned of death by a cry or voice out of doors, and sometimes they foresee things of such small consequence, as that they are to have fish or flesh in the house, and that such and such persons of no figure will visit them, &c. That if these visions be represented by spirits, it would seem that they sometimes act a ludicrous and comical, as well as a tragical and superstitious part, as any one may see by perusing our author's instances, for which we refer to the book itself, and also for his answers to the objections made against the Second Sight.

“The last thing we shall take notice of is our author's scheme for improving trade by sea and land in those islands, which, according to him, might be the most considerable, particularly for fishing, of any perhaps in the known world, and put in practice with the least trouble and expence, for which we shall also refer the curious on that subject to the book itself. *”

* Having thus pointed out a full account of the Western Islands of Scotland, I will take the opportunity of calling to the reader's notice a late publication on the Northern Islands, entitled “The History of the Orkney Islands; in which is comprehended an account of their present as well as their ancient state; together with the advantages they possess for several branches

branches of industry, and the means by which they may be improved; illustrated with an accurate and extensive map of the whole islands, and with plates of some of the most interesting objects they contain. By the Rev. George Barry, D.D. late Minister of Shapinshay," in one vol. 4to.

In the Monthly Magazine for August, 1865, p. 92; is the following account of the author.

"At Shapinshay, died in July last, the Rev. Dr. George Barry, aged 57. He was a native of Berwickshire, educated in the University of Edinburgh, and was for a short time employed as teacher of the sons of some gentlemen in Orkney, by whose patronage he became second minister of the Royal burgh and ancient cathedral of Kirkwall; from whence about nine years ago, he was translated to the island and parish of Shapinshay. He has left a widow and nine children, and many respectable friends to mourn his death. With fidelity and zeal he discharged the duties of the pastoral office. His statistical account of his two parishes, published by Sir John Sinclair, first rescued his name from that obscurity, in which it was placed by local situation, and drew from an impartial public, a high degree of approbation. Few men paid more attention to the education of youth than Dr. Barry. His own children he taught with all the skill of philosophy, and all the tenderness of parental affection. The same skill, united with no common degree of care, he extended, not only to the youth of his own, but to those of all the different parishes in the county. Sensible of his zeal in this respect, the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge in Scotland, upwards of five years ago, chose him one of their members, and gave him a superintendence over their schools in Orkney. Soon after, the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. For several years past Dr. Barry employed his leisure hours in composing a civil and natural history of all the sixty-seven Islands of Orkney, comprehending an account of their original population, their ancient history, while a separate independent principality, whose warlike princes, in alliance with Norway and Denmark, ranked with those of Europe; and also their present condition and the means by which they may be improved. This history was published two months ago, in Edinburgh, in one large quarto volume, illustrated by a map of all the isles, friths, and harbours, and also with twelve elegant plates of the most grand and interesting objects of antiquity. From the testimony of several of the most respectable and learned gentlemen in Scotland it is believed, that this curious history of one of the most sequestered provinces of Britain, will, from the depth of its research, the accuracy of the narrative, and the classical elegance of its composition, transmit the name of its author to future ages with some degree of celebrity."

ART. XII. *Verses expressive of the author's regret,
at not having sufficiently cultivated poetry in the
proper season of youth.*

The days that are past, and for years have been o'er,
I wish I could seem by my song to restore!
Let me bring back the hours when Hope danc'd in my
eye;

And heav'd in my bosom the rapturous sigh!
I seize the lov'd lyre: O how tremble its strings:
Hark! What are the notes that so faintly it rings!

" 'Tis in vain: the gay visions that beam'd in thy sight,
" The rich hues, that arrayed every scene in delight,
" Are vanish'd; and coldly thy hand will be laid
" On my chords, on which exquisite sounds were once
made.

" Wild dreams of young Fancy that swell'd thy full
breast,

" Forms of beauty angelic that haunted thy rest,
" To thy chill sober fingers no longer give fire,
" Thy bosom's dull feelings no longer inspire:
" Too idly thy moments of youth didst thou lose;
" Too seldom attendest the voice of the Muse:
" Destroy'd is the charm now; and broken the spell;
" No dances of fairies now hast thou to tell;
" But gloomy the hues are Experience has wrought,
" And severe is Truth's lore, which Time's circuit has
taught.

" O hadst thou but breath'd on my tremulous breast,
" When young Rapture thy fancy all-glowing possess;
" Perchance to far ages our names had gone down,
" And thy lyre might have gain'd thee immortal renown,
" It is past: now all tuneless decay my sad strings;
" And faint is the thought, in thy bosom that springs!

" O have

" O have not thy hopes been in sorrow all drown'd;
 " And Despair's withering shadows envelop'd thee round?
 " Then withdraw thy rash hand: nor, with feeble essay,
 " Again thy lost power, and vain efforts betray!"
 I submit. O thou Nymph of my earliest delight,
 Whom, tho' often I treated with many a slight,
 Yet I never forsook; thou art fled; and in scorn
 Hast left thy sad votary thine absence to mourn!
 Lov'd Muse, I well know my repentance is vain;
 The dreams, that are past, I can never regain;
 Yet, tho' weak be the glance of thine eye on my heart,
 One ray of the joys that are vanish'd impart!

July 21, 1803.

ART. XIII. *Desultory observations on the sensibilities and eccentricities of men of genius: with remarks on Poets.*

The Herd of servile imitators bring every thing into disgrace by affectation and excess. In those departments of literature, which require genius, this is more particularly the case. For a little while the tinsel copier becomes the rage of the public, till the glare of his colours satiates; and then, as the tide suddenly turns, the just fame of the original is drawn back into the vortex, and is sunk in one common ruin. On these occasions every yelping cur joins in echoing the cry of contempt, and some new whim engages the temporary curiosity of the mob.

There was a time when Rousseau was the idol of the admirers of genius; and all his weaknesses and extravagances were respected as the necessary concomitants of his extraordinary powers. Immediately

there arose multitudes of absurd followers, who, having at length corrupted the judgments of their indiscriminate readers, brought neglect and condemnation upon their original. For some years therefore we have heard the mob, the learned as well as the unlearned mob, talk in terms of uniform contempt and anger, of what they are pleased to call "the morbid sensibilities of sickly genius." Were this disapprobation confined to pretended feelings, of which the discovery requires a very small share of sagaciousness, it would be just. But it seems as if they meant to put their mark of scorn on every eccentricity of him who lives in that high temperament, in which alone works of genius can be produced.

Can we believe that Burns would have possessed the powers to produce his exquisite poem of "Tam O'Shanter" without having often trembled at some of those images, which the expansive blaze of his genius has there painted? Without a continued familiarity with all those hurried and impetuous feelings, which brought him to a premature grave, could he have written those enchanting songs which breathe so high a tone of fancy and passion? In the cold regions of worldly prudence, in the selfish habitations of dull propriety, may be found riches and health, and long life, and an insipid respect. But, if he who is born with the higher talents, long accustoms himself to the discipline of such habits, the splendour of his imagination will become impenetrably huddled up in the fogs of this heavy atmosphere, and he will scarce be able to produce higher efforts of intellect, than one "of Nature's fools."

When Beattie gave up his ambition to metaphysical

cal philosophy, he ceased to be a poet. The lyre of Edwin, which had breathed all the soul of poetry in his first canto, began to flag and grow dull in the second; and then lost its tones, and never vibrated for the last thirty years of the owner's life. I certainly am too prejudiced to give a candid opinion; but I would have preferred a few more stanzas, in the style of the first, from the Minstrel's harp, to all the bulky volumes of prose that Beattie wrote.

How delightful to have left a perpetual memorial of some of those "ten thousand glorious visions," which are always floating across the brain of the highly endowed! But for those, who possess the ability, to go to the grave without having preserved a relic of them; to have suffered them to have passed "like the fleeting clouds," without one attempt to leave a memorial of the aspirations of a more exalted nature, is a mortifying reflection, which must depress true genius even to despondence. He, in whom Nature has sowed the energies of vigorous intellect, may be thrown into stations where there is nothing to fan the flames within him; in that case it is probable he may never discover any qualities above the herd of mankind: but an internal restlessness and discontent will prey upon his spirits and embitter his life.

There are no writer's criticisms so calculated to stifle the habits and the efforts of genius as those of Johnson. The cause of this is to be sought partly in the *truly* "morbidity" propensities of his temper; and partly in the history of his life. I suspect that in the early resolution

"Nullius jurare in verba magistri,"

he soon sought originality at the expence of truth.

His

His love of contradiction therefore became a disease, and finding in preceding biographers too much inclination to panegyricize the subjects of their memoirs, and to contemplate them with a blind admiration, he determined to shew the powers of his anatomizing pen, and to tear off the veil of respect that covered them. Thus he was pleased to seize every opportunity of exhibiting their personal frailties, and mental defects; and of treating them sometimes with anger, and sometimes with haughtiness. But there was another circumstance which had a tendency to warp the justice of his sincere opinions. Early in life he had probably discovered the inclination of his own imagination to predominate dangerously over his reason. On this account he used every exertion to subdue it; to reduce it to the severest trammels of argumentation, and the most sober paths of mental employment. Hence he acquired a habit of preferring the lower departments of the Muse; he best liked reasoning in verse; dry ethical couplets; and practical observations upon daily life. His private feelings hesitated between Dryden and Pope; and all the praise he has given to Milton, or Cowley, or Akenside, or Collins, or Gray, is extorted, penurious, and mixed with every degrading touch that the ingenuity of his acute mind, and force of his energetic language could introduce.

The public received these disingenuous lives with ill-tempered avidity. They who had never known what it was to be warmed by the flights of fancy; in whose torpid heads the description of Eden, the wailings over Lycidas, and all the imagery of Comus never raised one corresponding idea, but who concealed their lamentable deficiencies of mind before the awful
name

name of Milton; now that they were sanctioned by Johnson, boldly gloried in their want of taste. All the gall which they had so long been nourishing in their hearts was now vomited forth without restraint, and the cry, which dulness had always secretly disseminated against the aberrations of genius, was avowed as the acknowledged dictate of sense and truth.

Johnson is a proof, among a thousand glaring proofs, how little the wisest men "know themselves;" and how often they pride themselves on points, in which they are strikingly deficient. His great boast seems to have been his attention to

"That which before us lies in daily life."

Yet did ever any man more offend the proprieties of daily life than Johnson? His unhappy and neglected person, his uncouth dress, his rude manners, and his irregular habits, required the full eminence of his fame, and force of his talents, to counterbalance their offensiveness. Yet probably he would have exclaimed

"Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis!"

He seems to have thought that he himself required no such set-offs. And, if we judge him by the rules by which he judged others, such set-offs ought not to have availed.

But I trust that I shall never judge by rules so harsh, and in my opinion so unwise. I regret the depravity of Johnson's taste, and I lament that excess of envy and pride, the unconquerable disease of his disposition, which, in spite of all his efforts, too frequently overpowered his reason. But I venerate his vast abilities, the strong and original operations of his mind,
his

the courage to put into language a train of thoughts, excited by an accidental observation, which I last night read in a book of criticism.

July 21, 1805.

ART. XIV. *Calendarium Pastorale, sive Æglogæ Duodecim, Totidem anni mensibus accommodatæ. Anglice olim scriptæ ab Edmundo Spensero Anglorum Poetarum Principe: nunc autem eleganti Lâtino carmine donatæ a Theodoro Bathurst, Aula Pembrohiæ apud Cantabrigienses aliquando socio. Londini, impensis M. M. F. C. & G. Bedell, ad portam Medii Templi in vico vulgo vocato Fleetstreet. Anno Domini 1653. 8vo. pp. 147. Accompanied on the opposite pages by the original eclogues.*

This book is mentioned by Mr. Todd in his new edition of Spenser, Vol. I. p. CLXXVI. who says it was republished by John Ball with a Latin Dissertation "de vitâ et scriptis Spenseri," and an augmented glossary, 1732.

It is dedicated by the editor, William Dillingham, of Emanuel College, to Francis Lane, Esq. in the following words:

Viro eximio, et vere generoso, Francisco Lane Armigero, Amico meo singulari, Salutem.

Plura sunt, præstantissime Domine, quæ me tibi devinxerunt plurimum; morum candor, omni-genus literatura, et prudentia tue singularis; hæc sunt artes et præstigiæ, quibus facile te induis in aliorum pectora, quotquot virtutum tuarum testes admovit sors fœlicior:

licior. Verum, ne quid dissimulem, ulteriore adhuc catenâ me captivum ducis; enimvero suavissima tua consuetudo, dum hic olim studendi causâ commorare, cum perpetua tua erga me voluntate, atque inde tot enatis beneficiis haud vulgaribus, hæc illa sunt, quæ me vehementius rapiunt, et actiori debendi nexu constrictum tenent. Quorum ego, quoniam ne minimam quidem partem assequi possum remunerando, id unum mihi relictum esse intelligo, ut quæ tibi solvendo non sum, ea lubenter tibi debeam, et agnoscam. Quod idem ego nunc amplum in modum factum cupio; et certè præstarem quidem si aut voluntati meæ par facultas esset, aut merita erga me tua non adeo fuissent omnem modum fuissent omnem modum supergressa. Quoniam autem etiam verba me destituunt, accipe (quæso) hæc chartas, muta quædam gratitudinis meæ signa & indicia; accipe quâ me soles fronte, apertâ, placidâ, exporrectâ. Erat olim tibi Spenserus tuus in deliciis; quocirca nullus metuo ne ingratus hodie tibi sit, indutus idem Romanâ togâ; quæ ita quidem illum decet, tamquæ apte illi convenit, ut aut non aliâ cûte natus, aut in eam non tam translatus, quam restitutus esse videatur. Erat quidem hoc Poema Anglicè cum barbâ, (quod de Esavo Judæi fabulantur) imò et caritæ suâ natum; ac si poeta non tam in Parnasso somniasset, quam cum Endymione in Latino stertuisset, atque adeo post tertium inde sæculum ad scribendum demum evigilasset. Ita quidem, in visum est atavorum voces ab oblivione vindicare; eorumque *παλινγενεσιαν* accelerare (siquidem

Malis renascentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque

Quæ jam sunt in honore vocabula.

inquit

inquit Horatius;) verum inde tamen interea factum est ut nonnulli, quia non retro sibi vivendum esse constituerant, ejusmodi dictiones tanquam Evandri matris carmina, aut palantia quædam spectra abhorruerint. At metu illos isthoc dehinc porro liberavit vir doctissimus Theo. Bathurst, (Poeta non minus elegans, quam gravis idem postea Theologus) qui in eodem Collegio has æglogas Latine vertit, quo SPENSERUS ante aliquot annos poematia sua concepisse dicitur; et quidem ita vertit, ut et obscuris lucem, et facilitatem asperis, atque omnibus fere nitorem ac elegantiam fœneraverit; ac si unus ejusdem loci genius idem carmen diversis temporibus illi Anglice, huic Latine dictitasset. Hanc autem versionem suam clam sibi et Musis habuit, quoad in vivis erat autor modestissimus; postquam autem diem suum obiisset vir doctissimus, continuo factum est, ut, dum libraria ejus supellex quaquaversum divenderetur, bina hujus operis exemplaria ad manus meas deferrentur quæ propria ipsius manu frequenter interpolata, non parum cum in iis relambendis curæ posuisse, testabantur; penitus autem introspectiens, ejusmodi opus esse facile deprehendi, quale ad thus et scombros damnari minime oportebat, sed neque blattis et tineis amandari. Quocirca operæ pretium me facturum arbitrabar si quod non parvè me affecerat voluptate, cum aliis etiam illud participarem, quibus non ingratum fore confido, cum nec inutile certe, nec injucundum. Tibi vero imprimis, vir amice, dicandum existimavi, tum quod sciverim te ab hujusmodi studiis nullo unquam tempore abhorruisse, tum quo extaret aliquod amoris, gratitudinis et observan-

tis ergo te meæ testimonium. Tu autem fave, et perge
me amare, ut qui semper optime tui causâ velim.

Ad omnia obsequii et amicitie munia præstanda
tibi paratissimus,

Coll. Emman. Cantabrigiæ,
Calendis Julii MDCLIII.

GUIL. DILLINGHAM.

It will afford a fair opportunity of varying the matter
of my work, and, I trust, be a grateful offering to clas-
sical scholars, to transcribe the two first eclogues of
this translation.

JANUARIUS.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

*Mæret neglectus Amator.**

Alexis.†

Upilio, (nec enim titulo potiore misellus
Dignandus) jam nunc bruma laxante rigorem,
Ætherè sub sudo, (sudus forte obtigit æther,)
Eduxit fessas diuturno carcere caulæ
Strigosas pecudes, macie brumaque rigentes,
Ut vix succiduo sustentent poplite gressus.

* "In this first Æglogue Colin Clout, a Shepherd's boy, complaineth
himself of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured
of a countrey lass called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being verie
dove travelled, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the yeare, to
the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flocke.
And lastly, finding himself robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he
breaketh his pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground."

† Colin Clout—viz. Spenser himself.

Isque status pecoris pastoris concolor Orï,
 Lurida quod macies pallenti tabe colorat;
 Æger cura forsan, et æger forsan amore;
 Scit tamen et calamos inflare, et dicere versus:
 Tum pecora ad montem languentia languidus egit,
 Effuditque istas, dum pascunt illa, querelas.

O Superi, curas O qui miseratis amantum,
 (Si tamen e Superis quisquam miseretur amantes)
 Despiciite e cœlis ubi lætum ducitis ævum,
 Luctisonisque, precor, submittite cantibus aures:
 Tu quoque pastorum Deus, olim fixus Amoris
 Cuspide Pan, prius expertos miserere dolores:

Effæta O tellus, brumæ præda furoris,
 Viva meæ vitæ occasum spectantis imago,
 Te modo millecuplo florum discrimine pinxit
 Ver, tuæque asphodelis stellata superbiit æstas;
 At jam nimbosæ sævit violentia brumæ,
 Quæque triumphabat modo, jam tua purpura cordet.

Pectore sub nostro rabies furit sempla brumæ,
 Nam stupet in venis immiti frigore sanguis:
 Sævit et in nostram tempestas tanta carinam,
 Tanquam jam tremulos spectaret vita Decembres.
 Vix tamen, ah miserum, florescere cœperat annus,
 Et tamen, ah miserum, mihi jam defloruit annus.

O vos umbroso nudatæ tegmine quercus,
 Quæ volucres vernos gaudebant texere nidēs;
 Nunc musco indutæ, canæque horrore pruinæ,
 En, ubi vestra novo turgebant germina foetu,
 Brachia conspicio lachrymis rorantia crebris,
 Pendulaque astrictis glaciatur stiria guttis.

Sic quoque, sic nostræ folia inconcussa juventa
 Nunc flaccet, nimis curarum exercita ventis;
 En, emarcescit fœlix flos puberis ævi,
 Ustulat et æanum mihi præcoqua germina frigus:
 Sic vitreis rigui lachrymis rorantur ocelli,
 Pendet et a vestris glacialis stiria ramis.

Languide grex, lacero implicitam qui vellere lanam
 Gestas, cui victu jejunia crebra maligno
 Hauserunt vires, macie testare, probasque
 Obruta sollicitis pastoris pectora curis.
 Debilis ille, et tu: Macer es, macrescit et ille:
 Languendo luges, lugendo languet et ille.

Damno millenis tempus lachrymabile diris,
 Urbs vicina oculis quo primum erant obvia nostris.
 Et tamen illam horam votis bla mille beavi,
 Qua vidi nostram (spectacula tanta) puellam;
 Sed frustra; nostræ primus gradus ille ruinæ:
 Proh, Superi! mellis fœcundi, et fellis amores?

Non infortunum queritur mea fistula Mopsam,
 Ambiat ille meum licet indefessus amorem.
 Agrestis sperno tam rustica munera Mopsi;
 Hædos; involucre nidos; et præcoqua poma.
 Inscipiens frustra mittis tua munera Mopsi,
 Quæ tunc ille suæ mox Phillidi mittit Alexis.

Phyllis amata mihi est (heu, cur mihi Phyllis amata?)
 Despectusque ab ea sum, (cur despectus ab illa?)
 Respuit usque meos et dedignatur amores,
 Fastiditque audire rudem sufflata cicutam.
 Quia pastorales velut anguem exhorret avenas,
 Subsonatque elata, suus quæ cantat Alexis.

Ergo places licet agresti mea fistula Pani,
 Cum tamen haud placeas ubi vellem sola placeres;
 Et tu, Musa, meos sopire assueta dolores,
 Nunc oblita tamen, cum res efflagitat, artis,
 Solvetis meritas et Musa, et fistula pœnas:
 Cum calamos frangit, fususque recumbit in herbam.
 Jam Sol emeritos devezo tramite currus
 Urgebat præceps, glaciatoque horrida rore
 Nox involvebat furvo velamine terram:
 Ut videt, arrodens cæcis præcordia curis
 Surgit, apricatas pecudes ad ovilia cogens
 Upilio, vultu referentes fata Magistri.

FEBRUARIUS.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

*Haud impune spreta Senectus.**

Damon, Thyrsis.

Ah Superi, nunquamne hyemis desæviet ira?
 Numquamne immites ponent sua flamina venti?
 Squamosam findit frigus penetrabile pellem,
 Ossa mihi rigidis ut credam pervia ventis.

* Argument. " This Æglogue is rather morall and generall than bent to anie secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of olde age, in the person of Thenot, an old Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and unlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappie heardman's boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies there is a drie and withering cold, which concealet's the crudled blood, and frisseth the weather-beaten flesh, with stormes of Fortune and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Brier, so livelie, and so feelinglie, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eies, more plainlie could not appeare."

Strigosique

Strigosique boves vibrantur frigore corpus,
 Summæ ut succusso nutant fundamine turres:
 Assuetique suæ sinuare volumina caudæ,
 Perque auras agitare, en, ut sub ventre remulcent.

Thyrsis.

Improbe cur rigidæ fundis convicia brumæ,
 Obvia quod solito tua terga rigore laccassat?
 Nonne suis celeres decurrant legibus anni?
 Succedunt invisæ bonis, pejoraque pravis:
 Pejora excipiant tandem deterrima, & inde
 In se transacti celeris rota volvitur ævi.
 Qui non hybernas patietur frigoris iras,
 Quo se proripiet, redeant dum veris honores?
 Ipse ego, (qui effæctus jam) ter sex lustra peregi,
 Nunc risu effusus, nunc fletu absorptus amaro;
 Nunquam æstus, nunquam torpentia frigora questus,
 Brumalesve minas, aut summi tædia solis;
 Nec torvam rabida fortunam voce lacessi,
 Mente ferens æqua quæ sors inflixit iniqua;
 Cura pecus semper mihi nostræ credita curæ,
 Æstate ut saturent hanc pascua, pabula brumâ.

Dæmon.

Non equidem miror, si tu, rigidissime Thyrsi,
 Insanos brumæ fers æqua mente rigores:
 Nam tremulæ tremula est affinis bruma senectæ;
 Hæc friget, riget illa, hæc canet, canet et illa.
 Usque æther terris iratus luce maligna
 Contristat pluviis cælum, sic torva tuctur
 Nubila frons; tua sic ætas obnubilat ora,
 Morosa ut tristem caperant jejunia vultum:
 Ætas nostra virens canæ est inimica pruinae,
 Nec mea brumales ratis est experta procellas.

Thyrsis.

Nequicquam incusat Neptunia numina demens,
 Qui credit tumido jam naufraga carbasa ponto.

Sic, sic ignavi, pastora turba, poelli
 Pascitis auricomis balantum armenta genistis.
 Quod si sol forsán vultu meliore renidet,
 Ver rediisse statim bruma cedente putatis.
 Inde juvat victos hyemis ridere furores,
 Et stipulá argutas intertridere cicadas,
 Vosque anni dominos male credula turba putatis;
 Sæpe tamen, cum vos defunctos esse periculo
 Speratis, subito rugoso pallida vultu
 Bruma venit, subcis porata scallibus ora,
 Quaque procellosas tremule jaculata sagittas;
 Cor stupet hinc, rigidus coit in præcordia sanguis:
 Tum demum cadet inconsulta ferocia vobis,
 Et pectores bruma reerodescente rigescunt;
 Commeritas pendit tum vestra superbia pennis,
 Planctusque et gemitu, glomeratoque agmine cladum

Damon.

Non hujus facio monitus, delire, seniles;
 Ætatis vernans brumæ me exponere germen
 Velles? exhaustum puto defecisse cerebrum,
 Exedit exuccæ tibi quod rubigo senectæ.
 Utque caput quassum male justo pondere nutat,
 Sic et gibbosâ obstitum cervice recumbit:
 Quumque tibi toto perlit cum germine truncus,
 Vis nostram parvâ florem marcescere fato.
 Quod si æquæva meæ tibi jam floresceret ætas,
 Mox alio sensus deflecteret alma voluptas;
 Tum tua formosam resonaret Phillida canna,
 Æternum nostro devotam Phillida amanti.
 Hanc mihi demerui quando aurea cingula misi,
 Cingula queis bullis stellatur baltheus aureis.
 Talia Pastores lætos, vultusque serenos
 Efficerent, vitæque tuæ revirescere florem.

Thyris.

Thyrsis.

Desipis, ingratos jactando insanus amores;
His quæcunque dabis, rapidis dabis irrita ventis.

Damon.

En: vides? ille meus, subrussa fronte juveneps,
Quam belle arrectas crispas petulantius aures!
Iridos ut lunata imitantur cornua flexum,
Canticosque vincunt palæstra mollia nymphae.
Aspicias clatis aures ut nasibus hærit?
Non illum dolores meditari credis amores?
Credo tuas pecudes mentem callere magistri;
Corpore sic languent omnes, animoque fatiscunt,
Tergoraque horrentes brumâ, canesque pruina.
Dux gregis obtuso, fractoque vigere relanguet:
Quæ modo turgidulæ tendebant ubera matres,
Ut viduæ prono tellurem lumine figunt:
Primigenæ agnos brumalis concutit horror:
Quippe regit Vetulus defectus viribus illos.

Thyrsis.

Non operæ, frugive bonæ te censeo, Damon,
Qui tumide vanas sic tollis ad æthera cristas:
Nam satis inflato est instar turgescere bullæ,
Cui mens est amens; cui mors est debita merces;
Cui via desertum; cui diversoria pæna,
Inflatiqûe ætas domitrix, solita hospita curis.
Sed vin' fabellam tibi me pertexere, quondam
Quam pubescenti dixit mihi Tityrus ævo,
Qua pandit lætos celeberrima Cantia colles?

Damon.

Nil æque vellem: nil est optatius illis,
Quæ senis ex hujus lepido fluxere cerebro:
Tanta in facundis lucet sapientia dictis,
Doctiloquo quæcunque senex deprompait ab ore.

Thyrsis.

Hic cecinit Venerem, Martem, effrænemque juventam,
 Verum sub ficti velo sermonis obumbrans;
 E queis præ reliquis in nos hæc fabula quadrat.
 Nunc aureo adhibe, et quo se feret exitus, audi.
 Annosa en puri stetit arbor in æquore campi,
 Quæ quondam quercus, nunc truncus, inutile lignum;
 Lataque jam modica sua brachia porrigit umbra,
 Brachia, quæ frondis nudarat honore senecta :
 Ingenti trunco, demissa in viscera terræ,
 Tendat ut in cælos vertex, in Tartara radix.
 Altior hæc sylvam quondam despexerat omnem,
 Et gratum domino fuerat vectigal agresti,
 Innumeros porcos numerosa glande saginans;
 Glauca at nunc musci squalet putredine cortex;
 Nam pulsant rigida ramalia nuda procellæ,
 Calvoque informes pascuntur vertice vermes,
 Deflorescit honos, et brachia nuda putrescunt.
 Ad latus huic surgens spinis paliurus acutis,
 Armatas hamis extollit in æthera frondes,
 Inque altum jactat ramos, cæloque minatur,
 Formoso florum vernabat honore superbus.
 Semper et agrestes huc adventare solebant
 Pastorum natæ, paliuri et carpere flores,
 Quos sunt floricomis solitæ intertexere sertis.
 Sæpius istius ramis innixa sedebat
 Prata volubilibus mulcens Philomela susurris :
 Hinc tanta insano crevit fiducia vepri,
 Ausit ut annoso convicia fundere trunco,
 Atque infæcundam multum exprobare sepectam.
 Quid stas vernanti jam stipes inutilis agro,
 Cum tua nec fructu moles, nec proficit umbra?
 Aspicias ut nostris laxant nova germina flores,
 Lilia qui candore, rubere rosaria vincant,

Ut

Ut vivo vernant folia hæc indita virore,
 Qui color innuptam potuit decuisse Dianam?
 Vestra ingens læto moles incommoda campo,
 Nostris invisas offundit frondibus umbras:
 Quique tuo canus dependet cortice muscus.
 Infecit nostros spirantes Cinnama flores.
 Ergo (en! præmoneo) procul hinc annosa facessa,
 Nè nostri solvos pretium non vile furoris.
 Dixerat hæc vepres voce indignatus acerbâ,
 At nil è contrâ quercus longæva locuta
 Cedebat, tristi et perculsa pudore dolebat,
 Probris villi dictis a vepre lacessi.
 Indè diæ quodam (sic fors et fata volebant)
 Intulit huc gressus ejusdem cultor agelli,
 Dum de mære suos invisit sedulus agros,
 Condendisque notat quæ trabs accommoda telis:
 Hunc simul ac vidit læto paliurus in arvo,
 (Ut jam sopitos litis malè suscitet ignes)
 Ultrò conqueritur, magnâq; ità voce profatur.

O Domine, ô a quo pendet mea vita, salusque,
 Sollicitos æquo dignare examine questus,
 Quos nunc extorsit violenta injuria, quali
 Vestrum ego mancipium (nec spes super ulla) laboro:
 Et tua ni lapsis succurrat dextera rebus,
 Me mittet Stygiis dolor insuperabilis umbris,
 Hostis èd crevit funesta potentia nostri.

Attonitus multùm miseranda voce colonus,
 Gramineo viridis consedit cespite campi,
 Atque rubum jussit scelerato pergere questu;
 Indè audax cæpit phaleratis herbula dictis,
 (Ambitosorum mos hic solennis agendi)
 Artis pigmentis fucatum obtexere crimen.

O cui cum cunctis famulatur sylva viretis,
 Qui seris immanes quercus, humilesque myricas,
 Non tua me teneram defixit dextera plantam,

Prima

Prima ut sylvestris lucerem gloria campi,
 Illustrans vernos formosis floribus agros,
 Æstatemque rubris possem ditare racemis?
 Hoc ergo unde venit? cur annis obsita querous,
 Exuccus cujus truncus, ramalia fructa;
 Nuda in vicinos quas brachia porrigit ignes,
 In æos exercet regnum imperiosius æque,
 Obnubens umbra nostrum male grata nitorem,
 Solaremque mihi discludens invida lucem?
 En cariosa mecum pertundunt brachia corpus,
 Manet ut obruito viridis de cortice sanguis;
 Hinc immaturo dejecti tempore flores,
 Quæ prima esse solent capiti gestamina vestro;
 Sæpe etiam turpes, exoso e stipite, bruchos
 Dejicit in ramos, pars ne qua illasa maneret.
 Sæpeque cæcantes calvo de vertice cyrri
 Delapsi vivum florum obfuscare nitorem.
 Contra hæc, atque alia in nostram tentata salutem,
 Auxilium supplex posco, ut tua, scilicet hostis
 Late grassantem refrænet dextra furorem.
 Unum hoc, ne prima cogar decedere sorte,
 Sic hæc judicio vestro pensanda relinquas,
 Oro vicinum perituro arcere periculum.

His mota, ad causam quercus se accingit agendam,
 Diluat et fictum crimen; sed prævius hostis
 Irarum tantus exeliverat ante procellas,
 Ut decernendæ non sit data copia litis.
 Hic sua tecta petens, ultrici fervidus ira,
 Volvebat sub corde minas, acuitque furorem.
 Et jam funesta dextra est armata securi,
 (Hei mihi, tam prompte occurrit scelerata securis!)
 Jamque relégit iter, soles repetit vitæ agellum.
 (Quantilla ah opus est ope cui sunt vota nocendi!)
 Quo minus appellet quercum, gravis obstitit ira,
 Mollescit sensim ne forti langueret ardor;

Atqui

Atqui in radicem libratos destinat ictus,
 Ingeminans tremulo creberrima vulnera truncos;
 At sæpe inflicta est acies replicata securi,
 Et jussa invitum penetrabat corpora ferrum.
 Detrectasse operam videatur adacta securis,
 Aut timide abstinuisse sacram violare senectam.
 Nam longæva trabes multos jam vixerat annos,
 Culta metu patrumque, et religione nepotum:
 Transversoque crucis signo, quæ sæpe rotata
 Illam lastrali festus circumtulit unda
 Sacrificus; sed cura superstitiosa colentum
 Vana fuit, miseram nequiens arcere senectam;
 Ant jam vicinum trepidanti avertere casum.
 Nam dominus ferrum tota cervice reductum
 Vibrat, ut inflicto tremere sub verbere truncus,
 Vicinamque videns generet properare ruinam.
 Cumque chalybs mediam penetrarat adusque medullas,
 Corruit, et duxit de nubibus acta ruinam;
 Quassavit lassatam immani pondere terram,
 Cedit et ipsa oneri, late et succussa tremiscit;
 Ecce cadit quercus, nullo miserante cadentem.

Nunc vacuo inflatus regnat palinurus in agro,
 Vanaque ventoso turgescunt pectora fastu;
 Sed viget ad tempus non duratura voluptas,
 Nam tumidis irrumpit hyems armata procellis,
 Et rigidus gelido Borcas bacchatur ab axe,
 Pulsans dejecto viduatam robore veprem;
 Nulla etenim stabat munitus parte miscellus.
 Nunc igitur sera damnat sua vota querela:
 Namque quod intacto nudatus tegmine stabat,
 Torpentem glacies mordebat frigore caulem,
 In terram nutans madido caput imbre gravatur,
 Et jam læssa nimis subsidunt pondere terga,
 Amplius ut nequeant surrecto stipite stare;
 Tum prostratus humi, et submersus vertice, cæno

Obteritur

Obteritur pedibus, carpunt et brachia tauri,
En talem vepris sortita superbia finem,
Quod senium spreuit.

Damon.

Obe; jam satis est, jam finem abrumpe loquelæ;
Siste gradum, ad nihilum tantis ambagibus itur;
Lassas arrexii lentis sermonibus aures,
Dum miseri clunes hærent tellure refixi;
Quinetiam in venis stupidum riguisse cruorem
Sentio, et, en, calci concrevit peris gelato:
Non facit ad tales hæc improba fabula casus:
Ito domum, pastor, prope jam lux occidit, ite,

Perhaps I may hereafter continue my transcript of this version; but this will depend on the wishes of my readers, as far as they shall reach me.

ART. XV. *Memoirs of Wool, by the Rev. John Smith, L.L.B. 1747.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 285.]

Bibliography being the principal purpose of my work, I shall take the opportunity of extracting from the learned collections of this author, a chronological catalogue of early and scarce writers on the Commerce of England, or rather of such of them as have touched on the Wool-Trade, the earliest, most important, and still increasing branch of British produce.

I. "A Compendium or brief examination of certain ordinary complaints of divers of our countrymen in these our days: which although they are in some
part

part unjust and frivolous, yet they are all, by way of dialogue, thoroughly debated and discussed. By W. S. Gent. 1581." The dialogue is between "a knight, doctour, capper, merchaunt, and husbandman," and contains the same complaints, almost in the same words, as we have heard in every age, and hear at this day. The husbandman complains of inclosures, to which he attributes the increase of pasture, the dearth of corn, and the rise of rents. The capper confirms him by the augmented demands of his journeymen for wages; and the merchant attributes to this cause the decay of towns, and the additional prices of merchandise in consequence of the rise in the common articles of life, while in fact there never was a greater plenty of corn and grass and cattle. The knight asks, if the produce of the earth be really plentiful, how the high price can be attributed to inclosures? Yet he confesses that the alleged dearth exists, and says none feel it like gentlemen, whose incomes are fixed. "You raise your rents," cries the husbandman, "and by taking farms and pastures into your hands, rob poor men of their livings." "True," says the merchant.—The knight replies that the gentry are necessitated to do so, to protect themselves against the growing prices of the commodities which they require. The husbandman returns to his charge: "Those sheep," he continues, "are the cause of all these mischiefs!" The doctour, who appears to be the moderator, tells them they have all cause to complain, and resolves the original of these advanced prices of things into the alteration of the value of coin, on which subject he discourses very sensibly; and accounts for wool being dearer in comparison

parison than corn, from the former being allowed to be exported, and the latter too much restrained in that respect; says that reversing the measures would produce the contrary effect; and wisely argues that by giving an equal proper liberty to both; in that case, notwithstanding inclosures, the balance would be preserved; for that the farmer would shift from sheep to corn, and vice versa, as he was likely to find his account best in the one or the other. Indeed the result of the whole dialogue is, that the advanced price of all commodities, which appears to have been the complaint of these times, was only a consequence of the increase of trade, and a greater plenty of money than heretofore. It also appears that the price of wool, before the general dearth complained of at this period was 13s. 4d. per tod, and that now, viz. in 1581, it sold for 20s. and 22s per tod.*

2. "A Treatise of Commerce, wherein are shewed the commodities arising by a well ordered and ruled Trade, such as that of the Society of Merchants Adventurers is proved to be; written principally for the better information of those who doubt of the necessariness of the said Societie in the state of the realme of England. By John Wheeler, Secretarie to the said Societie. Printed at Middleburgh, 1601."

Smith says, this is the first printed book so nearly related as it is to the subject of these Memoirs. It contains, he adds, a tolerable history thereof, so far as the reign of Queen Elizabeth reaches, and something higher. The Merchant Adventurers, who had been the great instruments in procuring the dissolution of

* Squibb, L. 111, 112, 113.

the Stillyard Company, as monopolists, were now themselves become the object of like complaint, and probably not without reason. *

3. "A Declaration of the Estate of Clothing now used within this realm of England, &c. By John May, a Deputy Aulnager, 1613." Smith says, this writer lays open (not perhaps, without some degree of aggravation, in order to magnify his own office) several abuses in the woollen manufacture; which sort of abuses have given occasion to many laws both before and since the writing this tract, and which will be almost constantly found to be one great topic of complaint, and subject for reformation, in subsequent writers on this subject. †

4. "The Trade's Increase, 1615." This is a complaint of the decay of the English navigation, which the writer ascribes to the great consumption of mariners in the East India Trade.

5. "The Defence of Trade, 1615," a pamphlet, in answer to the last, by Sir Dudley Digges.

6. "Touching Manufactory: a Letter to King James; being part of a Tract, entitled, Observations touching Trade and Commerce with the Hollander, and other nations, as presented to King James, and commonly said (*Smith thinks untruly*) to have been wrote by Sir Walter Raleigh, and, as such, printed with his Remains, London, 1702, but written, if not published, before 1616." The real author is supposed to have been John Keymer. Smith is anxious to acquit Raleigh of it, to whose memory he thinks it does no credit.

* Smith, I. p. 116.

† *Ibid* p. 199.

7. "Free

7. "Free Trade: or the means to make trade flourish; wherein the causes of the decay of trade in this kingdom are discovered, and the remedies also to remove the same are represented. London, 1622. By E. Misselden of Hackney, Merchant."

As one special cause, as well as effect, of the decay of trade, this author assigns the want of money; which want he in a great measure accounts for "by the excess of the kingdom in their consumption of foreign commodities, such as the wines of Spain, France, of the Rhine, the Levant, and the Islands, the raisins of Spain, the corints of the Levant, the lawns and cambricks of Hannault and the Netherlands, the silks of Italy" &c. and then proceeds to the head of drapery.

8. "An Answer to a Treatise of Free Trade lately published. By Gerard Malynes, Merchant. London, 1622."

Oldys, in his "British Librarian," p. 96, has given a full account of this book. It seems that this author had published a tract as early as 1601, entitled "A Treatise of the Canker of England's Commonwealth," which was chiefly about exchange, and contained a passage relative to the Cloth Trade, that drew forth the reflections of Misselden; on which occasion came forth the above answer. Misselden had, it appears, omitted to handle the mystery of exchange between us and other nations; his only scope being to have the monies of the kingdom enhanced in price, and the foreign coins inconveniently made current in the realm at high rates.

Oldys says in a note, that "Malynes, the knowing and ingenious author of this scarce and curious tract, who thus spent forty years in the study of means to enrich

enrich his country by traffic, was a person of such considerable note for his abilities, that he was often called to the Council-Table, both in Queen Elizabeth's reign and King James's, for his opinion in mercantile affairs. He was appointed one of the Commissioners of Trade in the Low Countries, for settling the value of monies about 1586. He was afterwards a Commissioner also at home in the year 1600 for establishing the true par of exchange; and upon the laws enacted in the fourth year of King James, for the making of good and true cloth, he exhibited a demonstration to the Lords of the Privy Council, shewing the weight, length, and breadth of all sorts of cloths; and that weight and measure do controul each other; whereby the merchant, who buys the cloth, may be enabled to find out the fraud and deceit of the clothier. We find also that he published several other books besides this, as, near thirty years before, "the Canker of England's Commonwealth" above-mentioned; also "England's View;" and that he now had under the press, a volume, entitled "Lex Mercatoria, or, the ancient Law Merchant," wherein the dangerous rocks to be avoided in the course of traffic, and the means thereunto conducing, are manifested, for the preservation and augmentation of the wealth of these kingdoms, according to "Jus Gentium;" the knowledge whereof is of such moment, that all other temporal laws without it are not complete. He wrote also "The Royal Merchant of Great Britain," which he had now in MS. and perhaps other works."

This author's "Lex Mercatoria" is still, I presume, a book of authority; for I perceive that it is occasionally cited in the learned "Treatise on the

Law of Merchant Ships and Seamen, 1802, by Mr. Abbott," who has referred to some of the dicta of Malynes.

9. "The Circle of Commerce, a reply to Malynes. By E. Misselden. 1623."

Malynes had affirmed, "that the makers of cloth beyond the seas cannot make their cloth without our English wool;" which was untrue, and exposed him to this reply.

10. "England's Safety in Trade's Encrease, most humbly presented to the High Court of Parliament. By Henry Robinson, Gent. 1641."

In the late long interval of parliament, there does not seem to have been so much as a single tract on this subject. People who wanted to have them, had another way of obtaining their desired ends of monopoly, &c. by licenses and patents purchased with money. And if there were any, and certainly there were several, who disapproved such measures, yet the power of the Crown in the court of Star-Chamber ran too high for any one to risk his liberty and fortune, for the sake of exposing them, when they knew it could only issue in their own ruin. But now upon the meeting of this parliament, they are presented by Mr. Robinson with a short system of trading politics; in which, as in most others of the same kind, the woollen trade makes one article. Though the author is not always quite consistent, he is not the least so of writers on this subject. *

11. "The Golden Fleece, wherein is related the riches of the English Wools in its manufactures, to-

* Smith, I. 177.

gether with the true uses and abuses of the Aulnagers, Measurers, and Searchers Offices. By W. S. Gent. 1656."

The greater part of this book is a mere transcript of J. May's "Estate of Clothing, 1613."

12. "England's Interest considered in the Increase of the Trade of this Kingdom. By Samuel Fortrey. First published in 1663."

13. "England's Treasure by Foreign Trade; or, the Balance of Foreign Trade is the rule of our treasure. By Thomas Mun of London, Merchant. First printed in 1664."

This author was a merchant of note, whose name is often mentioned with approbation as a writer on trade.

14. "A New Discourse of Trade. By Sir Josiah Child." Probably first printed about 1667.

15. "Sir Josiah Child, of Wool and Woollen Manufacture."

Every sentence of this great oracle in trade carries with it no small authority; but yet we ought not to give implicitly into any of his opinions, without weighing and considering them maturely.

16. "England's Interest by Trade asserted, wherein is discovered, that many hundred thousand pounds might be gained to the kingdom by the due improvement of the product thereof, more particularly by Wool; and the evil consequences of its exportation, unmanufactured. By W. C. a servant to his King and country. The second impression. London. 1671."

17. "The Political Anatomy of Ireland. By Sir William Petty. 1672."

18. "A Letter from Sir William Temple, dated at Dublin,

Dublin, 1673, to the Earl of Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

19. "An Essay to the restoring of our decayed Trade, wherein is described the Smuglers, Officers, and Lawyers frauds, &c. By Joseph Trevers, 1675."

This author was a clothier, and afterwards in the office of Surveyor of one of the ports of this kingdom at the Custom-House.

20. "Reasons for a limited Exportation of Wool, 1677."

21. "A Discourse, shewing that the Exportation of Wool is destructive to this kingdom; wherein is also shewed the absolute necessity of promoting our Woollen Manufacture, and moderating the importation of some commodities, and prohibiting others. By Thomas Manly, Esq. 1677."

This writer, says Smith, had a controversy some years before this, about the rate of interest for money, with Sir Josiah Child, in which Sir Josiah speaks of him as a lawyer. That he was addicted to sophisms is pretty apparent from his manner of treating upon this subject. *

22. "A full and clear answer to a paper, intituled, "Reasons for a limited Exportation of Wool." By W. C. 1677."

23. "A Letter from a Gentleman in Ireland to his brother in England, relating to the Concerns of Ireland in matters of Trade, 1677."

24. "A Treatise of Wool and Cattle, in a letter written to a Friend, occasioned upon a discourse con-

* Smith, I. 267.

cerning the great abatement of rents, and low value of lands, &c. 1677."

25. "England's Improvement, &c. By Andrew Yarranton, Gent. 1677."

This contains, among other things, a dialogue between a clothier, a woollen draper, and a country yeoman at supper upon the road.

26. "The ancient Trades decayed, repaired again, &c. By a Country Tradesman, 1678."

27. "An Account of the French Usurpation upon the Trade of England, &c. In a letter. By J. B. 1679."

28. "Britannia Languens; or, a discourse of Trade. 1680."

This book is one middling volume in 8vo. treats, like some others, of trade in all its branches; and is frequently quoted with respect.

29. "A Plea for the bringing in of Irish Cattle, &c. By John Collins, Accomptant to the Royal Fishery Company. E. Reg. Soc. Philomath. 1680."

Of this author some account may be found in the General Dictionary. "Lord Chancellor Shaftsbury nominated him in divers references concerning suits depending in Chancery about intricate accounts, to assist in the stating thereof; which was some emolument to him, and to the shortening of the charge of the parties concerned; from which time especially his assistance was often used in other places, and by other persons; whereby he not only obtained some wealth, but a great name."

30. "A Treatise, wherein is demonstrated, that the East-India Trade is the most national of all Trades. By Φιλοπατρις. 1681."

This pamphlet is thought to have been written by Sir Josiah Child, or at least by his direction, and approved of by the Court of Committee of the East India Company.

31. "A Representation of the advantages from erecting and improving of Manufactories, more especially that of Woollen Cloth; with an answer to the objections against this last; and an account of the present state and success of the manufactory at New Milnes for woollen cloth, serges, silk, and worsted stockings, and of the rules and methods observed by the undertakers in the managing of it; with proposals to such as shall be willing to join in that work. Edinburgh. Printed, 1683."

32. "Reasons humbly offered by the Governour, Assistants, and Fellowship of Eastland Merchants, against the giving a general liberty to all persons whatsoever, to export the English Woollen Manufacture whither they please. 1689."

33. "The Linen and Woollen Manufactory discoursed, with the natures of Companies and Trades in general, and particularly that of the Companies for the Linen Manufactory of England and Ireland; with some reflections how the Trade of Ireland hath formerly, and may now affect England. Printed at the request of a Peer of this realm, London, 1691."

34. "An Abstract of the Grievances of Trade which oppress our Poor, humbly offered to Parliament. London, 1694."

Smith observes that "complaints, in general terms, of the bad state of trade, or even, which is more rare, boastings occasionally, of a good one, are so uncertainly issued, just as it suits the views and inclinations of
of

of particular persons or parties, that without some proper vouchers, such as the Custom-house accounts, or other testimony of a like nature, they are not to be depended upon for truths. Neither are the poor-rates, though often appealed to, any certain rule to judge by. As towns increase their trade, so will their number of poor, and consequently their parish-rates, increase. Moreover such is the manner of life, from hand to mouth, and the particular improvidence of labouring manufacturers and mechanics beyond those in plain simple husbandry, that as often as there happens either an epidemical sickness, or a scarcity and dearth of provisions, or a rigorous season, to put a stop to their work and their wages; so often, be the general state of trade and manufacture never so good, will there be great occasion of complaint among that class of people; and numbers of them will become the objects of relief."

35. "Considerations requiring greater care for trade in England, and some expedients proposed. London, 1695."

36. "A Essay on the East-India Trade, in a letter to the Marquess of Normanby. By Dr. Davenant. 1696-7."

37. "England and East-India inconsistent in their Manufactures; being an Answer to a Treatise, intituled, an Essay on the East-India Trade, &c. 1697."

The following profound observations of Smith, suggested by these pamphlets, deserve constant attention: "The author of the last pamphlet," says Smith, "grants much more than is necessary in admitting that woollen goods consumed at home do not enrich the nation; since nothing is so certainly enriching to

it, for as much as money saved is money got. But because that is no part of the balance of trade directly, therefore, I suppose, some will have it to be no part of the riches of the kingdom. This is for want of a full and true idea of what are riches; of which I cannot conceive otherwise, but that whatsoever enables a community to live plentifully, and contribute largely to the support of Government is, truly and properly, riches. This, a large consumption of home produce and manufacture, of the latter especially, does certainly. It does not indeed increase directly the stock of bullion in the kingdom; but it does what is much more, it certainly gives a brisk circulation to what is already there. And money itself is not properly riches; i. e. it is not serviceable to a community, but as it is circulated. Now four millions at home, consumed in home manufacture, makes ten times the circulation, gives life to ten times the expence in provisions, and taxes, that 400,000l. sent abroad in home manufacture does. In short, trade is two-fold, foreign and domestic; and though neither is to be slighted, but on the contrary cultivated with the greatest care and diligence, yet according to "The British Merchant," the latter is of the far greatest consequence. A larger home consumption of home produce and manufacture is a certain advantage, a less exportation of the same abroad is uncertainly so. If, for instance, which is too often the case, to force a vent abroad, and make more business and profit to merchants, more in value of consumable commodities is imported upon the whole from foreign countries, than is exported thither of home produce and manufacture; in that case, though there is an appearance

appearance of trade, and the merchants are gainers, yet the nation really loses. But home consumption of home produce and manufacture is a means of enriching a nation, as certain, as that improving lands is a means of increasing their rents, although the number of acres are not increased; while the exporting of home produce and manufacture is only accidentally enriching; i. e. provided less in value, of consumable commodities, is imported in return than was exported. I have said thus much, only to shew the great mistake of those who make light of the home consumption of woollen manufactures in England; which is vastly great, and of immense advantage to the nation; not to disparage the exportation of the same, which is also of prodigious consequence, as is every other article of our trade, which tends to turn the balance in our favour." *

38. "The Advantage of the East-India Trade to England considered, wherein all the objections to that Trade are fully answered. 1697-8."

Smith here takes occasion to throw a censure on Davenant, in conjunction with the author of the last pamphlet, which I am willing to hope was unmerited. "Though neither the arguments of this writer, nor those of Dr. Davenant," says he, "were sufficient to uphold the use of East-India manufactures in England for continuance of time; yet by raising a mist about the subject, they were plainly instrumental in prolonging the same for a few years. And that, to some particular traders, was worth the paying a handsome premium for to such *mercenary* pens. So that both

* Smith I. 414.

the one and the other, viz. those that paid, and they that received the money, finding sufficiently their account therein for the present, they were none of them over and above solicitous for the future credit of the thing." *

[To be continued.]

ART. XVI. *Tracts on the Corn-Trade and Corn-Laws. By Charles Smith, Esq. A new Edition, with additions from the Marginal Manuscripts of Mr. Catherwood. To which is now added, a Supplement of interesting pieces on the same subject. With some account of the Life of Mr. Smith. London, printed for Stockdale. 1804. 8vo. pp. 323.*

These celebrated tracts on the corn-laws had become very scarce, till this republication.

By the brief but interesting Memoir annexed, which is probably to be attributed to the learned pen of Mr. George Chalmers, it appears, that Charles Smith, the undoubted author of the "Three Tracts on Corn," which were originally published" (in 1758 and 1759) "when the want of knowledge on this subject was great; and have been since demanded by the public at different times, when the scarcity of food made the legislation of corn the most difficult," was born at Stepney in 1713. His father was Charles Smith, who occupied several mills by descent, and erected those great establishments of the kind at Barking in Essex; from which he retired to Croydon, where he died in

* With this ends the First Volume of Smith.

1761. Our author succeeded, on his father's retirement, to the occupation of his predecessors; but, having a competent fortune, left the active management to his partner and relation, while he found leisure to pursue his enquiries at Barking, and discharge the duties of a country magistrate.

In 1748, at the age of thirty-five, he married Judith, daughter of Isaac Lefevre, brother to Peter Lefevre, who had established the largest malt-distillery in England; and from henceforth he resided among his wife's relations at Stratford in Essex. Here, inquisitive and industrious, he turned his attention to the operations of the corn-trade, and policy of the corn-laws; and was induced by the scarcity of 1757, to lay the result of his labours on this subject before the public. These drew many communications from his friends, which formed afterwards his Third Tract, entitled, "A Collection of Papers, relative to the Price, Exportation, and Importation of Corn."

The first tract is entitled "A Short Essay on the Corn-Trade, and the Corn-Laws: containing a general relation of the present method of carrying on the Corn-Trade, and the purport of the Laws relating thereto in this Kingdom." 1758.

The second is "Considerations on the Laws relating to the Importation and Exportation of Corn; being an Enquiry what alteration may be made in them for the benefit of the Public." 1759.

These Tracts were universally well received, and the author lived to see an edition of them published by the city of London; to hear his work quoted with approbation by Dr. Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations;" and to observe his recommendations adopted
by

by Parliament. But in the midst of these enjoyments he died by a fall from his horse, on February 8, 1777, æt. 63. He left a widow, lately if not yet surviving, a daughter Judith, and an only son Charles Smith, in possession of a plentiful fortune, who is now M. P. for Westbury in Wilts, and resides at Suttons, near Ongar in Essex; and who married his namesake, Augusta, third daughter of Joshua Smith, Esq. of Stoke, near the Devizes, M. P.

ART. XVII. *England's Helicon: or, the Muse's Harmony.*

The courts of kings heare no such straines,
As daily lull the rusticke swaines.

*London, printed for Richard More, and are to be
sould at his shop in St. Dunstons Church-yard,
1614. 8vo.*

TO THE TRULY VIRTUOUS AND HONOURABLE
LADY, THE LADY ELIZABETH CAREY.*

Deigne, worthy Lady, (England's happy Muse,
Learning's delight, that all things else exceeds)
To shield from Envie's pawe and Time's abuse,
The tunefull noates of these our shepheard's reeds.

Sweet is the concord, and the musicke such,
That at it rivers have been seen to daunce;
When these musitiars did their sweet pipes tuch,
In silence lay the vales, as in a traunce.

* To this lady, the wife of Sir George Carey, Nash inscribes a prose, and Spenser a poetical, production. See Todd's Spenser, L lxxiv.—See also Censura Literaria, p. 153.

The Satyre stopt his race to heare them sing,
 And bright Apollo to these layes hath given
 So great a gift, that any favouring
 The shepheard's quill, shall with the lights of heaven
 Have equall fate! Then cherish these (faire stem)
 So shall they live by thee, and thou by them.
 Your Honour's ever to command,

RICHARD MORE. *

Such is the title-page, and such the sonnet dedication prefixed to the second edition of England's Helicon. The following are the titles of the additional poems, being only nine in number :

1. An Invective against Love. By Ignoto.
2. Dispraise of Love and Lovers' Follies. By Ignoto.
3. Two pastorals upon three Friends meeting. By Sir P. Sidney. Printed in Davison's Poetical Rapsody.† See *Censura*, p. 229.
4. An Heroycall Poeme. By Ignoto.
5. The Lover's Absence kills me. Her Presence cures me. By Ignoto.
6. Love the onely price of Love. By Ignoto.
7. Thyrsis praise of his Mistresse. By W. Browne.
8. A Defiance to Disdainefull Love. By Ignoto.
9. An Epithalamium, or, a Nuptiall Song, applied to the ceremonies of Marriage. By Chr. Brooke.

In the former list of contents (*Censura*, p. 274) No. 72. "The Shepheard's Dumpe," is the same ditty with a different title, as No. 141. "Thirsis, the Shepheard to his pipe."

* The stationer, or perhaps some Heliconian friend.

† To the article of Davison, p. 234, it may be added, that in the Bridge-water library is another MS. copy of his version of select psalms. See Todd's account of Spenser, p. lxxi.

No. 61. W. S. Mr. Steevens * suggested that these initials might belong to Wm. Shaskpeare or Wm. Sheares; but they are the property of Wm. Smith. The poem occurs in his "Chloris, a Complaint of the Passionate Despised Shepheard," 1596.

71. Under the pasted paper was printed S. W. R.

77. The signature pasted was M. F. G. i. e. Mr. Fulke Greville, afterwards Ld. Brooke.

129. I. G. was surmised by Ritson to be John Gough, a dramatic writer. Vide Biog. Dram. I. 195.

No. 138 is attributed by Walton to Sir W. Raleigh. See the Complete Angler, Part I. chap. iv.

139. A pencil denotation in Dr. Farmer's copy assigned this to Shakspeare.

As room for a very short specimen only occurred in a former Number, the following may not be unacceptable.

THE BARGINET † OF ANTIMACHUS.

In pride of youth, in midst of day

When birds with many a merry lay

Salute the sunne's uprising;

I sat me down fast by a spring,

And, while these merry chaunters sing,

I fell upon surmising.

* Mr. Steevens gave 5l. 10s. for his 4to. copy of England's Helicon, at Major Pearson's sale; and Dr. Farmer's 8vo. copy sold for 7l. 10s. to Mr. George Ellis.

† Mr. Steevens gave the following explication of this term. "The *Barginet* of Antimachus is a phrase equivalent to our Nancy Dawson's jig, &c. for *barganet*, like *jig*, might signify a short metrical performance as well as a dance. See note on *jig* in Hamlet. The term *barganet* or *jig* is further illustrated by a passage in Gascoigne's Hundred Sunde Flowers—"Mistress and I will oftsones entreat you to daunce a *bargynet*," p. 223.

Amidst

Amidst my doubt, and mind's debate,
 Of change of time, of world's estate,
 I spied a boy attired
 In silver plumes, yet naked quite,
 Save pretty feathers fit for flight,
 Wherewith he still aspired.

A bowe he bare to worke men's wrack,
 A little quiver at his back,
 With many arrowes filled :
 And in his soft and pretty hand
 He held a lively burning brand,
 Wherewith he lovers killed.

Fast by his side, in rich array,
 There sate a lovely lady gay,
 (His mother as I guessed)
 That set the lad upon her knee,
 And trim'd his bow, and taught him flee,
 And mickle love professed.

Oft from her lap, at sundry stowres
 He leapt, and gathered Summer's flowers,
 Both violets and roses :
 But, see the chance that follow'd fast !
 As he the pompe of prime doth wast,
 Before that he supposes.

A bee, that harbour'd hard thereby,
 Did sting his hand, and made him cry—
 " Oh, mother, I am wounded !"
 Fair Venus, that beheld her son,
 Cryed out " Alas ! I am undone !"
 And thereupon she swoounded.

" My

" My little lad," the goddesse sayd,
 " Who hath my Cupid so dismay'd ?"
 He answer'd - " Gentle mother,
 The honey-worker in the hive
 My griefe and mischief doth contrive;
 Alas! it is none other."

She kist the lad: now mark the chance!
 And strait she fell into a trance,
 And, crying, thus concluded:
 " Ah, wanton Boy! like to the bee
 Thou with a kisse hast wounded me,
 And hapless love included.

A little bee doth thee affright,
 But, ah! my wounds are full of spight,
 And cannot be re-cured:"
 The Boy, that guess'd his Mother's paine,
 'Gan smile, and kist her whole againe,
 And made her hope assured.

She suck'd the wound, and swag'd the sting,
 And little Love y-cur'd did sing:—
 Then let no lovers sorrow;
 To-day though griefe attaint his heart,
 Let him with courage bide the smart,
 Amends will come to-morrow.

THO. LODGE.

This poem, it may be remarked, is much more delicately and more elegantly turned than Spenser's madrigal of Venus, Cupid, and the Bee. See Mr. Todd's edition, Vol. VIII. p. 184. The subject of both, it may be added, is apparently taken from the 19th Idyllium of Theocritus.

ART.

ART. XVIII. *Retirement. A Poetical Fragment.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 289.]

Then Fancy rises from lethargic chains,
 Beneath whose weight long time oppress'd she lay;
 And as she lifts her hand, and waves her rod,
 Up the long vistas, on the opening lawns,
 I see gay Hope, with all her brilliant train,
 Weave the quick dance, and spread the splendid show:
 But, as the rays from her refulgent locks
 Glancing, invest the distant scenes in light,
 O let no more the falsely-glittering toys
 Of curst Ambition with delusive gleam
 Attract my sight; but be its choice some cot,
 Where in the gentle sunshine of Content
 Domestic privacy endears the day;
 Where Learning spreads her inexhausted tomes,
 And deep Reflection cheats the toil of time.

O what are now to me the rancorous looks
 Of scornful Rivalry; the sordid tricks
 Of selfish Artifice; the glance oblique
 Of Slander, spitting, coward-like, its gall
 On the poor victim's undefended back?
 What is the sneer of bloated riches? What
 The idiot toss of Titles, which the spoils
 Of Fraud, Extortion, Rapine, have acquir'd?
 They agitate my heart no more; they cast
 A gloom no more upon my alter'd mien.
 Intent on other themes, that calm my soul,
 And elevate my thoughts, with dauntless eye
 I look on all the ills of life, and view
 Unmoved "the ministers of human fate,"
 That still around me lurk.—O balmy breeze,
 That fann'st this bosom with thine odorous wings,

F F

Still

Still blow, and let me bare it to thy breath.
 It beats not now with wild tumultuous throbs;
 But thrills with sweet serenity, while calm
 Hangs the cerulean canopy of Heaven,
 And Silence the soft light enchanted woos.

Now wakes the poet's strain; from yonder shades
 Methinks I hear the rapturous notes pour'd forth.
 O hail, ye gifted masters of the Lyre!
 If, long an alien to your holy rites
 Lost I have wander'd, once again admit
 A sad repentant votary to your shrines!
 From you he seeks for genuine joy; from you
 He asks the charm that bids the gloomiest depths
 Of Solitude to smile, and peoples all
 The frowning wilderness with heavenly forms.

O thou, from whose inspired lips arose
 The tale of "Fairy castles, of brave Knights
 And gentle Ladies—whose immortal song
 Fierce wars, and faithful loves have moraliz'd,"
 O say, while haunting savage soils, * amid
 Barbaric clans, whose discords rude, and yells
 Of hideous tone, might e'en appall the hearts
 Of stoutest heroes, say, enchanting Bard,
 What but the Muse could soothe those anxious days
 Of never ceasing peril—She, who bad
 E'en Mulla's murmuring waters, as thou lay'st
 Calm on her banks, while Murder stalk'd around,
 Nurse thy sweet dreams, and cherish for thy lyre
 The brilliant scenes of visionary worlds!

And thou, sublimest Milton, from whose tongue
 Flow'd holy inspiration, when beset
 With poverty, with sorrow, blame and scorn,
 "With darkness and with dangers compass'd round,"

* See Spenser's Sonnets to Lord Ormond, and Lord Grey of Wilton.

What but the Muse, thy dreary rooms could light
With glories of seraphic brilliancy?

But where, O Nymph, dost thou delight to dwell?
What are the scenes, that seem to foster most
Thy day-dreams? High-o'erarching bowers, the song
Of birds, and lapse of rivers, and the sigh
Of Zephyr in the leaves?—On grassy banks
The poet throws his careless limbs, while cool
Beneath his feet the rippling current runs,
And, as before his half-shut eyes appear
Ten thousand glorious shapes, he weaves the lay,
And feels unutterable joy, as grow
The fairy forms of his creative brain.

Thou, who could'st ope the fountains of the heart,
At whose pathetic eloquence the eye
Streams with big tears, and sobs the heaving breast,
Unhappy Otway! as on Arun's marge
Thine infant form was stretch'd, what airy imp
Of pure angelic softness hover'd o'er
Thy young imagination! What sweet notes
Of inexpressive tenderness and joy
With exquisite vibration thrill'd thine ear!
O cruel was the fate, that led thy steps,
From these the Muse's haunts, (where still she deigns
To linger, and inspire her priestess, her,
From whose enchanting lyre awake the tones,
That touch the bosom and the fancy fill,*)
Led thy young steps to camps and courts impure,
Where selfish Luxury and low-born Vice
And sensual manners brutaliz'd the soul:
Where mean degenerate thoughts beneath the pomp
Of glittering vests debas'd the shape of man.

Ah! ill-starr'd child of genius, could'st thou waste
Thy voice inspir'd on groveling tribes like these?

* Mrs. C. Smith.

How did they press the fragrance of thy mind,
 Pluck off its flowers, and rifle all its sweets
 To veil the poison of their fetid thoughts,
 Then "throw thee like a nauseous weed away,"
 For very want in loathsome dens to die.*

Would, thou hadst never left thy native fields,
 But heard the woods, that whisper'd o'er thy birth,
 And streams that prattled to thine infant lips,
 Still to thy manhood murmur! Then perchance
 Some new Monimia with yet softer voice,
 Some Belviders in pathetic tones
 Of tenderness e'en yet more exquisite,
 Had pierc'd our hearts, and lifted up our souls
 O form'd of texture too refin'd, of thought
 Too nice for worldly intercourse, no groves
 Had been too thick for thee; the chequer'd glooms
 Had sooth'd the coming phantoms of thy mind,
 And rang'd them in new visions, beautiful
 As tints of air-drawn castles! But the fiend
 Ambition cross'd thee; thy inspired voice
 Was chang'd to mortal; and an early grave
 Was the best gift thy hapless lot could gain!
 Mother of Virtue, Empress of the lyre,
 O lovely Solitude, with whom alone

* "Thomas Otway, son of Humphry Otway rector of Wolbeding in Sussex, was born at Trotton in that county, March 3, 1651, sent to Winchester school, and thence to Oxford; but deserted the University 1674. He died at a spunging-house, known by the sign of the Bull on Tower-hill, on April 14, 1685, aged about thirty-five years." From Oldys's MSS;—who adds, that "in the collection of Familiar Letters of Lord Rochester, &c. 1697, there are six of Otway, written to Mrs. Barry, the actress, in a very passionate and pathetic style, and much more eloquent than any other of his writings." "Otway," says Oldys, "was more beholden to Capt. Symonds, the Vintner, in whose debt he died 400l. than to all his patrons of quality. See *Les Soupirs de la Grande Bretagne*, or the Groans of Great Britain, 8vo. 1713, p. 67."

Sweet Sensibility is safe, to thee,
 Only to thee is my tumultuous heart
 Fit guest! Beneath thy peaceful wing subsides
 The wild confusion, which the shout of mobs,
 The din of company, the jest, the sneer,
 Envy's scance look, and Hatred's savage frown
 Upraise. With thee vanish the empty wish
 Of mean distinction, the degrading sigh
 For empty honours; each unholy thought,
 Ungenerous hopes, malignant prophecies,
 Resentment, Scorn, Disguise—Yet there are griefs,
 Not all the calm of silent woods, and streams
 Scarce murmuring, can ever soothe. Intent
 Upon the heart the blood-stain'd vultures fix,
 Gnawing with greedy appetite their prey!—
 How oft with eyes upon the ground I sit
 From hour to hour, while still th' incumbent weight
 Heavier and heavier grows! I wish for night,
 But thro' the night the cowering demons ply
 With maw insatiate, nor does th' opening dawn
 Bring ease! Exhausted, lifeless, I again
 Sink on my couch, and wish again for night.

Blow all ye winds! Ye spirits of the storm,
 Direct the shrieking blast, at which the grove
 Shakes all its branches, and the forest groans!
 O let me mingle in the roaring war
 Of elements; and rouse this languid frame!
 Then may the fiends perchance, that torture me,
 Affrighted fly; and once again my lips
 Sound undisturb'd the gentle pastoral pipe!

[To be continued.]

ART. XIX. *The Surveyor's Dialogue divided into five bookes: very profitable for all men to peruse, that have to do with the revenues of land, or the manurance, use, or occupation thereof, both lords and tenants: as also and especially for such as in-dever to be seene in the facultie of surveying of mannors, lands, tenements, &c. By J. N.—“A discreet servant shall have rule over an unthrifty sonne, and he shall divide the heritage among the brethren.” Prov. xvii. 2. Voluntas pro facultate. London, printed for Hugh Astley, dwelling at S. Magnus Corner. 1607. 4to. pp. 244.*

This book is dedicated to Robert Earl of Salisbury, by the author, JOHN NORDEN, from his “poore-house at Hendon, primo Januar. 1607.” Prefixed are verses of four stanzas, entitled “The Author to his Booke.” Next follow “the Contents of the five books of the Surveyor's Dialogue,” in these words:

“The first booke containeth a communication betweene a farmer and a surveyor of lande: wherein is proved, that surveyors of mannors and land are necessarie both for the lord and tenant, and in what maner tenants ought to behave themselves towards their lords, in respect of their tenures.

“In the second booke is intreated between the lord of a mannor, and a surveyor, concerning the estate of a mannor, of the parts and profits thereunto belonging, and how the lord of a mannor ought to deale with his tenants.

“In the third booke is contained the maner and method of keeping a court of survey, and the articles

to be inquired of, and the charge : how to enter and in-roll copies, leases, and deeds, and how to take the plot of a mannor.

“ In the fourth booke is shewed the maner of the casting up the quantities of acres of al sorts of grounds by the scale and compass, with tables of computation for ease in accompting.

“ In the fifth booke is shewed the different natures of grounds, and whereunto they may be best imployed, how they may be bettered, reformed and amended, fit for all farmers and husbandmen.”

The first dialogue begins with an argument between the farmer and the surveyor on the evils and benefits of the occupation of the latter : as for instance at p. 2.

“ *Surveyor*. Belike you thinke it free for you to censure other men at your pleasure, and to judge them after your owne vaine conceit, and yet no reply must take hold of your wayne quarrell, that riseth of meer malice against the innocent.

“ *Farmer*. Innocent ? How can that be, when you pry into men’s tytles and estates, under the name, forsooth, of surveyors, whereby you bring men and matter in question often times, that would, as long time they have, lye without any question. And oftentimes you are the cause that men lose their land : and sometimes they are abridged of such liberties as they have long used in mannors ; and customes are altered, broken, and sometimes perverted or taken away by your meanes : and above all, you looke into the values of men’s lands whereby the lords of mannors do rack their tenants to a higher rate and rent then ever before : and therefore not only I, but many poore tenants else have good cause to speake against the profession.”

The surveyor in reply asks, why should not rogues and vagabonds equally cry out against magistrates, &c.?

“ *Farmer*. It seemes, you compare tenants of manors, that are, many of them, honest, civill, and substanciall men, to roagues and vagabonds. You forget yourselfe.

“ *Surveyor*. My plaine words are, that as well these evil members of the commonwealth may speake against the surveyors of the commonwealth, as may tenants of a manor speake against the surveying of their lands within the same.

“ *Farmer*. That were strange; for by the one, the whole state of the kingdome is kepte in peace, and by the other many millions disturbed, that might live quietly in their farmes, tenements, houses and lands, that are now dayly troubled with your so narrow looking thereinto, measuring the quantity, observing the quality, recounting the value, and acquainting the lords with the estates of all men’s livings, whose ancestors did live better with little, than we can now do with much more, because by your meanes rents are raysed, and landes knowne to the uttermost acre, fines inhaunced farre higher then ever before measuring of land and surveying came in; and therefore I thinke you cannot but confesse, that other men, as well as I, have good cause to speake of you, and your profession, as I doe.

“ *Surveyor*. I perceive that the force of your strongest arguments is as before I said, your fear and unwillingness that the lord of the mannor, under whom and in whose land you dwell, should know his owne: and that you think it better for you, that he should still
continue

continue ignorant of what he hath, and that your estates should be always hidden, and what injury you doe should be concealed, then that he should be acquainted with what you hold, and your abuses, incroachments, usurpations, intentions, and wrongs discovered."——" If there be cleane and plaine dealing among tenants, they need not fear, who look into their lands and estates. But if there be deceits and wrongs against the lord, policie willeth you to banish any man, and to barre all the means that may discover them, though equitie and honestie be contented to discover all things to the manifestation of truth. Are not these the matters of chiefe importance that disquiet you? The measuring of your lands, the observation of the quality, and estimating the value of your lands.

" *Farmer*. It is true: for these are causes that our rents are increased, and our fines raised, and this would the lord never do, if such as you did not inkindle the lord's desire, by your too severe scrutations, examinations, impositions, and imputations; for were the lords of mannors ignorant of these things, as in former times, poore tenants might have things at the rate they had in former times.

" *Surveyor*. You impute your great impositions unto the acte of an honest surveyor, when I will prove the cause is in yourselves. There is no mannor, nay no farme, be it great or little, farre off, or neere hand, but hath bin, and dayly is discovered by private intelligencers, lurking in or neere the same, prying into estates, ayming at the quantity, wide, short, or over, seldom hitting right, observing also the quallity, and glauncing at the value of every man's land, and therefore secretly and underhand do informe the lords of the

the farme, and they being credulous overmuch, and not a little covetous, build their demaunds both of rents and fines upon these most deceivable informations, whereby the lord is abused, and the tenant wronged; whereas were the things scene, viewed, and surveyed by a judicious and faithfull surveyor, who, upon due consideration, and discreet observation of all particulars, gives in a true and indifferent certificate unto the lord, using rather his uttermost endeavour to moderate and mitigate the lord's excessive demands, then aggravating the validity beyond reason or a good conscience, you would be of another minde, and I protest, I hold that surveyor a very bad man, that will either for affection or bribe carry a parciall hand betweene the lord and his tenants: yet sith he holdeth as it were the beame of the ballance, he should rather give the better waight to the weakest, respecting nothing but a charitable course to be held by the lord, for whom he travaileth with the tenant, against whom, if he speak not, he shall be often suspected of the lord to be parciall. But if there be equal consideration on all sides, the lord will beleieve the surveyor deales justly, and the tenant rest satisfied, willingly to leave, or rudely to accept, as his owne judgment agreeth or disagreeeth with the things propounded. For this have I observed, that, oftentimes tenants consider not when they are kindly used, neither see at all times when they are abused."

Again, at p. 12.

"*Farmer.* I will shew by auncient court-rolls, that the fine of that which is now twenty pound, was then but thirteen shillings foure pence, and yet will you say they are now as they were then?

"*Surveyor.*

Surveyor. Yea, and I thinke I erre little in it. For if you consider the state of things then and now, you shall finde the proportion little differing: for so much are the prices of things vendible by farmers now increased, as may well be said to exceed the prices then, as much as twenty pound exceedeth 13s. 4d.

Farmer. You speake farre from truth, and I marvel you will erre so much, pretending to be a man of that reach, that men employ you to overreach others.

Surveyor. To shew you then an instance, looke into the Chronicle in the time of Henry the Sixt, and you shall finde that a quarter of wheate was sold at Royston in Hartfordshire for twelve pence: and I trust if you be a farmer, you are a corne seller, and I thinke, if a man offer you thirty times as much for a quarter, you will say it is better worth.

Farmer. Was it possible that corne was then and there sold so cheape, and to rise since to this rate? It is very strange.

Surveyor. Not at all: for since there grew such emulation among farmers, that one would outbid another (which in the beginning was little seene) it grew at length, that he that bought deare, must sell deare, and so grew the prices of things by degrees to this rate as now they be, and a farmer gets as much by his farme now as then he did.

Farmer. You erre therein, I assure you: for else could farmers keep as good houses and hospitality now, as they did then, and alas, you see how unable they be.

Surveyor. It is true, and the reason is manifest: for where in those days farmers and their wives were content with mean diets, and base attire, and held their

their children to some austere government, without haunting alehouses, taverns, dice, cards, and vain delights of charge, the case is altered: the husbandman will be equal to the yeoman, the yeoman to the gentleman, the gentleman to the squire, the squire to his superior, and so the rest, every one so far exceeding the corruptions held in former times, that I will speake without reprehension, there is at this day thirty times as much vainly spent in a family of like multitude and quality, as was in former ages, whereof I speake. And therefore impute not the rate of grounds to a wrong cause, for to tell you truly, both lord and tenant are guilty in it: and yet they may be both content, for they are as the sea and the brookes: for as the rivers come from the sea, so they ruane into the sea againe.”*

Thus it is, that in all ages the same complaints become the topics of the mob: and two centuries ago, were heard exactly the same murmurs at increased rents, increased price of the articles of life, and the luxury of farmers, as we hear at this moment as if they had now first occurred.

This “Surveyor’s Dialogue” was republished 1610, and again 1618, in 4to.

JOHN NORDEN.

John Norden, the author, was of a gentleman’s family, probably of Wiltshire. He was educated at Hart-Hall, Oxford, 1564, where he took the degree

* In p. 184 he mentions “the commendable booke of Surveying of Master Valentine Leigh.”

of A. M. 1573. He was a voluminous author, according to A. Wood, who enumerates the following titles.

1. Sinful Man's Solace, most sweet and comfortable for the sick and sorrowful soul, &c. London, 1585, 8vo.

2. Mirror for the Multitude; or, a glass wherein may be seen the violence, the error, the weakness, and rash consent of the multitude. London, 1586, 8vo.

3. Antithesis; or, contrariety between the wicked and godly, set forth in form of a pair of gloves, fit for every man to wear, &c. London, 1587.

4. Pensive Man's Practise. 1591, 12mo. — 40th edit. 1629, 12mo.

5. Poor Man's Rest; founded upon motives, meditations, and prayers, &c. Printed several times in 8vo. and 12mo. The 8th edition. London, 1620, 12mo.

6. Progress of Piety, whose Jesse's lead into the harborough of heavenly Hearts-ease, to recreate the afflicted souls of all such, as, &c. London, 12mo.

7. Christian Comfort and Encouragement unto all English subjects not to dismay at the Spanish threats. London, 1596.

8. Mirror of Honour, wherein every professor of arms, from the General to the inferior Soldier, may see the necessity of the fear and service of God. London, 1597, 4to.

9. Interchangeable Variety of Things. London, 1600, 4to.

10. Surveyor's Dialogue, as above.

11. Labyrinth of Man's Life: or, Virtue's Delight and Envy's Happiness. London, 1614, 4to. a Poem, dedicated to Rob. Car, Earl of Somerset.

12. Loadstone to a Spiritual Life. London, 1614, 16mo.

13. Pensive

13. *Pensive Soul's Delight*: or, a devout man's help, consisting of motives, meditations, and prayers, &c. London, 1615, 12mo.

14. *An Eye to Heaven in Earth*. A necessary watch for the time of death, consisting in meditations and prayers fit for that purpose. With the husband's Christian counsel to his wife and children left poor after his death. London, 1619, 12mo.

15. *Help to true Blessedness*.

16. *Pathway to Patience in all manner of Afflictions*, &c. London, 1626, 8vo.

He is supposed to be the same, who was eminent for his skill in topography, and wrote "*Speculum Britannicæ*; or, an historical and chorographical description of Middlesex. London, 1593," in about seven sheets, 4to.; and about the same time "*A Chorographical Description of Hartfordshire*, in four sheets, 4to." He was one of the Surveyors of the King's lands, A. D. 1614. *

ART. XX. *Milton's Cypher, and Harleian Library.*

Oldys in his MSS. says, "Milton's cypher for secret communication with others used by the Republicans under Oliver, I had among the Royal Letters in Clarendon's Collection, which I redeemed from perdition, and presented to my late noble Lord of Oxford; and they are still preserved in the Harleian Library. But God knows how soon that magnificent collection of MSS. may undergo the same dispersion as the printed books, which were sold to Tom Osborne, my neighbour, for less than 13,000l.; though the binding only of the least part of them, by his lordship, cost him 18,000l."

From Oldys's Interleaved Langbaine.

* Wood's Ath. I. 450, 451.

ART.

ART. XXI. [THOMAS NABBES.

"Thomas Nabbes," who was a dramatic writer in the time of Charles I. "made a continuation of R. Knolles's General History of the Turks, from the year 1628 to the end of 1637, collected out of the Dispatches of Sir Peter Wyche, and other Embassadors. He seems to have been secretary, or other domestic, to some nobleman or prelate at or near Worcester. Partly hinted in his poem "On losing his way in a forest, after he was intoxicated with drinking perry: wherein he says, "I am a servant of my Lord's." *

A farther continuation of Knolles's History was made by Sir Paul Rycaut, late Consul at Smyrna. Lond. 1679.

ART. XXII. *Addenda.*

Richard Knolles sprung from Northamptonshire, and was educated at Oxford. He died at Sandwich, 1610. See Wood's Ath. I. 362.

John Vicars is well known by the couplet in Hudibras,

"Thou, that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars."

See Nash's Hudibras, III. p. 49.

Vicars died 1652, aged 72. See Wood's Ath. II. 152.

There was a second edition of Martin's Hebrides, 1716, 8vo. much corrected. Martin was a native of one of these islands, where he lived as a factor.

* From Oldys's Interleaved Langbaine.

ART. XXIII. *Literary Obituary.*

DIED LATELY.

May 29. Bernard Hodgson, L.L.D. Principal of Hertford College, Oxford; author of "Translations of Solomon's Song, 1785," &c.

Geo. Barry, D. D. of Shapinshay, in the Orkneys. See p. 381.

Dr. Donald Smith, Compiler of the Appendix to the Report of the Highland Society, regarding Osian's Poems. See Edinb. Rev. Vol. VI. p. 435.

At Bath, John Clark, M. D. aged 62, Author of "Observations on the Diseases of Hot Climates," &c.

Rev. John Clarke Hubbard, A. M. Rector of St. John's, Horsleydown, Surry, and author of "Jacobinism," a Poem, &c.

July 2. Dr. Patrick Russell, F.R.S. author of "A Treatise on the Plague," and Editor of his brother's "History of Aleppo."

Aug. 3. At Harnish House, Wilts, at an advanced age, Christopher Anstey, Esq. of Bath, and of Trumington, Cambridgeshire, well known for his comic poem, "The New Bath Guide," &c.

Aug. Sir Richard Worsley, Bart.

••• Communications from Correspondents for the continuance and enlargement of this Literary Obituary are particularly requested. Memoirs, and Lists of Works of deceased Authors would be very acceptable, and, it is hoped, not discredibly recorded by this publication.

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING thus, by the candid and unexpected encouragement of the public, brought to a conclusion one volume of the *CENSURA LITERARIA*, it may perhaps be not improper to make a few observations on its contents. Of the works here mentioned, some are so scarce that they never occur in the catalogues even of the most eminent booksellers; and if by any chance one of this description is accidentally met with, it of course finds an immediate purchaser at an extravagant price. But their scarcity alone is but a foolish recommendation. Their intrinsic value is for the most part great.

It is well known, that a copy of Lord Berners's *Froisart* is not to be bought under twenty guineas, if at all; and to the wealthy it is, even at this rate, by no means dear; for it contains a very rich treasure of the English language. The *Poetical Miscellanies* of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth are all rare and valuable. Of "*The Handeful of Plesant Delites*, by Clement Robinson, 1584," which appears to have been a popular book in Shakspeare's time, as he quotes several songs from it, only one copy, and that wanting a leaf, now exists.* Both the editions of *England's Helicon* are of extreme value, more especially the first. Nor are these the only uncommon books, of which some account is given in this work. I could enumerate only fifteen volumes, here recorded, of which the lowest price, if they could be procured at all, (which would not happen very soon) would be nearly 120 guineas.

* From the obliging information of Mr. Smith.

Mr. Gifford, in his Introduction to the new edition of Massinger, very justly censures the ridiculous tests of merit set up by vain and selfish collectors. But most of the books I have mentioned do not derive their claim to notice merely from the infrequency of their occurrence, but furnish matter well worthy of the attention of the most enlightened critic or historian. The reign of the Tudors, more especially of the last glorious heroine of that House, was the reign of poetical genius; and after the fancy, the moral charms, the Doric delicacy, and the harmony and force of language, which the Miscellanies of Queen Elizabeth's time exhibit, we observe with astonishment and disgust the lapse of taste and refinement and imagination, of which the main body of the poetry of the three or four succeeding reigns produces such glaring proofs. It is true that in this period arose Milton, and Cowley, and Dryden; but Milton was so notoriously of the former school, that he never obtained popularity among his cotemporaries. The inimitable brilliance and beauty of Cowley's genius was so vitiated by the bad taste of the age in which he lived, as to deform almost all his compositions, and at this day to depress him nearly into oblivion. Dryden was something younger than the others; and the vigour of his mind surmounted the corrupt habits of the time when he was educated; but I think the character of his talents rendered him less liable to these errors: in truth it will be admitted, even by his warmest admirers, that he was rather of the French than of the Italian school of imagination; and therefore survived to an æra, when the public opinion was more in coincidence with his own, than it would have

have been in the days of Spenser, and Sackville, and Sydney.

It has been reported that Mr. Ellis has an intention of giving a new edition of these Elizabethan Collections. He could not make the public a more acceptable present. To myself, who, though I have had the luck of obtaining one or two of them, have been necessitated to content myself with short and casual inspections of others, few books would be more delightful. There is a grace of expression, a happiness of sentiment, and an attractive simplicity about many of them, which has never since been equalled. When we afterwards take up the discordant rhymes of Donne and his imitators, loaded with metaphysical subtlety, and remote and pedantic allusions, we can scarcely believe he could have immediately succeeded to such a numerous body of writers of pure and unsophisticated poetry. After the exquisite song of Marlow, "Come, live with me, and be my love," who could have supposed a nation could have suddenly relapsed into such barbarism? Even Carew and Lovelace, two of the best love-writers of Charles the First's reign, are far from being free from frequent mixtures of disgusting quaintness and conceits, coarse expressions, and inharmonious lines.

On articles of history, except Froissart, already mentioned, I have hitherto entered but little. Duchesne's *Norman Historians* contains a vast fund of solid information; and is a book, which no English scholar, who of course will choose to derive his information from original sources, can, if he wishes to become acquainted with the memoirs of his country, dispense with. To the real antiquary, the work affords endless

stores of research and amusement. And I much doubt whether it has ever yet been sufficiently investigated by any one who has undertaken to compile the History of England in his native tongue. Of these compilers I mean hereafter to give a catalogue and short character. But their number, which I have feared would occupy too large a portion of a commencing publication, and, I will confess, the time and labour required to execute it properly, have hitherto deterred me.

The Parliamentary Chronicle of Vicars is a very scarce and curious picture of the enthusiasm, hypocrisy, violence, madness, and cruelties of the time; and contains many minutiae which will delight the inquisitive memorialist. All the parts are seldom found perfect, as in the copy from whence I have drawn my account.

There is a narrower department of history, which is generally held in contempt by those who have not cultivated it: I mean the history of families. On this subject I have only introduced one work, to which I have been induced by its comparative importance, and by the extraordinary antiquity and high rank of the Warrens whom it records. On these points the few who know me will not impute my forbearance to ignorance. In truth, I suspect, that here, if no where else, they will give me more credit for my investigations than I deserve. I cannot deny that I have formerly wasted more time than became a wise man in these pursuits; but never, I trust, to the exclusion of more liberal studies. From those who would deny me every thing else, I have had full credit for a title to the contemptuous terms of "A genealogist and a herald."

herald." Never did any one less deserve these denominations in the tone in which they were applied. Never did any one judge of genius or virtue with less regard to birth, station, riches, or worldly prosperity! Never did any one feel more scorn for mere empty descent; or contemplate with more indignation a base disposition, low manners, and depraved conduct, when combined with an illustrious genealogy and high and ancient titles! But I have resolved, as I have said before in the very article of the Warrens, never to encumber this work with such dry, meagre, ungrateful, and perhaps useless discussions!

The Biographical Memoirs, I have inserted, have been principally drawn from the minute and intelligent inquiries, and indefatigable labours of Oldys, preserved in the interleaved copy of his *Langbaine*. Many of them are curious, and though parts have already been given to the public in the *Biographia Dramatica*, yet as they are the originals from whence that work borrowed them, it became not only amusing but useful to record them in their own form and words.

On the subject of Political Arithmetic I have endeavoured to give a chronological catalogue of the leading books, intermixed with remarks and characters. This may seem to many a very meagre and unsatisfactory labour. But (as Oldys cites from Lord Bacon) "learned men want such inventories of every thing in art and nature, as rich men have of their estates." When we first enter on any branch of study, it is palpably useful, to have the authors, to whom we should resort, pointed out to us. "Through the defect of such intelligence, in its proper extent," says Oldys, "how many authors have we, who are consuming their

their time, their quiet, and their wits, in searching after either what is past finding, or already found? In admiring at the penetrations themselves have made, though to the mind only, in those very branches of science, which their forefathers have pierced to the pith? And how many who would be authors, as excellent as ever appeared, had they but such plans or models laid before them, as might induce them to marshal their thoughts into a regular order; or did they but know where to meet with concurrence of opinion, with arguments, authorities, or examples to corroborate and ripen their teeming conceptions?"

Political Arithmetic is a science, which I regret my inability and want of leisure to pursue with adequate attention. Its results are highly important in the present state of this country. But I cannot boast that they are as consolatory as they are important. Mr. Edward King some years ago published a pamphlet* to prove the utility of the National Debt; and I believe his arguments went to prove its increase a benefit; but he does not seem to have viewed the subject in a light sufficiently comprehensive. An increase of the circulating medium is surely not an increase of the national wealth. In some respects it may facilitate the production of wealth; but in others it destroys it. The augmentation of the nominal price of labour and raw materials must injure the vent of our manufactures in foreign markets, and tend to decrease a favourable balance of trade. Nor is this the only evil. If the national riches remain the same, which is asserted, because it is said that what is paid by one part

* *Considerations on the utility of the National Debt, &c.* 1793, 8v.

of the nation is received by another, (an assertion not accurately true, because foreigners carry away large dividends which they may have bought at inadequate prices), yet there is an evil of most serious magnitude in thus forcing property to change hands. Society is thus turned topsy-turvy; there is no permanence in rank or in estates; adventurers and stockjobbers rise above all that is venerable for wisdom or virtue or station; and the people habituated to a constant sight of changes lose all reverence for establishments and become ripe for insurrections, revolutions, and plunder.

It seems, as if the possessors of substantial property were now mere holders for the benefit of those who deal in ideal capital. And this misfortune is aggravated by the terrific monopoly of these dealers; and the height to which the ingenious system of their artifices is carried: so that while the nation are suffering all the ill consequences of an highly-augmented circulating medium, all, except a few of the initiated members of this traffic, are incurring the injuries of a scarcity of this commodity.

Such at least is the momentary view, which presents itself to me, of this very weighty subject. It is possible that a longer and less distracted attention might induce me to see it in a different light.

Of our trade there is no branch of more importance than our woollen manufacture, and none of which there are memoirs so profound and satisfactory as those of Smith. But it may be doubted whether all the legislative provisions on this subject have been as wise as they might have been. The impediments which the monopolizing spirit of commerce has thrown on

the exportation of wool have undoubtedly operated as a discouragement to its growth. Still the increase of the foreign vent of this manufacture has been gradual, as appears by the following statements.

Woollen Exports.

		£.	s.	d.
1662—1668,	about	900,000	0	0
1699—1701-2		2,561,615	0	0
1737-8		4,158,643	17	0*
Average of 1769-70-71		4,323,463	0	0
Average of 1790-91-92		5,056,733	0	0†

What has been the subsequent increase I am not at this moment prepared to state, though the rise of the general amount of our export trade in British manufactures, of which this forms a considerable part, has been undoubtedly large. The increase I think of the amount of 1799 above that of 1784 was £.8,337,663

The corn-trade and corn-laws have been profoundly investigated by Charles Smith. But nearly fifty years have passed since his tracts were first published; and perhaps there has now arisen much matter for additional disquisition. It strikes me that the country banks did materially contribute to augment the prices of corn in the last war; and that the dangerous, because too sudden, change of their conduct, the consequence of the new mode of managing the money-market in London, has since tended to reduce those prices as much too low, as they were before too high. That, whatever be the increase of the issues of paper

* Smith's Chron. Rust. II. 510. † Chalmers's Estimate, 1802, p. 208.

money, the evils of an impeded circulation are alarmingly felt, is demonstrable from the diminished price of land, which has fallen since the accession of the Addington administration, from a free sale at upwards of thirty years purchase to less than twenty-seven, at which price much land remains unsold for want of purchasers. This is a gloomy symptom, which has never before occurred, since the termination of the American war.

There are one or two more topics on which it may be proper to say a few words. The Essay by Evelyn on the advantages of an Active Life opposed to Solitude suggests many topics worthy of meditation. It cannot be denied, that in the exercise of the duties of a public station, and in the collision of society, there are many pleasures, and many benefits to be gained. The ill Spirits which inhabit retirement are neither few nor insignificant. Languor, Spleen, Misanthropy, Sameness, Grief, Fear, Melancholy, and others of that family, are too often found in the abodes of Loneliness. But on the other hand the noblest virtues flourish best in that soil. The sublimest efforts of the mind, and exertions of the heart can only be nurtured amid the silence of woods, and the recluse charms of Nature. Mr. Evelyn seems to have taken the other side of the question only for the purpose of trying his ingenuity; for all the habits of his life disprove his sincerity on this occasion. The works which his Solitude produced have spread far beyond the narrow sphere of individual action and the short span of human life; and his knowledge and his sentiments yet survive in books the registers of his private occupations.

Of the few original articles in this volume it would
not

not become the author to speak. They were introduced for the sake of variety; and partly perhaps to shew that the writer of them is not totally incapable of sometimes rising above the humble merits of a mere transcriber.

If there be any, and I suspect there are very many, who think the publications of their own age sufficient to enlighten the mind and charm the fancy, and that the revival of obsolete volumes, and the rescue of the ponderous black-letter tomes of more laborious times from the dust of the shelf, is an useless waste of toil and expence, it will not be illiberal to assert that these censurers possess but a very limited acquaintance with the history of the human intellect, and have obtained but an inadequate idea of the force and varieties of language. The literature of every period intermixes in its character a tendency to some peculiar faults and corruptions which they, whose habits are exclusively confined to it, will never detect. It is by comparison and contrast that these vices are rendered glaring, and the taste continues acute and sound. But wisdom and erudition are the accumulation of ages, and how can he appreciate the merits of a modern writer, who is unacquainted with the matter or manner of his predecessors. "Doctrina," says my predecessor and relation*, Sir Thomas Pope Blount, in the preface to his *Censura Celebriorum Authorum*, "Doctrina non sine summo studio et vigiliis paratur. Putare homines divino afflatu doctos fieri, Fanaticorum est; etiam poëta frustra nascitur, nisi ad præclaram indolem accesserit industria. Atque hinc est, quod pauci revera

* Half-brother to the present writer's great grandmother.

docti sint, (quicquid crepent scioli) quoniam laborem atque operam ferre nequeunt. Ut autem maximum, quantum fieri potest, fructum ex lectione perciperes, quendam tibi authorum delectum, deque iis varia doctissorum hominum judicia proposui; quæ si inter se diligenter contuleris, et tuum ipse iudicium acuere et confirmare poteris; et nunquam in nullius pretii scriptoribus evolvendis oleum atque operam perdes. Quod enim ad ipsius operis rationem spectat; hoc se maxime nomine commendat; quod inde tibi Bibliothecam instruere possis; quam ad rem notitia autorum apprime utilis ac necessaria; quæ nisi adfuerit, sæpe evenit, ut homines in libris comparandis et tempore simul et nummis fraudentur. Huic igitur incommodo ut occurrerem, hunc laborem exantlavi."

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Oct. 19, 1805.



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CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY,
AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

By SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, *Esq.*

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1806.

PREFACE.

:L some satisfaction in having brought
 Work to the conclusion of a second
 ie. From its very nature, it must be-
 more useful in proportion to its extent;
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 shall receive as much encouragement
 commencement, will embrace the ac-
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 l publications, of which the lapse of
 has latterly confined the knowledge to
 iligence of expensive collectors, or of
 earchers into forgotten literature.

the larger part of the scarce books
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of Old English Poetry, the reader, who
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of my principal Correspondents, will
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espondents, I have brought forward a
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hers. The " Chips" and the " Chal-
A & " lence"

lenge" of Churchyard, the poems of Verstegan, and the Satire of Roy on Cardinal Wolsey, in particular, are of such unusual occurrence, that they may be deemed almost inaccessible. The memorial of these, at least, therefore, and others of the same sort, will, I trust, be considered as a grateful service to all minds imbued with a spirit of liberal investigation.

In studying the varieties of the human intellect, every one who reflects deeply, will open old books with the most poignant interest, as the registers of the movements of departed minds. And what a superiority does this circumstance give to authors above all other votaries of Fame! When their bodies are mouldering in the dust, when the eye can no longer beam intelligence, nor the tongue speak, their thoughts still survive; their language yet lives; and their eloquence still exalts our understandings, or melts our hearts!

It is however well-known, that books not unfrequently become first neglected, and then scarce, from causes totally unconnected with want of merit. It is indeed notorious, that the extent, to which a work is originally circulated, too often depends more on the mechanical means used to push it

it abroad, than its own intrinsic worth. What is most calculated to be popular, is commonly superficial; and unless where authority supersedes the real taste of the generality, many a curious and many a profound work is first unnoticed, and then lost.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

But the flowers of the mind, the gems of fancy and sentiment, which lie buried in the gloom and dust of ancient libraries, or entombed in the sepulchral pages of Black-Letter Printers, it is my humble, though perhaps Quixotic, endeavour to rescue from undeserved obscurity.

Yet let it not be suspected, that I am so prejudiced as to think that all wisdom, and all genius, were exhausted with the ages that have past away. Every year exhibits proofs, that both Imagination and Learning are still in full vigour in this country. And if I feel a strong delight in discovering to the world the merit of some rare piece of literary antiquity, I open and peruse with at least equal avidity, and zest, the compositions of my contemporaries, which almost every month produces.

I think Gibbon has said he would not exchange his love of reading, for all the riches of the East. The sentiment is not only noble, but just. What pleasure is so pure, so cheap, so constant, so independent, so worthy a rational being? But we cannot mingle much with mankind, without meeting, among a large proportion of those, with whom we are conversant, an opinion expressed, or implied, that books are, for the most part, an useless incumbrance upon our time and our faculties. They value nothing which does not increase, what they call, practical wisdom, and which does not tend to advance them in life, by rendering them expert in the common affairs of daily occurrence.

It must be admitted that books, more especially with those, who are much occupied by them, seldom produce these effects. They rather abstract the mind, and absorb those minute attentions to surrounding trifles, which are momentarily necessary for one, who would obtain the credit of the mob, for possessing what they are pleased to denominate "good common sense."

There have been various definitions of common sense. It appears to me, to mean
nothing

nothing more than an uneducated judgment, arising from a plain and coarse understanding, exercised upon common concerns, and rendered effective rather by experience, than by any regular process of the intellectual powers. If this be the proper meaning of that quality, we cannot wonder that books are little fitted for its cultivation. Nor is the deficiency at all discreditable to them.

The persons, who thus censure them, have but very superficially estimated the capacities, or the purposes of our mental endowments. They little conceive the complicated duties of society, and indescribable variety of stations, for which the human faculties require to be adapted. If the most numerous portion of mankind, are only called on to move in a narrow circle, and to perform their limited part with (what I shall venture to call) a selfish propriety, there are others, to whom higher tasks are assigned; whose lot it is to teach rather than to act; and to contribute to that acuteness, enlargement, and elevation of intellect, by which morals and legislation are improved, and the manners and habits of a kingdom refined and exalted.

It will surely be unnecessary to use any arguments in favour of a truth so obvious, as

that these purposes must be principally effected by books. In books, the powers of the mind are carried farthest, and exhibited to most advantage. How indigested, how tautologous, how imperfect, but above all how fugitive, is oral information! The same luminous arrangement, the same rejection of superfluities, the same cohesion of parts, nay the same depth of thought, the same extent of comprehension, and richness and perspicuity of detail, is impossible.

Through books we converse with the dead; bring remote ages to communicate with each other; and impel the selected wisdom of distant periods into collision. Through books, we preserve memorials of the progress of language, the gradual refinements of sentiment, and the changes of time. If it would gratify us to call up those who have slept for centuries in the cold tomb, that we might listen to their opinions, and be instructed by their information, do not old books produce to us much of the same effect? By a recovered volume of ancient date we often draw back the veil of oblivion, and unfold the secrets of the grave. We find the record of some name, that has long been buried; some proof of intellectual vigour; some animated touch of the heart; and

and thus we seem to repeople the world with some of its departed inhabitants.

But among books how immeasurable is the variety and distance, between the good and the bad; between the heavy masses of the laborious compiler, or the dull narrator of facts, and the inspired sentiment, and living imagery of the great poet! The latter indeed lives too much "in the blaze of his own flame" to require the aid of collateral light to draw attention to him. Yet there are many intermediate degrees of excellence, that need to be rescued from among the forgotten spoils of age.

I believe Mr. Malone somewhere calls Churchyard a poetaster; but surely he had some merits above those of a poetaster. It is true that his poverty seems to have urged him to write a great deal too much; and sometimes too meanly; and whoever has an opportunity of inspecting the greater part of his very rare publications will probably find many trifles, and much contemptible trash among them; but the writer of *The Legend of Jane Shore* was certainly not deficient in genius, and amongst his other pamphlets I have no doubt that there will at least be found many curious notices of the times. The same remarks may be made on *Wither*,
who

who lived half a century after him; but Wither's pretensions to genius are still less doubtful. His writings were equally multifarious; and many of them still more objectionable, because they were dictated by party virulence and sectarian cant; but amongst his numerous verses, which he seems to have scribbled with endless profusion, and with a total disregard to the art of blotting, there are entire compositions, which could not have proceeded, but from one, who was endowed with a strong poetical spirit. In those instances he is generally characterized by an easy elegance, and a copiousness of unaffected sentiment. A man of real taste, who has an opportunity of comparing all his publications, many of which can now seldom be met with, would do an acceptable service to the literary world, by giving a judicious selection from them.

Many pages of this volume, and some will think too many, have been occupied in a digested Catalogue of early books on English Agriculture. But the subject is both interesting and useful: and I suspect that an accurate examination of these works, will prove that the present age has not all the claims to discovery in this science, to which it has made pretensions. It is true
that

that the knowledge is more generally diffused and put into practice ; but the theory of most of the great principles was as well known in the time of Fitzherbert as it is now. It is a great misfortune that we have lately had a large number of authors on this subject, who have ventured to write, before they have studied, or endeavoured to learn what has been already said by their predecessors. Hence we have been disgusted and satiated with the publications of uneducated farmers, whose heads have been turned by seeing their own crude conceptions in print, and fancying themselves enlightened legislators, desirous and capable of reforming errors and abuses, which their own narrow and partial views of things have exaggerated, or invented. I am not so unreasonable as to expect in every writer on Husbandry the elegance and the genius of the Georgics: but I think it would be well, if some little acquaintance with literature, some slight skill in composition, were generally required from these presumptuous consumers of paper and print. The List I have given will prove that the matter was ordered far otherwise in former times: then Judges, and Poets, and Statesmen, and great classical scholars, alone, ventured

ventured to occupy this department of knowledge. Very few moderns, except Walter Harte, have trod in their steps: and what an interesting book has that accomplished scholar produced? Instead of crude assertions, of which the triteness is disguised only by vulgarity of language, we have extent of erudition, justness of thought, vigour of sentiment, and beauty of expression: both theories and experiments are traced to their origin through flowery and classical paths; and the deductions of reason are confirmed by the authority of ages, and their uninterrupted progress along the stream of Time. But how can rude wits venture to treat of this innocent and sublime art;—this art “so intimately blended with the most touching emotions of the soul, and most brilliant imagery of the fancy?” Which “is altogether conversant among the fields, and woods, and has the most delightful part of Nature in its province; which raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, while it teaches us; and makes the driest of its precepts look like a description *?” “Virgil (says Dryden) seems to think that the blessings of a country life are not complete,

* Addison.

without

without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

*" O fortunatos nimium, bona si sua noriat,
Agricolae !*

" It is but half possession not to understand that happiness which we possess: a foundation of good sense and a cultivation of learning, are required to give a seasoning to retirement, and make us taste the blessing. Eden was not made for beasts; though they were suffered to live in it, but for their master, who studied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the devil have been happy there with all his knowledge; for he wanted innocence to make him so. He brought envy, malice, and ambition into paradise, which soured to him the sweetness of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, it is hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their passions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for solitude; and in that solitude is prepared for them

*" Et secunda quies, et nescia fallere vita *."*

* Dedication of the Georgics to Lord Chesterfield.

I am

I am sorry that my present volume contains so few articles of History. It is my intention to make amends for this defect in the next. For if historians have not often written with that force of penetration, and eloquence of reflection, which give such interest to the higher efforts of the mind, we cannot survey even the indigested materials of the dullest memorialist, without drawing from them many rich materials for thought, and many results of experience, which will extend and increase our practical wisdom. Of productions in this department those alone are more mischievous than useful, which, being without the foundation of proper documents and authorities, flow from the pens of mercenary writers, to gratify the indiscriminate curiosity of common readers. For the defects of these no ease or elegance of style can make amends; founded as they are in vulgar errors and mere popular and temporary prejudices. The invaluable State-Papers and Memorials, relating to the period of Sir Robert Walpole's Administration, which have lately been brought to light by Mr. Coxe, have exhibited proofs of many striking instances of this kind in our common histories of that time. And in how different

different a light from that of vulgar authors, did Lord Hailes's publication of Cecil's Secret Correspondence represent a most important point of the life of the great Sir Walter Raleigh?

But my limits will not allow me to extend this Preface farther. I have now therefore only to return thanks to my Correspondents; and though the delicacy of my friends, Mr. Park and Mr. Gilchrist, would be offended at my dwelling too largely on the subject, I must say, that to their constant aid I am indebted for the most valuable parts of my work. There is indeed one friend, the companion of my early studies, the correspondent of my youth, the severe director of my first efforts as an author, but who long since has left me behind him in that road of ambition, in which I earnestly hope that he will attain the exalted station he merits; to him I dare not express with more particularity the obligations, which I feel to him, for having stolen an hour from his more important occupations, to add variety to my pages, by an article containing abstruse information of singular interest, which few, if any, besides himself could have imparted.

May

May this volume, though it is far from satisfying the wishes or the hopes of the Editor, be received with as much candour as the former!

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

April 21, 1906.

CENSURA

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER V.

[Being the First Number of Vol. II.]

ART. I. *Puttenham's Art of Poesie*, 1589, 4to.

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. I. P. 349.]

THE second book treats "of Poetical Proportion;" in the first chapter of which the author defines poetry to be "a skill to speak and write harmonically; and verses or rime to be a kind of musicall utterance, by reason of a certain congruity in sounds pleasing to the eare." In the third chapter describing "how many sorts of measures we use in our vulgar," are the following verses which he says "sound very harshly in mine eare, whether it be for lack of good rime or good reason, or of both I know not."

"Now suck child, and sleep child, thy mother's own joy,
Her only sweet comfort to drown all annoy;
For beauty surpassing the azured skie,
I love thee, my darling, as the ball of mine eye."

As Sir Toby observes, "it is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan," or one might suspect our critic of prejudice in this instance, for the lines will not, as I think, sound harshly in the judgment of this advanced period.

VOL. II.

B

The

The whole of this division of his work, being occupied with the mechanical rules of poetic, contains little worth noticing in this place, unless, the piece itself being lost, the plot of his comedie *Ginæcocratia*, printed towards the conclusion of the book, could be considered interesting.

Pass we now to the third book, "of Ornament," in the third chapter of which he instructs the maker, or poet, to choose his language from the court or the shires lying near London: he adds "our maker at these days shall not follow *Piers Plowman*, nor *Gower*, nor *Lidgate*, nor yet *Chaucer*; for their language is now out of use with us," and he guards his readers against the many "inkhorne termes brought in by men of learning, as preachers and schoolmasters;" a conceited practice against which Wilson also exclaims in his "Art of Rhetorick:" I know them, says he, that think rhetorick to "stand wholly upon dark words; and he that can catch an *inkhorne term* by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician." Not far distant from the former quotation, Puttenham, in ridicule of their inflated language, says, "they cannot be better resembled than to these midsummer pageants in London, where to make the people wonder are set forth great and ugly gyants marching as if they were alive, and armed at all points, but within they are stuffed full of brown paper and tow, which the shrewd boys underpeering do guilefully discover and turn to great derision."

Butler tells us that

—A rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools;

and,

and, indeed, this were no small matter, according to Puttenham's ample catalogue, which amounts (if my fingers err not) to one hundred and nineteen; and all of them "inkhorne terms." The following epitaph (introduced for the purpose of illustrating *Metaphora*, or the figure of transport), "to the memorie of a deere friend, Sir John Throgmorton Knight, Justice of Chester, and a man of many commendable virtues," may not be unacceptable as a specimen of the critic's poetical talents:

Whom virtue rear'd, envy hath overthrownd,
 And lodged full low under this marble stone,
 Nor ever was his value so well known
 Whilst he liv'd here, as now that he is gone.
 No sun by day that ever saw him rest
 Free from the toils of his so-busy charge,
 No night that harbour'd rancour in his breast,
 Nor merry mood made reason run at large.
 His head a source of gravity and sense,
 His memory a shop of civil arte;
 His tongue a stream of sugared eloquence;
 Wisdom and meekness mingled in his heart.

In like manner each of his rhetorical figures is exemplified by some piece of poetry, original or selected, or some curious anecdote, for the most part of his own period, and relating to persons whose names are "familiar in our mouths as household words." It is in this that the chief entertainment of his book is found: to transcribe every tradition of this garrulous old courtier would be to copy half this division of the work, and it is rendered less necessary since ample use has been made of it by Seward in his collection; nor, perhaps, would their introduction be altogether correct in this place,

place. Enough, it is hoped, has been said for the purposes of this work, which were to give a general idea of the volume, and having nothing of much importance to add to the accounts of the author by Ellis and Ritson, it is thought unnecessary to extend this review.

O. G.

ART. II. *A Brief Examination of the Roll of Battle Abbey; with a copy of that Roll, containing the names of those who are supposed to have accompanied William the Conqueror to England.*

In the First Number of this work, in my account of Du Chesne's *Scriptores Normanni*, I promised the Disquisition which I now insert.

A Table pretending to contain the names of those who came over with William the Conqueror to England, was formerly suspended in the Abbey of Battle in Sussex, with the following superscription :

Dicitur a bello Bellum locus hic, quia bello
 Angligenæ victi sunt hic in morte relictī:
 Martyris in Christi festo cecidere Calixti:
 Sexagenus erat sextus millesimus annus
 Cum pereunt Angli, stellâ monstrante Cometâ.

To this list we hear vain persons making perpetual references for proof of the antiquity of their families, and even authors to this day occasionally cite it. Holinshed and Stow have both printed copies of it, but so variant from each other, that the former consists of 629 names; the latter of 407 only. Fuller, in his "Church-History," p. 155—161, has reprinted both

in opposite columns; and the learned Andrew Du Chesne, in the Appendix to his Collection of the Historians of Normandy, has inserted a copy which agrees mostly with Stow's.

Yet nearly two centuries ago the learned Camden, who excelled as much in the depth and extent of his knowledge as in the elegance of his taste and his language, and though one of our earliest, was surely the most judicious of our antiquaries, pronounced, that "whosoever considereth it well, shall find it always to be forged, and those names to be inserted, which the time in every age favoured, and were never mentioned in the notable Record of Domesday*."

I shall here insert the copy printed by Du Chesne, from the communication of Camden, but reduced into a more exact alphabetical order, accompanied by remarks, which are anticipated for the sake of avoiding a tiresome repetition of the names, but with a reservation of my main arguments till the conclusion of the list.

Roll of Battle Abbey, with Remarks. †

1. *Abel*. A name which has not a very genuine sound, as a surname.
2. *Akeney*.
3. * *Albini*. Nigel de Albini, ancestor of the ancient Earls of Arundel of that name.
4. *Amonerdville*.
5. *Augenoun*. Probably the same as Argentoun.
6. *Angilliam*.
7. *Archer*.

* Camden's Remains, p. 153, 6th edit. Lond. 1657, 4to.

† The names to which the asterisk is prefixed, are in Domesday Book.

8. * *Arcy*. Ancestor of the Lords D'Arcy, Earls of Holderness.
9. * *Argentoun*.
10. * *Arundell*. Lords Arundel of Wardour.
11. *Asperemound*.
12. *Aspervile*.
13. *Avenant*.
14. *Audley*. See p. 27.
15. * *umerle*. Albemarle.
16. *Augers*. Aungier.
17. *Bandy*.
18. *Banistre*. Perhaps Balister or Balistarius.
19. *Barbason*, }
20. *Barbayon*, } Intended probably for Brabazon.
21. *Bardolph*. A family who do not seem to have risen into notice till the reign of Hen. II.
22. *Barchampe*. Probably a corruption for *Beauchamp*.
23. *Barnevalle*.
24. *Barrett*.
25. *Barre*.
26. *Barte*. Intended, no doubt, for Bartie; a name of no note till the reign of the Tudors.
27. *Basset*. A family whom, from the silence of Domesday book, I strongly suspect, though of great note, not to have come to England till some years after the Conquest.
28. *Bawdewyne*. Not at this time a surname.
29. *Baylife*.
30. *Bayous*. Odo, Bishop of Bayeux?
31. * *Beauchamp*. One of the powerful attendants of the Conqueror, whose family history would fill volumes.
32. *Beauper*.

- 32. *Beauper.*
- 33. *Beer.*
- 34. * *Beke.* Settled at Eresby in Lincolnshire, from whose heiress came the Willoughbys of Eresby.
- 35. *Belasyse.* A name which, though ancient, is *Bel.* understood to be of English local origin.
- 36. *Belefrown.*
- 37. *Belhelme.*
- 38. *Belknape.*
- 39. *Belomy.* I suppose, meant for Bellamy.
- 40. * *Belot.* A name of early note in Dorsetshire and Lincolnshire.
- 41. *Beaufort.*
- 42. * *Berners.* Lord of Eversdon in Cambridgeshire, temp. W. Conq.
- 43. *Bertevyley,* }
- 44. * *Berteville,* } Breteville.
- 45. *Bertine.* Perhaps this may be intended for Burton.
- 46. * *Bertram.* Barons in Northumberland:
- 47. * *Bigot.* Earls of Norfolk.
- 48. *Blundel.*
- 49. *Blundell.*
- 50. * *Blunt.* A great Norman family of real antiquity, of which branches are surviving at Sodington in Worcestershire, and Mapledurham, in Oxfordshire, to this day.
- 51. *Bodyt.*
- 52. * *Bohun.* A high and illustrious name, Earls of Hereford, &c.
- 53. *Bolesur.*

54. *Bondeville*, }
 55. *Bonville*, } Barons temp. Hen. VI.
 56. *Bonylayue*.
 57. *Boteler* An official name. Hugh Pincerna occurs in Domesday Book.
 58. *Botville*.
 59. *Bowlers*.
 60. *Bowser*. Probably Bouchier, a great family, but who do not seem to be traced higher than the time of Edw. III.
 61. * *Bræhus*. Braose, a great baronial family of Bramber in Sussex, &c. *Engl. History*
 62. *Brand*.
 63. *Brasard*.
 64. *Braunche*.
 65. *Braybuf*. Perhaps Braybroc.
 66. *Bret*.
 67. * *Breton*. Several of the name of Brito occur in Domesday book.
 68. *Broune*. A name, I suspect, of long subsequent date.
 69. *Broyleby*.
 70. *Buffard*.
 71. *Bulmere*. Of early consequence in the North.
 72. *Burdet*. A family of undoubted antiquity.
 73. *Burden*.
 74. *Burgh*. See p. 29.
 75. *Bures*.
 76. *Burnel*. A baronial family whose antiquity is witnessed by Dugdale.
 77. *Buschell*.
 78. *Busseville*. This may be meant for Bosville
 79. *Bushey*.

79. *Bushey*. Rob. deBuci occurs in Domesday book,
as does Roger de Busli.
80. *Butrecourt*. Perhaps Botetourt, or Buteturt.
See Dugd. Bar.
81. *Byseg*. Perhaps Eiset, a family of some note in
the reign of K. Stephen.
82. *Camos*. Camois, a baronial family, temp. Hen.
III.
83. *Camnine*.
84. *Canville*. Camvile. See Dugd. Bar. I. 627.
85. * *Carbonell*.
86. *Carew*. See p. 29.
87. *Cateray*.
88. *Chamberlaine*. Camerarius, an official name, of
which several occur in Domesday book.
89. *Chamberronne*. Champernon.
90. *Champeney*.
91. * *Chaney*. Ralph de Caineto came into England
with the Conqueror.
92. *Chanteloue*. Perhaps Cantilupe. See Dug. Bar.
93. *Chereberge*.
94. *Charles*. Qu. Calgi, or Cailli, which occurs in
Domesday book?
95. *Chaucer*.
96. *Chaunduyt*.
97. *Chaundos*. See Dugd. Bar. I. 502. Does not
appear in Domesday book, though Rob. de Ch.
certainly came over in the Conqueror's reign.
See p. 24.
98. *Chaunville*. Probably the same as Camville.
99. *Chawent*.
100. *Chawnis*.
101. *Chawmont*.
102. *Chawns*.
103. *Chaworth*.

103. *Chaworth*. Patric de Cadurcis, or Chaworth,
lived in the Conqueror's reign. See Dugd. B.
104. *Chayters*.
105. *Cherecourt*. Qu. Crevequeur?
106. *Cheyne*. } See Cheney.
107. *Cheynes*. }
108. *Chotmlay*. See p. 28.
109. *Clarell*.
110. *Claremaus*.
111. *Clervaille*.
112. *Clereney*.
113. *Chyfford*. See p. 27.
114. *Colet*.
115. *Colville*. Dugdale mentions as a baronial family,
temp. K. Stephen.
116. *Conell*.
117. *Coniers*. Dugdale also traces this family to the
time of K. Stephen. *Conyers*
118. *Constable*.
119. * *Corbet*. Roger, son of Corbet held twenty-four
lordships in Shropshire, temp. W. Conq. See
Dugd. Bar.
120. *Corbine*.
121. *Corleville*.
122. * *Coucy*. Curcy. Rich. de Cury. See Dug. B.
123. *Couderay*.
124. *Courtenay*. See p. 23.
125. *Cressy*. See Dug. B.
126. *Cribet*.
127. *Curly*.
128. *Cursen*. Curzon, a very ancient family, *Curzon*
129. *Dabernoun*.
130. *Dakeney*.
131. *Damry*.

131. *Damry*. Probably Damory. See Dug. Bar. II. 100.
132. *Daniell*.
133. *Danway*. Daunay. See Dug. B.
134. *Darell*.
135. *Dauntre*.
136. *Daveros*. Devereux.
137. *Davers*.
138. *Deauville*. Deivell. See Dug. B.
139. *De Hewse*. Qu. Herman de Drewes, mentioned in Domesday B. ?
140. *De La Bere*.
141. *De La Hill*.
142. *De La Lind*.
143. *De La Planche*.
144. *De La Pole*.
145. *De La Vere*.
146. *De La Warre*. See Dug. B.
147. *De La Ward*. Ibid.
148. *De La Watche*.
149. *De Liele*. * L'Isle. Dug. B.
150. *Denyse*.
151. *Darcy*. D'Arcy. See before.
152. *Desuye*. Desny, or Disney.
153. *Devaus*. De Vaux. See Dug. B.
154. *Dine*. Qu. * Dive ?
155. *Disard*.
156. *Dispenser*. Rob. De-Spencer was steward to the Conqueror.
157. * *Divry*. D'Ivery. See Lovel.
158. *Donyngsels*. D'Odyngsels.
159. *Druell*.
160. * *Engayne*. Richard Engayne, the head of a baronial family occurs in Dom. B. and Dug. B.
161. *Escriols*.

} All these names speak for themselves as to their origin.

- 161. *Escriols*. Criol, great Kentish Barons, but apparently not as early as W. Conq. See Dug. B.
- 162. *Estrange*. See p. 13.
- 163. *Estutaville*. Stuteville. Rob. de Stoteville lived temp. W. Conq. See Dug. B.
- 164. *Esturney*. * Sturmy.
- 165. *Evers*, or *Éver*, a local name from Evre, or Iver, Bucks, temp. Hen. III.
- 166. *Faconbridge*. Fauconberg, a great Yorkshire family, probably of later date, at least as to the name. See Dug. B.
- 167. *Fanecourt*.
- 168. *Faunville*.
- 169. *Fibert*.
- 170. *Filioll*.
- 171. *Finer*.
- 172. *Fitz-Allan*. Fitzalan, a name taken temp. Hen. I. by Wm. son of Alan, Lord of Oswaldstre, com. Salop. See p. 29.
- 173. *Fitz-Brown*. Meant, I suppose, for Fitz-bruen.
- 174. *Fitz-Herbert*. Herbert Fitzherbert was living 5 Steph. See Dug. B.
- 175. *Fitz-Hugh*. Dugdale says this name was not appropriated till Edw. III's reign. Dug. Bar. I. 402.
- 176. *Fitz-John*. This name seems to have been first taken by John Fitz John Fitz Geoffrey, temp. Hen. III. He was one of the Mandeville family. Dug. Bar. I. 706. See also Fitzpain and Vesey.
- 177. *Fitz-Maurice*.
- 178. *Fitz-Marmaduke*.
- 179. *Fitz-Pain*. Robert Fitzpain son of Pain Fitz John,

John, brother of Eustace Fitz John, ancestor of the Vescies, both sons of John de Burgo, surnamed Monoculus, first took this name. Dug. Bar. I. 572, 90. Which is a good instance how little surnames were fixed at this time.

- 180. *Fitz-Philip.*
- 181. * *Fitz-Rauffe.* See Dug. Bar. I. 510, 678, 769.
- 182. *Fitz-Robert.*
- 183. *Fitz-Roger.*
- 184. *Fitz-Thomas.*
- 185. *Fitz-Urcy.* Fitz-Urse.
- 186. *Fitz-Walter.* This name seems to have been first exclusively appropriated to Robert Fitzwalter, a great Baron temp. K. John, son of Walter Lord of Dunmow, who died 10 Ric. I, son of Robert, fifth son of Richard Fitz-Gilbert (or de Tunbridge, or de Clare) to whom the Conqueror granted 175 lordships. Dug. B.
- 187. *Fitz-William.* First appropriated temp. Hen. II. Dug. Bar. II. 105.
- 188. *Fitz-Waren.* This name could not be taken earlier than the time of Hen. I. by Fulk, son of Guarine de Meez, sometimes called Fulco Vicecomes. Dug. Bar. I. 443.
- 189. *Foke.*
- 190. *Folville.*
- 191. *Formay.*
- 192. *Formiband.*
- 193. *Freville.* Was of note temp. Hen. III. Dug. Bar. II. 102.
- 194. *Frison.*
- 195. *Furnivale.* See p. 23.
- 196. *Gamages.* Gamage.
- 197. *Gargrave.*

- 197. *Gargrave*.
- 198. *Gascoigne*.
- 199. * *Gaunt*. Gilbert de Gant was son of Baldwin,
Earl of Flanders, and nephew to the Conqueror.
Several of this family came over with William.
Dug. Bar. I. 400, &c.
- 200. *Glaunville*. Ralph de Glanville lived temp.
W. Conq. Dug. Bar. I. 423.
- 201. *Golofer*.
- 202. *Gover*. I suppose Gower.
- 203. *Gracy*.
- 204. *Gray*. The first mention of this family in public
records is temp. Ric. I. Dug. Bar. I. 709.
- 205. *Graunson*. Grandison. See p. 23.
- 206. *Gurdon*. Perhaps Gernon.
- 207. *Gurly*.
- 208. *Hameleyn*. Perhaps Hanselyn, or * Alselyn.
See Dug. B.
- 209. *Hamound*. Hamo, not then a surname.
- 210. *Hansard*.
- 211. *Harecoud*. Harcourt is said to have come over
with the Conqueror and returned to Normandy.
He was ancestor to Lord Harcourt.
- 212. *Harewell*.
- 213. * *Hastings*. Of palpable local origin in England. ✓
- 214. *Haulay*. Hawley.
- 215. *Hecket*.
- 216. *Herne*. Heron, a Baron in Northumberland,
temp. K. John. Dug. B.
- 217. *Husie*. Hussey. Hoese. See Dug. Bar. I. 622.
- 218. *Janville*. Geneville.
- 219. *Jarden*. Jordan.
- 220. *Jasperville*.
- 221. *Jay*.

100. *Hulle* *Hulle*

221. *Jay*.
 222. *Karre*. Carey.
 223. *Karron*. Carew.
 224. *Kyriell*. See Criol.
 225. *Lastelles*. Lascelles of Yorkshire. Dug. Bar. II. 6.
 226. *Latomere*. Latimer. Dug. B.
 227. *Lave*. Qu. Lane? or * Laci?
 228. *Le Dispenser*. See Dispenser.
 229. *Le Mare*. Delamare. Dug. Bar. II. 28.
 230. * *Le Scrope*. A great and numerous family of long continuance. Dug. B.
 231. *Le Strange*. See p. 23.
 232. *Level*. Qu. Lcdet? Dug. Bar. I. 736.
 233. *Levony*.
 234. *Le Wawse*. Vaux. See De Vaux.
 235. * *Lindsey*. Lindesey, or Limesei. See Dug. Bar. I. 769.
 236. *Lislay*. Lisle. See before.
 237. *Litterile*. Probably the same as Lutterel.
 238. *Logenton*.
 239. *Longspes*. William Earl of Salisbury, temp. K. John, was surnamed Longspe from his long sword. He was supposed to be a Talbot, and procured his Earldom by marrying Ela, heiress of William De Ewrus, (or Salisbury) Earl of Salisbury. Dug. B.
 240. *Longvaile*. }
 241. *Logeville*. } Longueville.
 242. *Lonschampe*. Longchamp. Hugh de Longchamp was Lord of Wilton, co. Heref. t. Hen. I. Dug. B.
 243. *Loterell*. Luttrell. Dug. Bar. I. 724.
 244. *Loveday*.
 245. *Loy*. Qu. * Loges?
 246. *Lucy*.

246. *Lucy*. First occurs in Records, temp. Hen. I.
Dug. B.
247. *Mainard*.
248. *Mainwaring*, or Mesnilwarin. Richard de Mesnil-
waren was one of the Barons of Hugh Lupus,
Earl Palatine of Cheshire, temp. W. Conq.
Dug. Bar. I. 35.
249. *Malebranche*.
250. *Maleherb*.
251. *Malemaine*. Malmain.
252. *Maleville*.
253. *Malory*.
254. * *Manduit*. Mauduit. A great family. Dug.
Bar. I. 398.
255. *Manley*. A corruption probably for *Mauley*.
256. * *Mantell*.
257. *Marmilon*. Probably * *Marmion*. Rob. Mar-
mion had a gift of Tamworth from W. Conq.
Dug. Bar. I. 375.
258. *Marteine*. Martin de Tours, a Norman, won
the territory of Kemeys, co. Pembr. Dug.
Bar. I. 729.
259. *Mayell*. Qu. Meinell? Dug. Bar. II. 120.
260. *Maule*.
261. *Mauley*. } See p. 23.
262. *Mautravers*. Maltravers. Dug. Bar. II. 101.
263. *Menpincoy*. Qu. Montpincon?
264. *Merke*. Q. Merle, or Morley?
265. *Mesni-le-Villers*.
266. * *Montagu*.
267. *Montalent*. Q. Montalt? Dug. Bar. I. 527.
268. *Mountbocher*.
269. *Morell*.

270. *Moribray*,

270. *Moribray*. Qu. Moubray?
271. *Morley*. Dug. Bar. II. 26.
272. *Mortmain*. Probably * Mortimer. Ralph de Mortimer continually occurs in Domesd. B. See this great family's history in Dugd. Bar.
273. * *Morton*. Macy de Moritania occurs in Domesd. B.
274. *Morville*.
275. *Mountmortin*.
277. *Mountney*. Probably Munchensi. Dug. Bar. I. 561.
278. *Muffet*.
279. *Murres*. Morris.
280. * *Musard*. Hascoit Musard had great possessions temp. W. Conq. Dug. Bar.
281. *Muschamp*. Dug. Bar. I. 557.
282. *Muse*. Mens.
283. *Musgrave*. Dug. Bar. II. 153.
284. * *Musgros*. Roger de Mucelgros occurs in Dom. B.
285. *Myners*.
286. *Neele*. Nigellus Medicus occurs in Dom. B.
287. *Neville*. Geffrey de Neville the ancestor of this once princely family is not mentioned in Dom. B. but he is said to have been Admiral to the Conqueror. Dug. Bar.
288. *Newborough*. Roger de Newburgh is not mentioned in Dom. B. and therefore is supposed not to have acquired the Earldom of Warwick till the latter part of the Conqueror's reign. Dug. Bar. I. 68
289. *Newmarche*. Bernard Newmarch, a follower of the Conqueror, was a witness of one of that king's

king's charters to the Monks of Battle: but
does not occur in Dom. B. Dug. Bar. I. 435.

- 290. *Norbet.*
- 291. *Norece.* Norris.
- 292. *Normanville.*
- 293. *Norton.*
- 294. *Olibef.* Probably Oiley or *D'Oiley. See
Dom. B. and Dug. Bar. I. 459.
- 295. *Olifaunt.*
- 296. *Oryoll.* Qu. Crioll?
- 297. *Otenell.* Otburville, or Auberville.
- 298. *Oysell.*
- 299. *Pampilion.*
- 300. *Patina.* Perhaps Peyton.
- 301. *Peeche.* Dug. Bar. I. 676.
- 302. *Pecy.* *Percy. Dug. Bar.
- 303. *Pekeney.* Qs. Pinkney. Dug. Bar. I. 356.
- 304. *Pericord.* }
- 305. *Pericount.* } Qu. Pierrepoint?
- 306. *Perot.*
- 307. *Pershale.*
- 308. *Pervinze.*
- 309. *Picot.*
- 310. **Pimeray.* Pomerzi. Dug. Bar. I. 498.
- 311. *Poterell.* Qu. *Peverell? Ranulph Peverell
occurs in Dom. B.
- 312. *Pouncy.*
- 313. *Power.*
- 314. *Padsey.*
- 315. *Punchardon.*
- 316. *Pynchard.*
- 317. *Quincy.* Dugdale could not discover the occur-

rence of this name, till the reign of Hen. II.
Dug. Bar. I. 686.

- 318. *Quintine*. St. Quintine, I suppose.
- 319. *Reymond*.
- 320. *Richmond*.
- 321. *Ridell*. Occurs in the reign of Hen. I. Dug.
Bar. I. 555.
- 322. *Rocheford*.
- 323. *Rond*.
- 324. *Rose*. }
- 325. *Rous*. } Ros, or Roos.
- 326. *Russell*. *Russell*
- 327. *Rynel*. Probably Reynell.
- 328. *St. Albine*. St. Aubyn.
- 329. *St. Barbe*.
- 330. * *St. Leger*. This name is found in records
again very soon after the Conquest.
- 331. *St. Les*. St. Liz. Simon de St. Liz came to
England with the Conq. Dug. Bar. I. 58.
- 332. *St. Lo*.
- 333. *St. More*. St. Maur, or Seymour. Milo De St.
Maur occurs as a Baron, 18 Joh. Dug. Bar. II. 89.
- 334. *St. Omer*.
- 335. * *St. Quintin*. Hugh de St. Quintin appears in
Dom. B.
- 336. *St. Scudamore*.
- 337. *Sandeville*.
- 338. *Sanford*. Rob. Veré, Earl of Oxford, married
Alice daughter and heir of Gilbert de Saunford,
temp. Hen. III.
- 339. *Savine*.
- 340. *Somervile*. Lords of Whichnovre, co. Staff.
by

- by grant from the Conq. whence came W. Somerville the Poet. Dug. Bar. II. 106.
341. *Somery*. Roger de Sumeri occurs 5 K. Steph. Dug. Bar. I. 612.
342. *Souche*. *Zouche*. A great baronial family, but not in Domesday. Dug. Bar. I. 688.
343. *Taket*. Perhaps Tuchet, of which the first mention occurs temp. Ed. I. Dug. Bar. II. 28.
344. * *Talbot*. .
345. *Talibois*.
346. *Tanny*. Tani. Rob. de Tani a witness to the Conqueror's Charter to Selby Abbey. Dug. Bar. I. 508.
347. *Taverner*.
348. *Tavers*.
349. *Tibtote*. Walter de Tibtot occurs as early as 6 K. Joh. Dug. Bar. II. 38.
350. *Tirell*.
351. * *Torell*.
352. *Totels*.
353. *Tows*. Perhaps Tours or Towers.
354. *Traynell*.
355. *Trusbut*. William, son of Geoffrey Fitzpain, took the name of Trusbut, temp. Hen. I. Dug. Bar. I. 542.
356. *Truslot*. Probably the same.
358. *Trussell*. Rich. Trussell fell at the battle of Evesham, 49 Hen. III. Dug. Bar. II. 143.
359. *Turbeville*. Türberville.
360. *Turville*.
361. *Tuchet*. See Taket.
362. * *Valence*. Valoins. Pet. de Valoins, a great Baron, temp. W. Conq. Dug. Bar. I. 441.
363. *Vancord*,

363. *Fancord*. Perhaps Valletort. Dug. Bar. I. 522.
 364. *Vavasor*. Dug. Bar. II. 19.
 365. *Vendour*. Perhaps Venator.
 366. *Verder*.
 367. * *Verdon*. } Dug. Bar. I. 471.
 368. * *Vere*. Earls of Oxford.
 369. *Verland*.
 370. * *Verlay*. Verli.
 371. *Vernois*.
 372. * *Vernoun*. One of the Barons of the County
 Palatine of Cheshire.
 373. *Verny*. Verney.
 374. *Vilan*.
 375. *Umfraville*. Robert de Umfraville had a grant
 from the Conqueror of the Lordship of Rid-
 desdale in Northumberland. Dug. Bar. I. 504.
 376. *Unket*. Perhaps * Ulketel.
 377. *Urnall*. Perhaps Arnold, or Wakull.
 378. *Wuke*. Hugh Wac appears to have been of note
 in the time of Hen. I. Dug. Bar. I. 539.
 379. *Waledger*.
 380. *Warde*. See De La Warde.
 381. *Wardebus*.
 382. * *Warren*. William de Warren was one of the
 most powerful companions of the Conqueror,
 at the Battle of Hastings. Dug. Bar. I. 73.
 383. *Wate*.
 384. *Wateline*.
 385. * *Wateville*.
 386. *Woly*.
 387. *Wyvell*. An old Yorkshire family, but does not
 occur in Domesd. B.

This ignorant and disguising forgery persons at all acquainted with our old records will require no arguments for rejecting. There seems to be a great number of names in it, which, after making every allowance for the corruptions of time and transcribers, could not, even at any subsequent period to the Conquest, ever have been in use. But perhaps there are many not habituated to travel in the dull and thorny paths of antiquity, who will not be displeased to be furnished with a few digested observations, in addition to the remarks already given, which will enable them to form a judgment of the authenticity of this often-cited memorial.

These observations I shall divide into two heads. I. Proofs of insertion of names that could not be known in England till long afterwards. II. Proofs of omission of several of the great names, which persons known to have accompanied the Conqueror, then bore : not to insist on the great variation of the different copies of this Roll, because these remarks will apply to all : otherwise it might be replied, that the Roll itself may be genuine, though some of the copies should be found to be interpolated.

First then I shall give proofs of insertion, 1st, of families who did not come to England till a subsequent period : and 2dly, of surnames which were not adopted till the lapse of some ages after the Conquest; and that of such, the greater part of the list is composed.

I. Among those in subsequent reigns, drawn hither from the continent by alliances, by the favour of our Norman kings, or by the hopes of fortune, (whom Dugdale and others assert to have been very numerous) the name of Courtney appears in this list; yet
this

this family is recorded not to have come hither till the reign of Hen. II.* and at any rate could not have been in England twenty years after the Conquest, for they are not mentioned in Domesday Book.† So the great baronial house of Strange,—of whom, long after the Norman accession, “it is said that at a Justs held in the Peke of Derbyshire at Castle-Peverell, where, among divers other persons of note, Qweyn Prince of Wales, and a son of the King of Scots were present, there were also two sons of the Duke of Brittainy, and that the younger of them being named Guy, was called Guy *Le Strange*, from whom the several families of the Stranges did descend‡.” Peter de Mauly was a Poictovin, brought over by king John to murder his nephew Prince Arthur. § Girard de Furnival came out of Normandy as late as the reign of Ric. I.; and being in the Holy Land with that king in the third year of his reign was at the siege of Acon. || Otto de Grandison, the first of that name here, in the reign of Hen. III. is called by Leland “Nobilissimus Dñs Ottho de Grandisono in Burgundia Diæcesis Lausenensis, ubi castrum de Grandisono est situm firmis saxis**.” Of the same reign Peter de Genevile, (or Janvile) is called “Peter de Geneva,” which I think speaks his immediate foreign origin.

Having given a specimen of the subsequent transmigration hither of some families, from the positive tes-

* Dugd. Bar. I. 634. Monast. Angl. I. 786, and Cleveland's General Hist. of the Courtneys. See also Gibbon's D. and F. of the Roman Emp.

† So in Holinshead's copy *Beaumont*, who came to England only with Isabel wife of Edw. II. So *Comyn* in the same.

‡ Dugd. Bar. I. 663.

§ Ibid 735.

|| Ibid 725.

¶ *Ann.* III. f. 37.

timony of historians, I will now give a list of some, of whom the silence of Domesday Book affords the strongest negative evidence. It must however be first observed, that three or four names appear by good evidence to have been attendants of the Conqueror, though not inserted in Domesday Book. This seems to have been the case with Simon de St. Liz, and with Geoffrey de Nevile, who is said to have been Admiral to the Conqueror; and the Somerviles who had a grant of the Lordship of Whichnour in Staffordshire, on a singular tenure. At any rate this occurred in the case of Roger de Mowbray, according to Ord. Vitalis, and of Bernard Newmarch, and Robert de Chandos, upon the high authority of the Monasticon. But there were some, I believe, who after the battle of Hastings returned home, and again after the lapse of some years came hither, and received the Conqueror's bounty. These few exceptions, however, prove the strength of the general inference. If many had been here who were not registered in Domesday Book, their names would have oftener occurred in other records.

The negative evidence therefore is strong against the following names.

Basset,	Botetourt,
Bonville,	Biset,
Boteler, [<i>indeed this name</i>	Camois,
<i>is recorded under the</i>	Camville,
<i>word Pincerna in Dom.</i>	Chaworth,
<i>B.]</i>	Colville,
Bourchier,	Conyers,
Bulmer,	Damory,
Burnel,	De Vaux,
	Crioll,

Crioll,
 Stuteville,
 Fauconberg,
 Glanville,
 Gray,
 Hussey,
 Lascelles,
 Latimer,
 Longchamp,
 Lucy,

Luttrell,
 Meinill,
 Quincy,
 Ridel,
 St. Maur,
 Somery,
 Zouche,
 Tibtot,
 Touchet,
 Wake, and others.

These great Norman names, which all appear in the Roll, but were not recorded as holders of property twenty years afterwards, either had not, at the time when Domesday was compiled, assumed these surnames, or what is more probable had not then come over. For very quickly afterwards they appear in full baronial rank and property.

If this observation operates against these illustrious names, how much more strongly will it apply to the obscure ones, which remain.

Secondly, I now come to the insertion of surnames of later date, which must lead me somewhat into the history of their origin. Camden says "about the year of our Lord 1000 surnames began to be taken up in France; but not in England till about the time of the Conquest, or a very little before, under King Edward the Confessor, who was all frenchified. Yet in England, certain it is, that as the better sort even from the Conquest by little and little took surnames, so they were not settled among the common people fully, until about the time of Edward the Second; but still varied according to the father's name, as *Richardson* if his father were *Richard*; *Hodgeson*, if his father were

were *Roger*, or in some other respect, and from thenceforth began to be established (some say by statute) in their posterity.*

"Perhaps this may seem strange to some Englishmen and Scottishmen, who, like the Arcadians, think their surnames as ancient as the moon, or at least to reach many an age beyond the Conquest. But they which think it most strange, I doubt, will hardly find any surname which descended to posterity before that time."

"As for myself I never hitherto found any hereditary surname before the Conquest, neither any that I know: and yet both I myself, and diverse, whom I know, have pored and puzzled upon many an old record and evidence to satisfy ourselves herein: and for my part I will acknowledge myself greatly indebted to them that will clear this doubt.

"But about the time of the Conquest, I observed the very primary beginning as it were of many surnames, which are thought very ancient, whereas it may be proved, that their very lineal progenitors bare other names within these six hundred years. Mortimer and Warren are accounted names of great antiquity, yet the father of the first Roger, surnamed "*de Mortimer*," was "*Walterus de Sancto Martino*," which Walter was brother to William who had assumed the surname "*de Warrena*." He that first took the surname of Mowbray (a family very eminent and noble) was Roger son of Nigel de Albini; which Nigel was brother to William de Albini, progenitor to the ancient Earls of Arundel," &c. †

* Camden's Rem. chap. on Surnames.

† Ibid.

The name of Clifford, which appears in the Battle-Abbey-Roll, and has belonged to a family one of the most illustrious and of the latest continuance of any in the kingdom, and which in truth came over with the Conqueror, was yet itself first adopted at a subsequent period. Twenty years after the Conquest, Walter and Drogo (viz. *Dru*) are recorded in Domesday book, with no other designation than as "the sons of Ponz" a Norman. They had a brother Richard, called "Richard de Pwns," who obtained of Hen. I. the cantref of Bychan, and castle of Lhanymdhry in Wales, and with the consent of Maud his wife, and Simon his son, was a benefactor to the Priory of Malvern in Worcestershire. This Simon was founder of the Priory of Clifford in Herefordshire, and his brother Walter first called himself after the castle of that name, about the time of Hen. II.; for it appears by the unquestionable evidence of the "*Monasticon Anglicanum*" that by the name of "Walter, son of Richard, son of Ponce," he made a gift to the canons of Haghmon in Shropshire †, and afterwards by the name of "Walter de Clifford ‡," gave to the nuns of Godstow in Oxfordshire, for the health of the soul of Margaret his wife, and of Rosamond his daughter, (so well known as "the fair Rosamond") his mill at Framton in Gloucestershire. This person was living as late as 17 King John. §

Audley, the next instance, I shall cite in the words of Dugdale. "That this family of Aldithely, vulgarly called Audley, came to be great and eminent, my ensuing discourse will sufficiently manifest: but that

† *Monast. Angl.* Vol. II. 48 a. n. 10 & 20.

‡ *Ibid.* 984, b. n. 50. § *Dugd. Bar.* I. 335, 336.

the rise thereof was no higher than King John's time; and that the first who assumed this surname was a branch of that ancient and noble family of Verdon, (whose chief seat was at Alton castle in the northern part of Staffordshire) I am very inclinable to believe; partly, by reason that Henry had the inheritance of Aldithely given him by Nicholas de Verdon, who died in 16 Hen. III or near that time; and partly, for that he bore for his arms the same ordinary as Verdon did, viz. Frettè, but distinguished with a large canton in the dexter part of the shield, and thereon a cross patè: so that probably the ancestor of this Henry first seated himself at *Alditheley*: for that there hath been an ancient mansion there, the large moat, northwards from the parish church there (somewhat less than a furlong and upon the chief part of a fair ascent) does sufficiently testify *."

Hamo, a great Kentish lord, the ancestor of the Crevequeurs, did not himself assume that name, being written in Domesday Book "Hamo Vicecomes," because he was Sheriff of Kent for life, and as late as 1111, 12 Hen II. he writes himself in a deed "Hamo Cancii Vicecomes et Heurici regis Anglorum dapifer," &c.†

Of the name of Cholmondeley, or Cholmley, Dugdale says, that it was "assumed from the lordship of Cholmundeleigh in Cheshire, where Sir Hugh de Cholmundeleigh, Kt. son and heir of Robert second son to William, Baron of Malpas, fixed his habitation, as the Egertons descended from Philip, second son to David Baron of Malpas, who were then seated at Egerton

* Dug. Bar. I. 746.

† Hasted's Kent, in the List of Sheriffs, &c.

also did; which practice was most usual in those elder times, as by multitudes of examples might be instanced *." This must of course have happened generations after the battle of Hastings.

De La Pole is a mere English local name, which first came into notice through William de la Pole a merchant at Hull, in the time of Edw. III. whose son William, also a merchant, was father of Michael, created Earl of Suffolk, (9 Ric. II.) †

The great family of Ros of Hamlake and Belvoir took their name in the time of Hen. I. from the lordship of Ros in Holderness. ‡

They who assumed the surname of Burgh, or Burke, are descended from William Fitz-Aldelm, steward to Hen. II. and governor of Wexford in Ireland. §

So the name of Multon, first taken in the time of Hen. I. by Thomas de Multon from his residence at Multon in Lincolnshire. ** Kari, (or Carey) and Karrow, (or Carrew) derived from the castles of Kari and Carew, in Somersetshire and Pembrokeshire. The name of Fitz-Warren was not taken till the time of Hen. I.; nor Fitz-Walter till that of K. John; nor Fitz-Pain, till the days of Hen. II.; nor Fitz-Hugh, till those of Edw. III.; nor Fitz-Alan till those of Hen. I.; nor Fitzwilliam till those of Hen. II.; †† nor Longspe till those of K. John; nor Trusbut, till those of Hen. I.

II. It is probable that by this time my readers will

* Dug. Bar. II. 474.

† Ibid II. 180.

‡ Ibid I. 545.

§ Dugd. Bar. I. 693, and Camden's Remains.

** Dug. Bar. I. 567.

†† As to these Fitzs, it is true Will. fil. Alan, &c. occur in Domesday Book; but by no means as names of exclusive and hereditary appropriation.

deem the proofs against the authenticity of the Battle Abbey Roll to be sufficient. But the instances of omission are very striking as well as those of interpolation. It is true that those omissions are not, for the most part, in the fuller catalogue printed by Holinshead, but that copy exhibits much additional matter for condemnation.

The copy here given, while it contains a number of barbarous and unintelligible names, omits, among many others to be found in Domesday Book, or other good authorities, the great families of Ferrers, Stafford, Gifford, Mohun, Mallet, Mandeville, Baliol, Salisbury, Speke, Tony, Vesci, Byron, Gernon, Gurnay, Scales, St. Waleri, Montfort, Montgomery, with those of Churchill, Lovet, Lincoln, Pauncefoot, De Salsey, De Rie, De Brioniis, De Romara, De Vipount, De Creon, De Grentemaisnil, Montfitchet, Tatshall *, &c.

Whoever is desirous to understand the real origin of surnames in England, will do well to study the chapter on this subject by Camden, inserted in his *Remains*, of which the following is an imperfect epitome.

Epitome of Camden's Chapter on the origin of Surnames.

I. The most surnames in number, the most ancient, and of best account, have been local, deduced from places in Normandy, Britany, France, or the Netherlands, being either the patrimonial possessions, or native places of such as served the Conqueror, or came in after, as from Normandy, Mortimer, Warren, Al-

* If the Roll of Battle Abbey had been genuine, it must have received confirmation from that authentic record of the reign of Hen. II. the *Liber Niger Scaccarii*, published by Hearne; but no two registers can less agree.

bini,

binl, Perty, Gournay, Deverèux, St. Maure, Nevile, Ferrers, &c. : from Britany, St. Aubin, Morley, Dinant, Lascelles, &c. : from France, Courtinay, St. Leger, Villiers, Beaumont, &c. : from the Netherlands, Loraine, Gaunt, Bruges, &c. and in later ages, Dabridgecourt, Robsert, Mairny, Grandison, &c.

II. Those names, which had LE set before them, were not at all local, but given in other respects; as Le Marshall, Le Latimer, (that is, interpreter) Le Dispencer, Le Scroop, Le Savage, Le Vavasour, Le Blund, Le Molineux. As they also which were never noted with DE or LE, in which number are observed, Giffard, Basset, Arundel, Talbot, Fortescue, Howard, Tirell, &c. And these distinctions with DE, or other with LE, or simply, were religiously observed until about the time of K. Edw. IV. *

III. Many strangers coming hither were named of their countries : as Breton, Gascoigne, Fleming, Picard, Burgoyne, Germaine, Westphaling, Danes, &c. And these had commonly LE prefixed in records and writings.

IV. Names from places in England and Wales infinite : as Clifford, Stafford, Berkeley, Hastings, Hamilton, Lumley, Clinton, Manners, Pawlet, Stanhope, Willoughby, Astley, &c.

At a word, all which in English had OF set before them, which in Cheshire and the North was contracted into A. : as Thomas a Dutton, &c. and all which in

* Yet there seems something like an exception in some instances which Camden gives, in another place, of local Norman names, from trees near their habitations: as Colgners, that is, Quince; Zouch, that is, the trunk of a tree; Curky and Curton, that is, the stock of a Vine; Chesney and Chagney, that is, Oak; Dauney, that is, Alder, &c.

Latini old evidences have had DE prefixed, were borrowed from places.

Many local names also had AT prefixed to them : as At Wood, &c.

V. Rivers also have imposed names : as Sur-Teys, Derwent-Water, Eden, &c.

VI. Many also had names from trees near their habitations : as Vine, Ash, Hawthorn.

VII. In respect of situation to other places have arisen, North, South, East, West, and likewise Northcote, Southcote, Eastcot, Westcot ; and even the names of Kitchen, Lodge, &c.

VIII. After these local names, the greatest number have been derived from occupations, or professions : as Taylor, Potter, Smith, Archer, &c.

IX. Many have been assumed from offices : as Chambers, Chamberlaine, Cooke, Steward, Marshall, &c.

X. Likewise from Ecclesiastical functions : as Bishop, Abbot, Monk, Deane, Archdeacon.

XI. Names have also been taken from civil honours, dignities, and estates : as King, Duke, Prince, Lord, Baron, Knight, &c.

XII. Others from the qualities of the mind : as Good, Wise, Bold, Best, Sharp, &c.

XIII. From the habitudes of the body, and its perfections and imperfections : as Strong, Armstrong, Long, Low, Little, &c.

XIV. Others in respect of age : as Young, Child, &c.

XV. Some from the time when they were born, as Winter, Summer, Day, Holiday, Munday, &c.

XVI. Some

XVI. Some from that which they commonly carried: as Palmer, Longsword, Shakspeare, Wagstaff, &c.

XVII. Some from parts of the body: as Head, Whitehead, Legg, Foot, &c.

XVIII. Some from garments: as Hose, (Hósatus), Hat, &c.

XIX. Not a few from colours of their complexions: as White, Brown, Green, &c. Rous, that is, red, and Blunt or Blund, that is, flaxen hair, and from these Russell, and Blundell.

XX. Some from flowers and fruits: as Lilly, Rose, Nut, Peach.

XXI. Others from beasts: as Lamb, Lion, Bear, Buck, Roe, &c.

XXII. From fishes: as Playce, Salmon, Herring.

XXIII. Many from birds: as Raven, (Corbet) Swallow, (Arundel) Dove, (Bisset.)

XXIV. From Christian names, without change: as Francis, Herbert, Guy, Giles, Lambert, Owen, Godfrey, Gervas, &c.

XXV. Besides these, many surnames are derived from those Christian names which were in use about the time of the Conquest: as Achard, Aucher, Bagot, Bardolph, Dod, Dru, Godwin, Hamon, Hervye, Howard, Other, Osborn, Pain, Picot, &c.

XXVI. And not only these from the Saxons and Normans, but from many British and Welsh Christian names: as Mervin, Sitsil or Cesil, Caradock, Madoc, Rhud, &c.

XXVII. By contracting or corrupting Christian names: as Terry for Theodoric; Colin and Cole for Nicholas; Elis for Elias, &c.

XXVIII. By addition of S to Christian names: as Williams, Rogers, Peters, Harris.

XXIX. From Nicknames; as Bill; Mill for Miles, Ball for Baldwin, Pip for Pipard, Law for Lawrance, Bat for Bartholomew.

XXX. By adding S to these nicknames: as Robins, Thoms, Dicks, Hicks, &c.

XXXI. By joining KINS and INS to these names: as Dickens, Perkins, Hutchins, Hopkins.

XXXII. Diminutives from these: as Willet, Bartlet, Hewet.

XXXIII. Many more by the addition of SON to the Christian or nickname of the father: as Richardson, Stevenson, Gibson, Watson, &c.

XXXIV. Some have also had names from their mothers: as Mawds, Grace, Emson, &c.

XXXV. In the same sense it continues in those who descended from the Normans: as Fitz-Hugh, Fitz-Herbert, &c. and those from the Irish as Mac-Dermot, Mac-Arti, &c. And so among the Welsh, Ap-Robert, Ap-Harry, Ap-Rice, &c.

XXXVI. The names of alliance have also continued in some for surnames: as R. Le Frere, Le Cosin, &c.

XXXVII. Some names have also been given in merriment: as Malduit for ill-taught; Mallieure, commonly Malyvery, for Malus Leporarius, ill hunting the hare, &c.

“Hereby,” says Camden, “some insight may be had in the original of surnames, yet it is a matter of great difficulty to bring them all to certain heads, when as our language is so greatly altered, not only in
the

the old English, but the late Norman; for who knoweth now what these names were, Giffard, Basset, Gernon, Mallet, Howard, Peverell, Paganell or Paynell, Tailboise, Talbot, Lovet, Pancevolt, Turrell, &c. though we know the signification of some of the words?" &c.

It is also difficult to find out the causes of alteration of surnames, which has been very common.

But the most usual alteration proceeded from place of habitation. "As if Hugh of Suddington gave to his second son his manor of Frydon, to his third son his manor of Pantly, to his fourth his wood of Albdy; the sons called themselves De Frydon, De Pantley, De Albdy, and their posterity removed De."

Others took their mother's surname, as Geoffrey Fitzmaldred took the name of Neville; the son of Josefine de Lovaine took the name of Percy; Sir Theobald Russell the name of Georges, &c.

Others changed their names to that of a more honourable ancestor, as the sons of Geoffrey Fitz-Petre took the name of Mandeville.

Some changed their names to those of the former possessors of the land they obtained, as the posterity of Nigel de Albini took the name of Moubray.

Others in respect of benefits as Mortimer of Richards Castle to Zouche. Others from adoption.

Some have assumed the names of their father's baronies, as the issue of Richard Fitz-Gilbert took the name of Clare.

To conclude. "The tyrant Time, which hath swallowed many names, hath also changed more by contracting, syncopating, curtailings, and mollifying them,

says William of Poitiers, "*linguâ non ignobilior quam dextrâ.*"

7. Hugh de Montfort, whom Ord. Vitalis calls "*Stabulariorum comes,*" son of Thurstan de Bastenbergh, a Norman. His descendant, Simon Montfort, married Amicia, sister and coheir of Robert Fitzparnel Earl of Leicester. The family long remained in Warwickshire.
8. Walter Giffard, son of Osborne de Bolebec and Aveline his wife, sister to Gunnora Duchess of Normandy, was soon after his arrival in England advanced to the Earldom of Buckinghamshire. A curious account of his wife Agnes is given by Ordericus Vitalis, pp. 809, 810. His son Walter became 2d Earl of Buckingham, but dying s. p. his great inheritance was shared between his sisters, Rohesia, wife of Richard Fitz-Gilbert, ancestor of the great family of Clare, and Isabel, wife of William Mareschal Earl of Pembroke.
9. Ralph de Tony was son of Roger, Standard Bearer of Normandy, by Alice, daughter of William Fitz Osborne. Robert de Tony, his last heir male, died 3 Edw. II., leaving Alice, his sister and heir, wife of Guy Beauchamp Earl of Warwick.
10. Hugh de Grentemaisnil, a valiant soldier, had great grants of land in Leicestershire, &c. He died 1094. He was Lord of the Honor of Hinkley. His descendant, Hugh, left a daughter, Petronel, wife of Robert Blanchmains Earl of Leicester, who died 2 Rich. I.
11. William de Warren, afterwards Earl of Surry.

He died 1089. See Watson's History of this family.

These are all recorded by William of Poitiers and Ordericus Vitalis to have been present at the battle of Hastings. The Conqueror's other companions I must collect from less direct authorities.

12. Robert Earl of Moriton, in Normandy, half-brother to the Conqueror. His son and successor, William, died s. p.
13. Odo, his brother, Bishop of Bayeux, and afterwards Earl of Kent.
14. Walter Earl of Euteux, in Normandy, whose younger son Edward called himself de Sarisbury; and was grandfather of Patric Earl of Salisbury. From hence also came the noble family of Devereux.
15. Robert Earl of Ewe, in Normandy, who had a grant of the Honour of Hastings, to whose son, Earl William, still greater territories in England were added. Earl Henry, son of the last, died 1139, whose grandson, Earl Henry, left a daughter and heir, Alice, married to Ralph de Ysendon.
16. Roger de Montgomery led the middle part of the Conqueror's army at the invasion; was first advanced to the Earldom of Arundel, and afterwards of Shrewsbury. He was succeeded in the English Earldom by his second son Hugh, on whose death the elder brother, Robert, obtained it. His son Talvace did not enjoy this honour,

honour, but left two sons, Guy Earl of Ponthieu, John; and two daughters, one married to Juhiel, son of Walter de Meduana, the other to William, 3d Earl of Warren, and afterwards to Patric Earl of Salisbury.

17. Alan, son of Eudo Earl of Britanny, commanded the rear of the Conqueror's army, had a grant of the Earldom of Richmond, co. York. The last heiress of this great family married Ralph Lord Basset of Drayton. The family of Zouche sprung from a younger son of this house.
18. Drew Le Brever, a Fleming, to whom the Conqueror granted the territory of Holderness; but upon his killing a kinsman of the King, he fled, and this estate was given to Odo Earl of Champagne, who was grandfather of William le Grosse Earl of Albemarle, whose sole daughter and heir married William de Mandeville Earl of Essex.
19. Richard Fitz-Gilbert, son of Gilbert surnamed Crispin, Earl of Brion, in Normandy, gave great assistance in the battle, had a grant of the Castle of Tunbridge in Kent, and other great possessions, of which Clare in Suffolk was one, whence he took the name of Clare. His descendants were Earls of Gloucester and Hertford. Gilbert the last Earl died 7 Ed. II., and his sisters were married to De-Spenser, Audley, and De Burgh.
20. Geoffrey de Magnaville is said to have hewed down his adversaries on every side at this battle, and received great rewards in lands. His grandson, Geoffrey, was advanced to the Earldom of Essex.

Geoffrey

Geffrey Fitzpiers married the granddaughter of his aunt, who became the heiress.

21. William Malet was sent with the slain body of King Harold to see it decently interred. He had the Honour of Eye in Suffolk. The eldest branch soon went out in heiresses; but there is still a male descendant in the person of Sir Charles W. Mallet, who therefore, though an East Indian, eclipses in antiquity almost all our old families.
22. Hubert de Rie, who came as Ambassador from Duke William to Edward the Confessor, and was sent back into Normandy after the Conquest. His descendant, Eudo, built the Castle of Colchester, and left an heiress married to William de Mandeville.
23. Ralph de Mortimer, one of the chief commanders at the battle. A family well known for their rank and power.
24. William de Albini is stated to have come in at the Conquest. His family were Earls of Arundel.
25. William and Serlo de Percy came into England with the Conqueror,
26. Roger de Moubray came to England with the Conqueror.
27. Robert D'Oiley; the same.
28. Rob. Fitzhamon, nephew to Duke Rollo; the same. He was Lord of the Honour of Gloucester.
29. Bernard Newmarch; the same.
30. Gilbert de Montfichet, a Roman by birth, and a kinsman of the Conqueror, fought stoutly at this battle.

31. Geffrey

31. Geoffrey de Neville was the King's Admiral on this occasion.
32. Robert de Chandos accompanied William from Normandy.
33. Eudo, with one Pinco, came over at this time. He took the name of Tatshall.
34. So Eugenulf de Aquila.
35. So Robert de Brus.
36. So Walter Deincourt.
37. So Gilbert de Gaunt.
38. So Guy de Creon.
39. So Ralph de Caineto, or Cheney.
40. So Hugh de Gurney.
41. So Humphry de Bohun.
42. Walter de Laci.
43. Ilbert de Laci.
44. Geoffrey, Bishop of Constance, brother of Roger de Moulbray, was an eminent commander at this battle, though an ecclesiastic.
45. Simon de St. Liz, with his brother Gathelus de Rich, came over with the Conqueror.
46. Robert Fitz-Harding.
47. Walter Bec.
48. Sir William de Mohun.
49. Hameline de Balun.

ART. III. *Traits of the character of Burns, the Poet: with extracts from his letters, and a comparison of his genius with that of Cowper.*

Some traits of the character of Cowper have been already inserted in this work. Perhaps a few remarks

on a still more extraordinary genius of our days may not be unacceptable. The writer is not so presumptuous as to attempt to add any new light to what is contained in the life of Burns, by Dr. Currie, who, himself, alas! is now to be numbered with the dead; but ventures merely to indulge himself, and, he hopes, some of his readers, in dwelling on a pleasing topic, and, perhaps, in comparing some of the endowments of this gifted Being, with those of the author of the Task.

No poet's life ever exhibited colours so much in unison with those of his writings as that of Burns; and as the charms of his poetry excited our curiosity for the memoirs of the man, the latter have raised a new and infinitely increased interest in his compositions. Much as I admire the exquisite tenderness and moral delicacy of Cowper's temperament, I confess I am still more delighted with the boldness and vehemence of the bard of Caledonia. "His generous affections, his ardent eloquence, his brilliant and daring imagination*" make him my idol. His proper regard to the dignity of his own powers, his stern and indignant elevation of manners, and due jealousy and repression of the insolence of rank and wealth, are worthy of inexpressible applause.

"Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre,"

says Beattie, who, however, with a more timid character, does not seem to have entirely acted up to his own advice. Burns knew it well, and extorted respect from the most unwilling. The herd of stupid sensualists, who consider the writer of verses as an idler

* Currie. Life, 151.

In childish toys and silly bubbles of air, were awed in his presence. The tones of his voice, the dark frowns of his commanding countenance, the lightning of his eye, produced instantaneous feelings of inferiority and submission, and secured to genius its just estimation.

They who abandon the cause which they ought to support, who shrink before vulgar greatness, and who seem ashamed in public of that on which the reflections of their closets teach them to place the highest veneration, and on which their only claims to notice can be grounded, deserve no common contempt. The courage and high sentiments of Burns placed him far above this meanness.

In a letter to Mr. Cunningham, August 8, 1796, he says

“However, tossed about as I am, if I choose, (and who would not choose) to bind down with the crampets of attention the brazen foundation of integrity, I may rear up the superstructure of independence, and from its daring turrets bid defiance to the storms of fate. And is not this “a consummation devoutly to be wished?”

“Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!”

“Are not these noble verses? They are the introduction of Smollet’s Ode to Independence. How wretched is the man that hangs on by the favours of the great! To shrink from every dignity of man, at the approach of a lordly piece of self-consequence, who, amid all his tinsel glitter and stately hauteur, is but a creature
formed

formed as thou art, and perhaps not so well formed as thou art, came into the world a puling infant as thou didst, and must go out of it as all men must, a naked corse.† * * * *

It was not far from the same time, and nearly in the same spirit, that he wrote the following, Jan. 17, 1791, to Mr. Peter Hill.

“ Take these two guineas, and place them over against that **** account of yours! which has gagged my mouth these five or six months! I can as little write good things as apologies to the man I owe money to. O the supreme curse of making three guineas do the business of five! Not all the labours of Hercules, not all the Hebrews three centuries of Egyptian bondage, were such an insuperable business, such an **** task! Poverty! thou half-sister of death, thou cousin-german of hell! where shall I find force of execration equal to the amplitude of thy demerits? Oppressed by thee, the venerable ancient, grown hoary in the practice of every virtue, laden with years and wretchedness, implores a little, little aid to support his existence from a stony hearted son of mammon, whose sun of prosperity never knew a cloud; and is by him denied and insulted. Oppressed by thee, the man of sentiment, whose heart glows with independence, and melts with sensibility, inly pines under the neglect, or writhes in bitterness of soul, under the contumely of arrogant unfeeling wealth. Oppressed by thee, the son of genius, whose ill starred ambition plants him at the tables of the fashionable and polite, must see in suffering silence his remark neglected, and his person

† “ The strain of indignant investive goes on some time longer in the style which our bard was too apt to indulge.” Currie’s note.

despised,

despised, while shallow greatness in his hideous attempts at wit, shall meet with countenance and applause. Nor is it only the family of worth that have reason to complain of thee: the children of folly and vice, though in common with thee the offspring of evil, smart equally under thy rod. Owing to thee, the man of unfortunate disposition and neglected education is condemned as a fool for his dissipation, despised and shunned as a needy wretch, when his follies as usual bring him to want; and when his unprincipled necessities drive him to dishonest practices, he is abhorred as a miscreant, and perishes by the justice of his country. But far otherwise is the lot of the man of family and fortune. His early follies and extravagance are spirit and fire; his consequent wants are the embarrassments of an honest fellow; and, when to remedy the matter, he has gained a legal commission to plunder distant provinces, or massacre peaceful nations, he returns, perhaps, laden with the spoils of rapine and murder; lives wicked and respected, and dies a *** and a lord!—Nay, worst of all, alas for helpless woman! the needy prostitute, who has shivered at the corner of the street, waiting to earn the wages of casual prostitution, is left neglected and insulted, ridden down by the chariot wheels of the coroneted RIP, hurrying on to the guilty assignation; she who, without the same necessities to plead, riots nightly in the same guilty trade!

“ Well, divines may say of it what they please, but execration is to the mind what phlebotomy is to the body; the vital sluices of both are wonderfully relieved by their respective evacuations *.”

* Letter CIL Vol. II. p. 321.

Thus

Thus it was that the sentiments which breathe in the poetry of Burns constantly animated his own bosom in the intercourse of life. They were not "conjured up" merely "for the occasions" of his Muse. He never felt, thought, or acted, but as a poet. The silent walk, the interesting hour of female society, and the rude and boisterous merriment of the feast and the bowl, were all tingured with the varying emotions of the bard. His powerful sensibilities, too strong to be tingured with any of that affectation which justly exposes feeble pretenders to ridicule and scorn, found an uncontrolled vent, and constantly fed that stream of living colours, in which his pen was dipped. To the artifices of composition, the trick of combining tawdry or mellifluous words, which

"Play round the 'ear;' but come not to the heart,"

he had never occasion to resort. His mind was always full, and he wrote from it: he only sought for language therefore, as the channel of his thoughts. On this account there is a pervading spirit in his writings, which shines with palpable superiority through their dress.

Dr. Currie has observed, that if fiction be the soul of poetry, as some assert, Burns can have no pretensions to the name of poet. But perhaps Dr. Currie understands the term "fiction" a little too strictly; and the proposition may not be as inconsistent with the undoubted claims of Burns, as he supposes. It is true that Burns's compositions are almost entirely founded on the feelings and circumstances of his own life. He has never shewn an extent of fiction like Shakspeare, who placed himself in a thousand situations and characters

acters remote from his own, and then, by imagining the natural operations of the human bosom under these circumstances, realized fancy, and brought the living characters to our view. But of that fiction which could vary and new-combine the feelings and incidents of his own experience, could re-create the phantoms of his brain when they were past, could bring them before his mental eye, arrange them in new groupes, and command their vivid attendance, till he had delineated them in language and metre; how few have possessed the power like Burns! If the observation of Dr. Joseph Warton be just, that "Nature is more powerful than fancy, and we can always feel more than we can imagine," (which, perhaps, however, may be doubted) there are some great advantages in this limited species of fiction.

It must not, however, be forgot that Burns has a few claims to the power of fiction in its more enlarged sense. No poem ever more glowed with life than "Robert Bruce's Address to his army, at the battle of Bannockburn." And there are some others written for "Thomson's Scots Airs," and for "Johnson's Scots Musical Museum," of this sort.

But why should I continue the coarse and blundering touches of my pen in endeavouring to draw the portrait of Burns, when he has given us so many sketches himself. Take for instance this, from his "Letter CXXXVI. to Miss C***, Aug. 1793."

"What is said of illustrious descent is, I believe, equally true of a talent for poetry: none ever despised it who had pretensions to it. The fates and characters of the rhyming tribe often employ my thoughts when I am disposed to be melancholy. There is not among
all

all the martyrologies that ever were penned, so rueful a narrative as the lives of the poets. In the comparative of wretches, the criterion is not what they are doomed to suffer, but how they are formed to bear. Take a being of our kind, give him a stronger imagination and a more delicate sensibility, which between them will ever engender a more ungovernable set of passions than are the usual lot of man; implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary, such as arranging wild flowers in fantastical nosegays, tracing the grasshopper to his haunt by his chirping song, watching the frisks of the little minnows in the sunny pools, or hunting after the intrigues of butterflies; in short, send him adrift after some pursuit which shall eternally mislead him from the paths of lucre, and yet curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that lucre can purchase; lastly, fill up the measure of his woes by bestowing on him a spurning sense of his own dignity, and you have created a wight nearly as miserable as a poet. To you, madam, I need not recount the fairy pleasures the Muse bestows to counterbalance this catalogue of evils. Bewitching poetry is like bewitching woman; she has in all ages been accused of misleading mankind from the councils of wisdom and the paths of prudence, involving them in difficulties, baiting them with poverty, branding them with infamy, and plunging them in the whirling vortex of ruin; yet where is the man but must own that all our happiness on earth is not worthy the name; that even the holy hermit's solitary prospect of paradisaical bliss is but the glitter of a northern sun rising over a frozen region, compared with the many pleasures, the

nameless raptures that we owe to the lovely queen of the heart of man * !”

This letter is a mixture of gallantry, playfulness, and melancholy truths. That which follows, addressed “to Mrs. Dunlop from Ellisland, New-year’s-day morning, 1789,” is of a much higher tone.

“This, dear madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the Apostle James’s description ! “the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings : every thing that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment should be removed, and every pleasure, that frail humanity can taste, should be yours. I own myself so little a presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought, which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.

“This day, the first Sunday of May, a breezy blue-eyed noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn ; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

“I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the Spectator, “The Vision of Mirza ;” a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea

* Vol. II. p. 417, 18, 19.

to a word of three syllables : “ On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.”

“ We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers, in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like an Eolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things — man’s immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal and woe beyond death and the grave.”

This is of a very high tone; but the next exceeds it. It is “ Letter CXLVIII. to Mr. Cunningham, dated 25th Feb. 1794.”

“Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul, tost on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame, tremblingly alive as the tortures of suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries with thy inquiries after me?

“For these two months I have not been able to lift a pen. My constitution and frame were, ab origine, blasted with a deep incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence. Of late a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these **** times; losses which, though trifling were yet what I could ill bear, have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition.

Are you deep in the language of consolation? I have exhausted in reflection every topic of comfort. A heart at ease would have been charmed with my sentiments and reasonings; but as to myself I was like Judas Iscariot preaching the gospel; he might melt and mould the hearts of those around him, but his own kept its native incorrigibility.

“Still there are two great pillars that bear us up amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The one is composed of the different modifications of a certain noble, stubborn something in man, known by the names of courage, fortitude, magnanimity. The other is made up of those feelings and sentiments, which, however the sceptic may deny them, or the enthusiast

enthusiast disfigure them, are yet, I am convinced, component parts of the human soul; those senses of the mind, if I may be allowed the expression, which connect us with, and link us to, those awful obscure realities, an all-powerful and equally beneficent God, and a world to come beyond death and the grave. The first gives the nerve of combat, while a ray of hope beams on the field. The last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure.

"I do not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it as the trick of the crafty FEW, to lead the undiscerning MANY; or at most as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know any thing of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion, any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what to me and to others were such superlative sources of enjoyment. It is in this point of view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. Let me flatter myself, that this sweet little fellow, who is just now running about my desk, will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart; and an imagination, delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him, wandering out in a sweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales, and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring; himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through Nature up to Nature's God. His soul, by swift, delighting degrees, is rapt above

this sublunary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and bursts out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson,

'These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God.—The rolling year
Is full of thee.'

{ "These are no ideal pleasures; they are real delights; and I ask what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say, equal to them? And they have this precious vast addition, that conscious virtue stamps them for her own; and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God *."

They who most value an insipid propriety and decorum, which are the protection of the dull and the stupid, will consider these ebullitions to be but little recompence for the irregularities of the bard. Their test of a good understanding and amiable character directly terminates in SELF. "What is the indiscretion," they cry, "that can be redeemed by a few songs?" A few songs! which they would not obtain at the expence of an awkward bow, and an inopportune expression! But if "to make the distant and the future predominate over the present" be "to advance us in the train of intellectual beings," then how high a station does he merit, who lives in a conflict of passions, who endures the heated temperament of fancy, who suffers poverty, neglect, and scorn, and calumny,

* II. p. 441—444.

for the sake of delighting those whom he has never seen, or perhaps heard of, and of charming, by the efforts of his muse, the remote shores of the Atlantic, and generations yet unborn.

The poet's frailties extend but a little way. His imprudences, his ill-timed ardours, his disregard of interest, his sallies of intemperance, and all those excesses which are always bordering on his virtues, affect but himself and a few around him. Of what thousands will his compositions tend to refine the understanding, to melt the heart, and exalt the soul! Burns's personal faults are buried with his personal virtues in the grave,

"Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God."

His works live in full vigour, and will live as long as the language lasts. Of how many a lover will they soothe the sorrows; of how many a soldier will they inflame the patriotism; of how many a genius will they fan the fires! How often will they disperse the gloom of solitude, and appease the agonies of pain! How often will they encourage virtue, and shew vice its ugliness!

That unconquerable love of intellectual fame, which urges the elevated mind

"To scorn delights, and live laborious days,"

can never indeed be appreciated, or even conceived by these selfish and half-brutal censurers. As they know not how to value its productions, still less can they estimate with candour its concomitant errors and miseries.

"The occupations of a poet," says Dr. Currie, "are

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not

not calculated to strengthen the governing powers of the mind, or to weaken that sensibility which requires perpetual control, since it gives birth to the vehemence of passion as well as to the higher powers of imagination. Unfortunately, the favourite occupations of genius are calculated to increase all its peculiarities; to nourish that lofty pride which disdains the littleness of prudence, and the restrictions of order; and by indulgence, to increase that sensibility which in the present form of our existence is scarcely compatible with peace or happiness, even when accompanied with the choicest gifts of fortune!

“It is observed by one who was a friend and associate of Burns, and who has contemplated and explained the system of animated nature, that no sentient being with mental powers greatly superior to those of men, could possibly live and be happy in this world. “If such a being really existed,” continues he, “his misery would be extreme; with senses more delicate and refined, with perceptions more acute and penetrating, with a taste so exquisite, that the objects around him would by no means gratify it, obliged to feed on nourishment too gross for his frame, he must be born only to be miserable, and the continuation of his existence would be utterly impossible. Even in our present condition, the sameness and the insipidity of objects and pursuits, the futility of pleasure, and the infinite sources of excruciating pain, are supported with great difficulty by cultivated and refined minds. Increase our sensibilities, continue the same objects and situation, and no man could bear to live*.”

“Thus it appears that our powers of sensation, as

* Smellie. See his *Philosophy of Natural History*, Vol. I. p. 526.

well as all our other powers, are adapted to the scene of our existence; that they are limited in mercy as well as in wisdom.

“The speculations of Mr. Smellie are not to be considered as the dreams of a theorist; they were probably founded on sad experience. The being he supposes “with senses more delicate and refined, with perceptions more acute and penetrating,” is to be found in real life. He is of the temperament of genius, and, perhaps, a poet*.”

They, whose conduct is not actuated by views of direct benefit to themselves, but who live for the public, and look to no personal advantages but those which are the remote and uncertain result of general esteem and admiration, are considered by the herd of mankind, as of a romantic and enthusiastic character, which is only fitted for the abodes of insanity: an opinion which the passages, cited from Currie and Smellie, will tend to confirm. “What is the use of talents,” I hear them say, “which will not enable a man to direct himself; or of an imagination, which makes him melancholy and miserable?” But mark the poet in one of his happier moments! Observe the excess of his enjoyment, exhibited in the Tale of Tam O’Shanter!

————— ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 ‘Wi’ reaming swats, that drank divinely.
 The night drave on wi’ sangs and clatter;
 And ay the aye was growing better:

* Currie’s Life of Burns, p. 231, 232.

The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious:
 The souter told his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy,
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread;
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; }
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm:
 Nae man can tether time or tide;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride.

* * * * *
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll;
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 &c. &c. &c. &c.

What

What think you of this, ye dull estimators of selfish pleasures? Do not I again hear you exclaim, "Mad fancies! The sights that Tam O'Shanter describes are not true. But if they were, why bring before our minds what is only adapted to frighten us, and give us pain!" Ye gloriers in your own stupidity, what a pity it is ye wear the form of an intellectual being! }

But, for the comfort of the plodders, these rapid and violent movements were wearing out the thread of life too fast. The machine could not endure this violent pace the usual length of time; and Burns died in July 1796, in his thirty-eighth year. He sunk a martyr to his sensibility: a sensibility, to which, though the bitterness of malice and envy will attribute the fatal effects of it to his vicious indulgences, yet it must be recollected that other poets have fallen victims, whose morals have been pure and spotless. The sensibility of Cowper, for a time, overwhelmed his faculties at an age as early as that at which Burns found a refuge in the grave.

The genius of Burns was more sublime than that of Cowper. Both excelled in the familiar: but yet the latter was by nature as well as education more gentle, more easy, and delicate: he had also more of tenuity, while Burns was more concise, more bold, and energetic. They both also abounded in humour, which possessed the same characteristics in each; one mild, serene, and smiling; the other daring and powerful, full of fire and imagery. The poems of one fill the heart and the fancy with the soft pleasures of domestic privacy, with the calm and innocent occupations of rural solitude, the pensive musings of the moralist, and the chastised indignation of pure and simple vir-
tue;

ture: the poems of the other breathe by turns Grief, Love, Joy, Melancholy, Despair and Terror; plunge us in the vortex of passion, and hurry us away on the wings of unrestrained and undirected fancy.

Cowper could paint the scenery of Nature and the simple emotions of the heart with exquisite simplicity and truth. Burns could array the morning, the noon, and the evening in new colours; could add new graces to female beauty, and new tenderness to the voices of love. In every situation in which he was placed, his mind seized upon the most striking circumstances, and combining them anew, and dressing them with all the fairy trappings of his imagination, he produced visions such as none but "poets dream." Wherever he went, in whatever he was employed, he saw every thing with a poet's eye, and clothed it with a poet's tints.

The hearts and tempers of these bards seem to have been cast in moulds equally distinct: while Cowper shrunk from difficulties and was palsied with dangers, we can conceive Burns at times riding with delight in the whirlwind, performing prodigies of heroism, and foremost in the career of a glorious death. We can almost suppose in his athletic form and daring countenance, had he lived in times of barbarism, and been tempted by hard necessity to forgo his principles, such an one as we behold at the head of a banditti in the savage scenery of *Salvator Rosa*, gilding the crimes of violence and depredation by acts of valour and generosity! In Cowper, on the contrary we view a man only fitted for the most refined state of society, and for the bowers of peace and security.

There is a relative claim to superiority on the side of Burns, on which I cannot lay so much stress as many are

are inclined to do. I mean his want of education, while the other enjoyed all the discipline and all the advantages of a great public school. If the addiction to the Muses, and the attainment of poetical excellence were nothing more than an accidental application of general talents to a particular species of intellectual occupation, how happens it that among the vast numbers educated at Westminster, or Eton, or Winchester, or Harrow, among whom there must be very many of very high natural endowments, and where day after day, and year after year, they are habituated to poetical composition by every artifice of emulation, and every advantage of precept and example, so few should attain the rank of genuine poets, while Burns in a clay-built hovel, amid the labours of the plough and the flail, under the anxiety of procuring his daily bread, with little instruction and few books, and surrounded only by the humblest society, felt an irresistible impulse to poetry, which surmounted every obstacle, and reached a felicity of expression, a force of sentiment, and a richness of imagery scarce ever rivalled by an union of ability, education, practice, and laborious effort? Thinking therefore that poetical talent is a bent impressed by the hand of Nature, I cannot give the greatest weight to subsequent artificial circumstances; but yet I must admit that in the case of Burns they were so unfavourable that no common natural genius could have overcome them.

On the contrary, there were some points in the history of Burns more propitious to the bolder features of poetry, than in that of Cowper. He wrote in the season of youth, when all the passions were at their height; his life was less uniform, and his station was

more

more likely to encourage energy and enthusiasm, than the more polished and more insipid ranks, to which the other belonged. In the circles of fashion, fire and impetuosity are deemed vulgar; and with the roughnesses of the human character all its force is too often smoothed away. An early intercourse with the upper *mobility* is too apt to damp all the generous emotions, and make one ashamed of romantic hopes and sublime conceptions. From blights of this kind the early situation of Burns protected him. The heaths and mountains of Scotland, among which he lived, braced his nerves with vigour, and cherished the bold and striking colours of his mind.

But it seems to me vain and idle to speculate upon education and outward circumstances, as the causes or promoters of poetical genius. It is the inspiring breath of Nature alone, which gives the powers of the genuine bard, and creates a ruling propensity, and a peculiar cast of character which will rise above every impediment, but can be substituted by neither art nor labour. To write mellifluous verses in language which may seem to the eye and the ear adorned with both imagery and elegance, may be a faculty neither unattainable, nor even uncommon. But to give that soul, that predominance of thought, that illuminated tone of a living spirit, which spring in so inexplicable a manner from the chords of the real lyre, is beyond the reach of mere human arrangement, without the innate and very rare gift of the Muse. That gift has regard neither to rank, station, nor riches. It shone over the cradles of Surry, and Buckhurst, amid the splendour of palaces, and the lustre of coronets; it shone over those of Milton, and Cowley, and Dryden, and Gray, and Collins,

Collins, amid scenes of frugal and unostentatious competence and mediocrity; it shone over that of Burns, in the thatched hovel, the chill abode of comfortless penury and humble labour.

If there be any who doubt whether, in the exercise of this gift, Burns contributed to his own happiness, let them hear the testimony of himself. "Poesy," says he to Dr. Moore, "was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen, or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme, and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet *!" In truth, without regard to happiness, or misery, the impulse of the true poet towards his occupation is generally irresistible, even to the neglect of all, to which prudence and self-interest imperiously dictate his attention. Thus placed in the conflict of opposite attractions he too often falls a victim to the compunctions of mental regret, and the actual stripes of worldly adversity. But the dye is cast; even the misery, which is endured in such a cause, is dear to him; and the hope that his memory will live, and the pictures of his mind be cherished when his bones are mouldering in the dust, is a counterpoise to more than ordinary sufferings!

I do not mean to encourage the idea, that the imprudences †, and much less the immoralities, of Burns, were

* Life, p. 48.

† I include not pecuniary imprudences, for which, I think, he has been unjustly

were absolutely inseparable from the brilliance of his talents, or the sensibilities of his heart. I am not justifying, I only attempt to plead for them, in mitigation of the harsh and narrow censures of malignity and envy. I call on those of dull heads and sour tempers to judge with candour and mercy, to respect human frailties, more especially when redeemed by accompanying virtues, and to enter not into the garden of Fancy with implements too coarse, lest in the attempt to destroy the weeds, they pluck up also all the flowers.

September 23, 1805.

unjustly censured. He had expended in nine years the subscription money of his poems—but how had he expended it? Partly in an unsuccessful farm; partly in assisting his friends, and partly in aid of his slender income. His contempt for money, especially as he had suffered from infancy the effects of actual penury, was highly noble and generous. I cannot agree with some critics, that he had no cause to complain of want of due patronage. Was the mean place of an exciseman, with a salary of from 3*l.* to 5*l.* a year proper for Burns after his merits were acknowledged, and his literary genius deemed a national honour? Is it wonderful, that upon such an income, such a man, who was encouraged to give up his mind to poetry, which rendered him unfit to improve it, was uneasy and discontented? He died out of debt;—but he had saved nothing!—Unpardonable imprudence!!! We are told, indeed, that an increase of income would only have increased the indulgence of his intemperance—a very generous mode of reconciling us to the hardships of this lot;—and as if intemperance was generally found to increase with affluence! Considering how immense is the present patronage of government, I must consider the neglect of Burns, whose powers had been duly appreciated, a stigma upon the age; and it is but candid to believe that more easy circumstances of fortune would have materially tended to soften the most objectionable habits of his last years, and perhaps have prolonged his life. Many points of this subject remain untouched; but the limits of this Number call on me to stop my pen.

ART.

ART. IV. *Winter. A Poem. By Jas. Thomson, A.M.**

Rapidus sol

Nondum Hyemem contingit equis. Jam præterit æstas.

VIRG.

———Glacialis HYEMS canos hirsuta capillos. OVID.

London: printed for J. Millan, at Locke's head in Shug Lane, near the upper end of the Hay-market; and sold by J. Roberts in Warwick Lane, and N. Blandford at the London Gazette, Charing Cross. MDCCXXVI. Price one shilling. Folio. First Edition. Dedication to the Right Honourable Sir Spencer Compton.

ART. V. *Winter. A Poem. By James Thomson.*

———Horrida cano

Bruma gelu.

The Second Edition. London: printed by N. Blandford, at Charing Cross, for J. Millan, at Locke's head in Shug Lane, near the Hay-Market, and the next Bookseller to the Horse-Guards. MDCCXXVI. Price one shilling. 8vo.

This second impression had other title-pages, professing to be the *third* and *fourth* editions; but the late Mr. Warton was told by Millan that the book lay a long time unsold upon his stall. In a letter from Thomson to Dr. Cranston, which was printed

* This academic distinction was not afterwards assumed by him, nor does it appear to have been noticed by his biographers.

in the *European Magazine* for May 1797, we are informed that the poet of the *Seasons* conceived the first design of his subject from Rickleton's * poem on *Winter*. Should any copy of such a poem still exist, some account of it would be most suitable to the plan of the present work; nor could it be otherwise than generally interesting, to see from what a casual germ the most luxuriant fruitage was produced. Somerville very honestly and judiciously delivered his sentiments† of the first edition of the *Seasons*; and Thomson appears to have attended with studious care to his friendly admonition in the subsequent impressions. Dr. Johnson indeed expresses a doubt whether in these successive revisals, the original excellence, the primitive flavour, or what Temple calls the *race*, was not partly lost; but perhaps it will be acknowledged by those who have inspected both, that the early production of the poet bears much analogy to his former

* Qu. whether the Rev. Mr. Riccalton, minister of Hobkirk, who encouraged Thomson to cultivate his early propensity for poetry, furnished him with books, and corrected his puerile essays?

† See Somerville's epistle to Thomson, in the works of the former.

"Why should thy Muse, born so divinely fair,
Want the reforming toilet's daily care!
Dress the gay maid, improve each native grace,
And call forth all the glories of her face:
Th' accomplish'd nymph, in all her best attire,
Courts shall applaud, and prostrate crowds admire:
For kind and wise the parent, who reproves
The slightest blemish in the child he loves.
Read Philips much, consider Milton more,
But from their dross extract the purer ore.
Let perspicuity o'er all preside,—
Soon shalt thou be the nation's joy and pride."

territory

territory at Rosedale *, which was narrow in extent and parsimonious of ornament, till Taste enlarged its limits and clothed the sylvan wild with a profusion of adventitious beauty. For the gratification of those who have a pleasure in tracing the progress of cultivated intellect, it is proposed to reprint the poem of *WINTER* as it stood in the *second* impression, marking the few variations it contains from the *first*; and it will then be in the power of any poetical reader to observe how much it was afterwards dilated and embellished by the refining hand of its original artificer.

To the second edition of the poem was added a "Preface," which shall also be given as a specimen of Thomson's composition in prose, and as an honourable vindication of his favourite pursuit.

"I am neither ignorant, nor concerned, how much one may suffer in the opinion of several persons of great gravity and character, by the study and pursuit of POETRY.

"Although there may seem to be some appearance of reason for the present contempt of it, as managed by the most part of our modern writers, yet that any man should seriously declare against that DIVINE ART, is really amazing. It is declaring against the most charming power of imagination, the most exalting force of thought, the most affecting touch of sentiment: in a word, against the very soul of all learning and politeness. It is affronting the universal taste of mankind, and declaring against what has charmed the

* This name was given to Thomson's villa in Kew Lane, by the late Mrs. Boscawen, who greatly extended the pleasure ground, and religiously preserved the reliques of an alcove which formed the summer study of the poet.

listening world from Moses down to Milton. In fine, it is even declaring against the sublimest passages of the inspired writings themselves, and what seems to be the peculiar language of heaven.

“The truth of the case is this: these weak-sighted gentlemen cannot bear the strong light of poetry, and the finer and more amusing scene of things it displays; but must those, therefore, whom heaven has blessed with the discerning eye, shut it to keep them company? It is pleasant enough, however, to observe frequently in these enemies of poetry, an awkward imitation of it. They sometimes have their little brightnesses, when the opening glooms will permit. Nay, I have seen their heaviness on some occasions deign to turn friskish and witty, in which they make just such another figure, as *Æsop’s* ass, when he began to fawn. To compleat the absurdity, they would even in their efforts against poetry fain be poetical; like those gentlemen that reason with a great deal of zeal and severity against reason.

“That there are frequent and notorious abuses of poetry is as true as that the best things are most liable to that misfortune: but is there no end of that clamorous argument against the use of things from the abuse of them? And yet I hope that no man, who has the least sense of shame in him, will fall into it after the present sulphureous attacker* of the stage. To insist no further on this head, let poetry once more be restored to her ancient truth and purity; let her be inspired from heaven, and in return, her incense ascend thither: let her exchange her low, venal, trifling

* Probably *Jeremy Collier*, who died in 1726, and had attacked the stage formidably at least, if not *sulphureously*.

subjects,

subjects, for such as are fair, usful, and magnificent; and let her execute these so as at once to please, instruct, surprize, and astonish: and then, of necessity, the most inveterate ignorance and prejudice shall be struck dumb, and poets yet become the delight and wonder of mankind. But this happy period is not to be expected till some long-wished illustrious man, of equal power and beneficence, rise on the wintry world of letters: one of a genuine and unbounded greatness and generosity of mind, who, far above all the pomp and pride of fortune, scorns the little addressful flatterer; pierces through the disguised, designing villain; discountenances all the reigning fopperies of a tasteless age; and who, stretching his views into late futurity, has the true interest of virtue, learning, and mankind, entirely at heart:—a character so nobly desirable! that to an honest heart it is almost incredible so few should have the ambition to deserve it.

“Nothing can have a better influence towards the revival of poetry than the chusing of great and serious subjects: such as at once amuse the fancy, enlighten the head, and warm the heart. These give a weight and dignity to the poem: nor is the pleasure, I should say rapture, both the writer and the reader feels, unwarranted by reason, or followed by repentant disgust. To be able to write on a dry, barren theme, is looked upon by some as the sign of a happy, fruitful genius. Fruitful indeed! like one of the pendant gardens in Cheapside, watered every morning by the hand of the alderman himself. And what are we commonly entertained with on these occasions, save forced, unaffecting fancies; little glittering prettinesses; mixed turns of wit and expression; which are as widely dif-

ferent from native poetry, as buffoonery is from the perfection of human thinking? A genius fired with the charms of truth and nature is tuned to a sublimer pitch, and scorns to associate with such subjects. I cannot more emphatically recommend this poetical ambition than by the four following lines from Mr. Hill's poem, called "The Judgment Day," which is so singular an instance of it.

For me, suffice it to have taught my Muse
The tuneful triflings of her tribe to shun,
And rais'd her warmth such heavenly themes to chuse,
As, in past ages, the best garlands won.

"I know no subject more elevating, more amusing, more ready to awake the poetical enthusiasm, the philosophical reflection, and the moral sentiment, than the *works of Nature*. Where can we meet with such variety, such beauty, such magnificence? All that enlarges and transports the soul? What more inspiring than a calm, wide survey of them? In every dress Nature is greatly charming: whether she puts on the crimson robes of the morning, the strong effulgence of noon, the sober suit of the evening, or the deep sables of blackness and tempest. How gay looks the Spring! how glorious the Summer! how pleasing the Autumn! and how venerable the Winter! But there is no thinking of these things without breaking out into poetry; which is, by the bye, a plain and undeniable argument of their superior excellence. For this reason the best, both ancient and modern poets, have been passionately fond of retirement and solitude. The wild romantic country was their delight: and they seem never to have been more happy, than when lost in unfrequented

frequented fields, far from the little busy world, they were at leisure to meditate and sing the works of Nature.

“The book of Job, that noble and ancient poem, which even strikes so forcibly through a mangling translation, is crowned with a description of the grand works of Nature, and that too from the mouth of their **ALMIGHTY AUTHOR!** It was this devotion to the works of Nature, that, in his Georgicks, inspired the rural Virgil to write so inimitably; and who can forbear joining with him in this declaration of his, which has been the rapture of ages ?

*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ, &c. to
Flumina amœn sylvasque inglorius. Vide Georg. lib. iii.*

which may be Englished thus :

Me may the Muses, my supreme delight !
Whose priest I am, smit with immense desire,
Snatch to their care ; the starry tracts disclose,
The sun's distress, the labours of the moon ;
Whence the earth quakes ; and by what force the deeps
Heave at the rocks, then on themselves reflow ;
Why winter-suns to plunge in ocean speed,
And what retards the lazy summer-night.
But, least I should these mystic truths attain,
If the cold current freezes round my heart,
The country me, the brooky vales may please,
Mid woods and streams unknown.

*It is
improper to*

“I cannot put an end to this Preface, without taking the freedom to offer my most sincere and grateful acknowledgments to all those gentlemen who have given my first performance so favourable a reception. It is with the best pleasure and a rising ambition, that

I reflect on the honour Mr. Hill * has done me, in recommending my poem to the world, after a manner so peculiar to himself; than whom none approves and obliges with a nobler and more unreserving promptitude of soul. His favours are the very smiles of humanity, graceful and easy, flowing from and to the heart. This agreeable train of thought awakens naturally in my mind all the other parts of his great and amiable character, which I know not well how to quit, and yet dare not here pursue.

“ Every reader who has a heart to be moved, must feel the most gentle power of poetry in the lines with which Mira has graced my poem.

“ It perhaps might be reckoned vanity in me to say how richly I value the approbation of a gentleman of Mr. Malloch’s fine and exact taste, so justly dear and valuable to all those that have the happiness of knowing him; and who, to say no more of him, will abundantly make good to the world, the early promise his admired piece of ‘ William and Margaret’ has given.

“ I only wish my description of the various appearances of Nature in WINTER, and, as I purpose, in the other *Seasons* †, may have the good fortune to give the reader some of that true pleasure, which they in

* Aaron Hill and David Mallet (alias Malloch) prefixed the verses printed in their works; and a third copy was signed Mira, the fictitious name of a lady, says Dr. Johnson, once too well known.

† Summer was printed in 1727, and Spring in 1728: at the same time were issued “ Proposals for printing by subscription the Four Seasons, with a Hymn on their succession; a poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton; and an Essay on descriptive poetry. The latter does not seem to have been produced, but the Seasons were completed and printed in 1730, in 4to. and 8vo.

their

their agreeable succession are always sure to inspire into my heart."

Thus closes a Preface which may certainly be registered among the curiosities of literature. In a future Number part of the poem shall appear.

T. P.

ART. VI. *Rex Platonicus; sive de potentissimi Principis Jacobi Britanniarum Regis ad illustrissimam Academiam Oxoniensem adventu, Aug. 27, Anno 1605 Narratio ab Isaaco Wake. Editio sexta. Anno 1663. 12mo.*

Isaac Wake, the author of this curious little volume, was the public orator of the University. One of the most curious passages it contains is that which relates to the little spectacle exhibited at St. John's College, when James entered the University from Woodstock; and it is the more remarkable, as it is supposed to have given rise to the *Macbeth* of SHAKSPEARE, which did not appear till a year after. The passage may be found at page 29, and is as follows.

"Quorum primos jam ordines dum Principes contemplantur, primisque congratulantium acclamationibus delectantur, Collegium *D. Johannis*, nomine literarum domicilium (quod Dominus *Th. Whitus Prætor* olim *Londinensis*, opimis redditibus locupletarat,) faciles eorum oculos speciosæ structuræ adblanditione invitat; moxque & oculos & aures detinet ingeniosa, nec injucunda, lusiuncula, qua clarissimis Præses cum quinquaginta, quos alit Collegium, studiosis, magnaque Studentium conviventium caterva prodiens, Principes in transitu salutandos censuit.

Tabulæ

Tabulæ ansam dedit antiqua de Regia prosapia historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat *tres olim SIBYLLAS occurrisse duobus Scotiæ proceribus MACBETHO & BANCHONI, & illum præduxisse Regem futurum, sed Regem nullum geniturum, hunc Regem non futurum sed Reges geniturum multos.* Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. *Banchonis enim é stirpe Potentissimus JACOBUS oriundus. Tres adolescentes concinno Sibyllarum habitu induti, e Collegio prodeuntes, & carmina lepida alternatim canentes, Regi se tres esse illas Sibyllas profitentur, quæ BANCHONI olim sobolis imperia prædixerant, jamque iterum comparere, ut eadem vaticinii veritate prædicerent JACOBO se jam et diu regem futurum Britanniæ felicissimum et multorum Regum parentem, ut ex BANCHONIS stirpe nunquam sit hæres Britannico diademati defuturus. Deinde tribus Principibus suaves felicitatum triplicitates triplicatis terminum vicibus succincentes, veniamque precantes, quod alumni ædium Divi Johannis (qui præcursor Christi) alumnos Ædis Christi (quó tum Rex tendebat) præcursoria hac salutatione antevertissent, Principes ingeniosa fictiuncula delectatos dimittunt; quos inde universa ostantium multitudo, felici prædictionum successui suffragans votis precibusque ad portam usque invitatis Borealem prosequitur.*

E.

ART.

ART. VII. *The False Favourite Disgraced; and the Reward of Loyalty. A Tragi-Comedy. Never acted. Penned by George Gerbier D'Ouvilly, Esq. London: printed for Robert Crofts, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Crown in Chancery Lane, under Sergeants Inn. 1657. Duod. pp. 112.*

This is a very scarce play, which it is apparent, that neither Langbaine nor Baker had ever seen, by the imperfect manner in which they mention it*.

The play itself is by no means deficient in merit. The scene is placed at Florence, from whose history at the time of the Medicis the story is drawn. There is nothing uncommon in the plot, which turns on the treachery of Hippolito, the False Favourite, by whose untrue accusations and perfidious intrigues, Pausanio is banished, the mutual attachment between Duke Cosmo and Lucebella, the daughter of Pausanio, nearly defeated, with a view to the favourite's obtainment of her, and Martiano, her brother, driven into rebellion. These artifices are at last discovered, and all ends well:—even Hippolito is forgiven.

The play is dedicated “to Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, Lord of Bulbec, Samford, Badelsmere, and Scales; to William Lord Craven, Baron of Hamstead-

* This curious, and perhaps nearly unique, book was given the Editor by Edm. Lodge, Esq. Lord Orford, partly misled by Victor in his *Playhouse Companion*, has strangely erred in attributing this play to Sir Balthazar Gerbier. See *Anec. of Painting*, 4th edition, Vol. II. p. 99. Perhaps the dramatic writer was brother to Sir Balthazar, as Ld. O. calls him Sir Balthazar Gerbier D'Ouvilly; and he was employed by Lord Craven, who was the patron of George, in re-building his seat at Hemsted-Marshall.

Marshall,

Marshal, *my noble Lord and Colonel* ; and to John Lord Bellasis, Baron of Worlaby," and is dated Sept. 1, 1657 Then follow several commendatory verses. The first copy is by James Howel, a well-known author, " to his Honoured Friend George Gerbier D'Ouvilly, Esq. on the Scene, and the Ingenuous Composure of this Florantine Tragi-Comedy," as follows :

Florence, 'mong cities bears the name of Fair,
For streets and stately structures, sight and air,
A city, as a late historian says,
Fit only to be seen on holidays.
She breeds great wits for high attempts, and trust,
But often bent on black revenge and lust:
We know the purest streams have ouse, and slime,
So vices mix with virtue in this clime;
And there are stores of stories in this kind,
Which as I write, come crowding to my mind;
But this of yours will serve for all, which is
Compil'd with so much art, that doubtful 'tis,
Whether the Tuscan actors shew'd more wit
In plotting, as you did in penning it.

The next copy is signed E. Aldrick. The third " to Captain Geo. Gerbier D'Ouvilly," is by Tho. Revel ; the fourth " to Squier Gerbier D'Ouvilly," is by A. Prissoe : and the last, by J. Cole.

I will give one specimen of the play. Towards the close of the fifth act, when Pausanio is marching back from his exile, the Duke, Julia, Lucebella, Rosania, Dianetta, appear above as on the walls.

" *Duke.* Whom do my glad eyes look upon, Pausanio?

Lucebel. Father!

Pausanio.

Pausanio. I am that wrong'd Pausanio, whose
soft heart,
Joyful to see my persecutor, melts
Itself to womanish profuseness.

Duke. We'll haste to thy embraces. [*They descend.*]

Lucebel. Dear father, make me happy in your
blessing!

Pausan. Best comfort to my age, arise! And
Heaven
Look favourably on thee! Thou retain'st,
My girl, thy wonted sweetness
In despite of grief.

Luceb. Next to good heaven,
The thanks belong unto the Princess.

Pausan. Oh let me kiss that bounteous hand! my
heart
Was never proud but when it did you service.

Duke. My nature's not to do thus, but in answer
Of such deserving drops mine eyes rain tears.
Oh, my Pausanio, be kind, and pardon
The error of my blinded judgment; heaven
Can witness with me, that my will's untainted.

Pausan. I must believe it; I had a legal trial,
And by suborned witness was condemn'd
To undeserved death; but then your mercy
Stepped between, and sav'd me: whereas had you
Desir'd my end, I had unjustly died,
And yet 't had appear'd justice. I am still
Your loyal humble subject. [*Kneels.*]

Duke. Rather the better half of my dear soul, rise!
But where's our loving kinsman? He is wrong'd too.

Pausan. I left him here; since have not heard of
him,

Nor have I brought this power to increase,
 But to suppress rebellion.
 Where is that enemy to virtue? I dare not
 Call him son.

Enter Sicanio, Ausonius, Leontinus, Prisoners.

Luceb. The Prince and he went both to meet you.

Soldier. Here's our best booty, Sir.

Pausan. Free 'em.

In you, royal young man, 'twas nobleness [*To Sicanio.*
 T' attempt your injur'd friend's releasement;
 For which my grateful soul shall daily pay
 Your virtue tributary thanks. In him [*To Marsanio.*
 'Twas monstrous impiety: thy rebellious blood
 Never had birth from these pure veins. I do
 Disclaim all interest in thee, and beg
 The sentence of the law may pass on him.

Duke. O that were too unnatural: consider—
 It was his filial love to your wrong'd self
 Provok'd him to 't.

Pausanio. The natural love of father never should
 Make him forget the pious zeal he owes
 His lawful prince; obedience, loyalty,
 Are the sweet perfumes penetrate the sky:
 Like it, no sacrifice such welcome finds
 'Mong the celestial dwellers; nor than mutiny
 And stiff-neck'd disobedience, any crime
 More strictly punish'd: what tho' injury
 Plotted my banishment, patience is a virtue!
 He knew my spotless faith was purely free
 From foul contaminating treachery,
 And should with equal patience have smil'd
 On my sad sufferings, interested in
 My harmless innocence. Succeeding time,

(The

(The aged sire of venerable truth)

Had then on the swift wings of low-tongued fame
 Hurried his work thro' the wide world: no mouth
 Have mentioned his bare name, but with a kind
 Of reverence due to such a son, and subject.
 Whereas now fallen from the virtue he profess'd,
 He lives, in spite of death, a canker'd stain
 To all posterity. Those numerous tongues
 That might, in emulation of his merit,
 Have truly been employed, will now as justly
 Brand him with name of traitor—bastard o' my blood

Martiano. Sir!

[*Kneels.*

Pausan. Bends thy disloyal knee in hope of
 pardon?

Can such impiety meet with mercy, or in
 Earth or heav'n? No, no, the gods are just,
 And thou hast lost thy hope of both.

Martian. Of neither, sir;
 The Duke is made of gentle pity, and
 Upon my true contrition, hath forgiven
 The error of my supposed duty, for which grace
 Prostrated thus, I humbly kiss his feet!
 And for my foul fault in the eye of heav'n
 My penitential tears will purge all guilt,
 And make me a pure sacrifice for their
 Sweet mercy.

Duke. *Martiano*, rise, you have our favour:
 Be worthy of it! Your youth hath had its swing,
 But your now better'd judgment, I hope, will counsel
 Your stout heart t' execute only what's noble.

Martian. My honest actions shall hereafter speak
 My soul's intentions.

Pausan.

Pausan. Well, the gods forgive thee; and now I
turn

Petitioner, and must not be denied.

Duke. Command our Dukedom!

Pausan. I only ask the life of my accuser, that he
may have

A longer time to make his peace with heaven.

Duke. Go, call him forth."

ART. VIII. *Literary Obituary.*

Aug. 31st, died at Sidmouth, in the 50th year of his age, after a lingering and painful illness, supported with exemplary fortitude, James Currie, M. D. F. R. S. late of Liverpool. The works of this eminent physician and accomplished man have long ranked him in the eye of the public, among the most successful votaries of literature and medical science; while his free and independent spirit, his active and judicious philanthropy, his generous and feeling heart, will consecrate his memory in the large circle of sorrowing friends, among the brightest ornaments of nature.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER VI.

[Being the Second Number of Vol. II.]

ART. I. LIBRO DEL CONSULADO*.

Collection of the maritime usages of Barcelona, hitherto commonly called The Book of the Consulate, newly translated into Castilian, with the Limoisin text restored to its original integrity and purity; and illustrated with various appendices, glossaries, and observations historical. By Don Antonio de Capmany and de Monpalau, permanent Secretary of the Royal Academy of History. Published by the appointment and at the expence of the Royal Council and Consulate of Commerce of the same City, under the Direction of the General and Supreme Council of Commerce of the Realm. Madrid: printed by Don Antonio de Sancha, 1791. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 368 and 226.

THE above is the translation of the title page of a work handsomely printed at Madrid, in the year 1791. The first volume contains a preliminary discourse by the Editor; a table of the chapters, numbered as in the former Spanish editions, but arranged under titles,

* Consulado. Tribunal in negotiatorum causis jus dicens. Dict. of the Royal Acad. of Spain.

into which the work is now for the first time divided; the Consulate itself in the old Limousin or Catalonian and modern Castilian, in corresponding columns, arranged under separate heads; a Castilian glossary of the naval and mercantile words used in the translation; a vocabulary of the more difficult Catalonian words; and some examples of the errors of two former Castilian translations.

The second Volume, which is an Appendix to the first, contains a Castilian version of the supposed Rhodian laws from the text published by Leunclavius in his *Jus Græco-Romanum*; a Collection of ancient laws and ordinances of Spain relating to naval commerce, and the conduct of Merchants and Mariners; and a catalogue of authors of different nations, who have written on mercantile jurisprudence and maritime legislation.

The Book of the Consulate of the Sea is considered to be the most ancient, and certainly was the most generally received, body of written customs relating to the maritime commerce of modern Europe, now extant. The earliest printed copies commonly known are in the Italian language, and the Collection itself has sometimes been supposed to be an Italian work, and been attributed to the Pisans. The present Editor, in a very learned preface, vindicates the claim of his own country to the honour of its compilation.

Cleirac in his preface to the *Us et coutumes de Mer*, Rouen, 1571, page 2, says, that Queen Eleanor first drew up the *Roole d' Oleron* in that Island on her return from a Crusade, at a time when the customs of the Eastern Sea, inserted in the Book of the Consulate, were in vogue and credit through all the east.

Grotius

Grotius de Jure B. et P. Book iii. C. v. Sect. 5, Note 6, says, there is published in Italian a book called the Consulate of the Sea, in which are found the Ordinances on this subject (the text relates to assistance given by neutrals to enemies) made by the Greek Emperors, the Emperors of Germany, the Kings of France, Spain, Syria, Cyprus, Majorca, and Minorca, and the Republics of Venice and Genoa. Emerigon in the preface to his *Traité des Assurances*, p. 6, cites Grotius as saying that the Consulate itself is a Collection of Ordinances of these Emperors, Kings, &c. and adds that he is followed in this respect by Marquardus, Chap. v. Sect. 39. Emerigon also adds on the authority of Targa, Chap. xcvi. Page 395, that this collection was composed by the order of the ancient Kings of Arragon, and became the rule, to which almost all the Christian nations addicted to maritime commerce, voluntarily submitted: and then states it to have been adopted at Rome in 1075, at Acre in 1111, at Majorca in 1112, at Piza in 1118, at Marseilles in 1162, at Almeria in 1174, at Genoa in 1186, at Rhodes in 1190, in the Morea in 1200, at Venice in 1215, in Germany in 1224, at Messina in 1225, at Paris in 1250, at Constantinople in 1262, &c. Emerigon appears to have taken these dates from the catalogue, that is found in several former editions.

The present Editor has pointed out several errors and chronisms in the catalogue, but supposes it to have been founded on tradition, and to evince at least the equity and general adoption of the code. Indeed, even the older foreign jurists mention both its antiquity and its prevalence. The Editor has rejected

this catalogue, but his observations upon it are selected from his preface, and subjoined to a translation of it.

ROME. The year of the incarnation of Christ 1075 on the Calends of March, allowed at Rome in St. John the Lateran, and an oath taken by the Romans to observe them for ever.

Obser. If the collection had been of Italian origin, it would have been found either in the Latin or ancient Tuscan language.

ACRE. 1111.* On the Calends of September, allowed at Acre, on the way to Jerusalem, by King Lewis and the Count of Thoulouse, and they swore to observe them for ever.

Obser. Lewis the Seventh of France did not go to Palestine until the year 1147.

MAJORCA. 1112. † Allowed at Majorca by the Pisans, and they swore to observe them for ever.

Obser. The Pisans did not land in this island till 1115.

PISA. 1118. Allowed at Pisa, in St. Peter of the Sea, under the government of Ambrosio Migliari, and he swore, &c.

MARSEILLES. 1162, August. Allowed at Marseilles in the hospital, under the government of Gaufre Antaix, and he swore, &c.

ALMERIA. 1174. Allowed at Almeria by the Count of Barcelona, and by the Genoese, and he swore, &c.

* 1111. So in the Amsterdam edition of 1723. The Editor quotes the date as 1102.

† So in the Amsterdam edition. The Editor quotes this date also as 1102.

Obser.

Obser. This Prince, Ramon Berenguer the Fourth, died in 1162, and his Almerian expedition took place in 1147.

GENOA. 1186. Allowed at Genoa, under the government of Pinel Miglers, Pier Ambrosi, Giou, Donato, Gulielmo di Caimosino, Baldoni, and Pier d'Arenes, who swore at the head of the Mole to observe them for ever.

BRUNDUSIUM. 1187. On the Calends of February, allowed at Brundusium, by King William, and they swore, &c.

RHODES. 1190. Allowed at Rhodes by the Galeta, and they swore, &c.

MOREA. 1200. Allowed by the Prince of the Morea, and they swore, &c.

CONSTANTINOPLE. 1215. Allowed by the Commune of the Republic of Venice, at Constantinople, in the church of St. Sophia, by King John, immediately after the expulsion of the Greeks, and he swore, &c.

Obser. No King of this name is met with in this year. From 1228 to 1237, John of Brena, who had been King of Jerusalem, governed in the character of Regent of the Empire, during the minority of Baldwin the Second.

FLANDERS. 1224. Allowed in Flanders* by the Count, and he swore, &c.

MESSINA. 1225. Allowed at Messina in the church of S. Maria Nuova, in the presence of the Bishop of Catania, by Frederick, Emperor of Germany,* and he swore, &c.

PARIS. 1250. Allowed by John of Belmont upon the conscience of the King of France, who at that time

* Alamania in the Italian in both places.

was unwell, in the presence of the Knights of the *
of the Templars, of the Hospitallers, and of
the Admiral of the Levant, to observe them for ~~ever~~.

CONSTANTINOPLE. 1260. Allowed at Constantinople in St. Angelo by the Emperor Paleologus, and he swore, &c.

SYRIA AND CONSTANTINOPLE. 1270. Allowed in Syria by Frederick, King of Cyprus, and at Constantinople by the Emperor Constantine, and they swore, &c.

Obser. There was no Frederick, king in this year, nor in this island: Michael Paleologus and not Constantine, filled the imperial throne at this time.

MAJORCA. 1270. Allowed by King James of Arragon in Majorca, and he swore to cause them to be observed, &c.

Obser. This King was not at Majorca after the year 1229.

It seems probable that Grotius may have been misled by this catalogue, to speak of the code as containing the Ordinances of Emperors, &c. But, as is observed by the present Editor, the code itself (exclusive of the first forty-four chapters) bears no mark of royal or legislative authority; and on the contrary appears by several passages to be a compilation by private persons, merchants, and mariners. Thus the forty-fourth or forty-fifth chapter, which is properly an introduction to the collection of customs, begins thus. "These are the good rules and the good customs concerning maritime affairs, which the experienced men who

* Ost in the Italian, Buste in the Castilian of 1539, Leger in the German.

navigated

navigated the world, began to give to our forefathers." In another chapter we have this expression, "For this reason, the good men who formed these statutes and customs, saw and knew." In other parts the compilation is spoken of as "the written customs of the sea." In other parts these expressions occur: "Our forefathers who first sailed about the world:" "our predecessors," "our ancient predecessors," * "the good men of former times," "said and declared," "found it right to correct, amend, or explain," "consulted together how to remove the doubts."

The Editor states the first forty-two chapters which relate to the establishment and authority of consuls to be the ordinances confirmed by Don Pedro the Third to the city of Valencia, after the establishment of a consulate there in 1283: these, he says, were adopted at Majorca for the government of the new consulate established there by Don Pedro the Fourth of Arragon, in 1343, and a copy of them transmitted to Barcelona, at the erection of a similar judicature there by the same King in 1347. This copy he professes to have seen and examined; and very naturally concludes that these chapters found their way from thence into the Barcelona edition of 1502, from which the subsequent editions and translations have been derived. Of these forty-two chapters, the first seven are omitted in the present edition, as being merely local, and relating to the appointment of consuls at Valencia. The Ordinances of Don Pedro the Third, are evidently posterior to some collection of written customs; for the consuls are directed to give their judgments according to the written customs of the sea. The forty-third chapter is also rejected as being an Ordinance of James

the First of Arragon, relative to the oath to be taken by advocates, and unconnected with this compilation; and the forty-fourth as relating only to a particular measure of the quintal in the importation of spices, &c from Alexandria. At the close of the preliminary discourse, the Editor gives a very particular account of an old printed copy of this code, in the Catalonian dialect, which had been at that instant communicated to him, in which these constitutions of Don Pedro of Arragon are not found. This copy, he says, is without date, or printer's name, but from the type, paper, and other internal evidence, he supposes it to have been printed about the year 1480, and consequently to be the earliest printed copy. It is remarkable that the Editor, who appears to be a person of much learning, makes no mention of the Amalphitan Table of Seals, which has been supposed to be prior in date to the present, and to have been in fact its parent; but I am not aware that any copy of this is extant, or that any writer professes to have read or even seen it. This Amalphitan Table is supposed to have been compiled about the close of the 11th century. The present code or at least its name must be of a subsequent date, as the first establishment of a commercial tribunal of this name was by Roger the first of Sicily, at Messina, in 1128. It may be proper to observe that most of the continental nations have a tribunal of commerce, whose judges are called consuls, established in most of their principal trading towns.

The Editor's opinion is, that the code in its present form is not older than the thirteenth century, and that it was drawn up at Barcelona in the reign of James the First of Arragon; and among other reasons for his opinion,

opinion, he takes notice of its being in the common language of the country (*en romance*), which at that time began to be used in written compositions; of the mention of paper, which was not in use before the thirteenth century; and of millareses, a coin of Montpellier, which was under the sovereignty of this James. Some authors have ascribed it to the time of St. Lewis, which nearly corresponds with this date.

The Catalonian or Limoisin dialect must have been intelligible in many places, as it was derived from Limoges, and was the common language of the inhabitants not only of Catalonia but also of Valentia, Majorca, Minorca, Ivica, Sardinia, Guienne, Provence, and all *Francia Gotica**; and bears a great resemblance to the old French of other provinces. This compilation is very verbose in its language, and abounds with repetitions, and has much more of the Spanish than French air.

The first printed edition, generally known, was published at Barcelona, in the Catalonian dialect, in 1502. There have been two Castilian versions before the present, one by Francisco Diaz Roman in 1539, and the other by Don Cayetano Palleja in 1732. There is also extant a French translation by F. Maysoni in 1576, and a Dutch version by Abraham Westerween, which does not seem to have been known to the Spanish Editor. An English translation of the 273d and 287th chapters, which are on the subject of hostile capture, was published in 1800, by Dr. Robinson, to whom the public is indebted for Reports of the Pro-

* Gaspar Escolano lib. i. de la Historia de Valencia, cap. 14, quoted in the Preface to the Amsterdam edition of the Consulate.

ceedings in the Court of Admiralty. It is to be regretted that Emerigon, who was every way qualified for the task, did not fulfil his intention of publishing a new French translation with notes.

I subjoin a list of such printed editions as I have any where found mentioned.

Catalonian, supposed about 1480, no date, place, or printer's name, known.

Catalonian—1502, at Barcelona.

Castilian *—1539, at Valencia, by Francisco Diaz Roman.

Italian—1544, at Venice, by N. Pedrozano.

Italian—1576 †, *ibid.* by Gabriel Zeberti.

French—1576, at Marseilles by Giraud, translated by F. Maysoni.

Italian—1579, at Venice.

Catalonian, 1592, at Barcelona.

Italian—1599, at Venice.

French—1635, at Aix by Stephen David. Maysoni's translation.

Italian—1696, in the *Discursus legales de Commercio* of Casa-regis.

Italian and Dutch—1723, at Amsterdam, by S. Schouten. Westerween's translation.

Castilian—1732, at Barcelona, translated by Don Cayetano de Palleja.

Castilian—1791, the present edition.

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* There is a copy of this edition in the library of the Inner Temple.

† Query 1567. Schomberg on the Maritime Laws of Rhodes, p. 86, note.

ART. II. *Winter. A Poem. By James Thomson.*
The Second Edition. 1716.

* See WINTER comes to rule the varied year,
 Sullen and sad ; with all his rising train
 Vapours, and clouds, and storms: Be these my theme,
 These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms !
 Wish'd, wintry horrors, hail!—with frequent foot
 Pleas'd have I in my chearful morn of life,
 When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy ;
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domains,
 Trod the pure virgin snows, my self as pure,
 Heard the winds roar and the big torrent burst ;
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
 In the red evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till thro' the opening chambers of the south
 Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and smil'd.
 Thee too, inspirer of the toiling swain,
 Fair Autumn, yellow-rob'd, I'll sing of thee,

- Thomson, in a letter before mentioned, (see p. 65) imparted these lines
- Dr. Cranston, as his first sketch of an exordium to Winter.

I sing of WINTER and his gelid reign ;
 Nor let a ryming insect of the Spring
 Deem it a barren theme. To me 'tis full
 Of manly charms ; to me, who court the shade,
 Whom the gay Seasons suit not, and who shun
 The glare of Summer. Welcome, kindred glooms !
 Drear, awful, wintry horrors, welcome all !

After this introduction, says the poet, I prosecute the purport of the following lines :

Nor can I, O departing Summer ! choose
 But consecrate one pitying line to you :
 Sing your last temper'd days and sunny calms,
 That chear the spirits and serene the soul.

Of

Of thy last equal days and clouded calms, *
 When all the golden hours are on the wing,
 Attending thy retreat, and round thy wain,
 Slow-rolling, onward to the southern sky.

Mark, how the well-pois'd hornet hovering hangs,
 With quivering pinions, in the genial blaze;
 Flies off, in airy circles; then returns
 And hums and dances to the beating ray:
 Nor shall the man that musing walks alone,
 And heedless strays within his radiant lists,
 Go unchastis'd away. Sometimes a fleece
 Of clouds, wide-scattering, with a lucid veil
 Light shadow o'er the unruffled face of heaven,
 And thro' their dewy sluices shed the sun
 With temper'd influence down. Then is the time
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things;
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
 To sooth the throbbing passions into peace †,
 And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Now solitary and in pensive guise
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead
 Or thro' the pining grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying strain, to chear the woodman's toil:
 Haply, some widow'd songster pours his plaint ‡
 Far thro' the withering copse. Mean while the leaves
 That late the forest clad with lively green,
 Nipt by the drizzly night, and fallow-hu'd,
 Fall wavering thro' the air; or shower amain,
 Urg'd by the breeze that sobs amid the boughs:

* Of thy last temper'd days and sunny calms. 1st. edit.

† To lay their passions in a gentle calm. *ib.*

‡ Sad Philomel, perchance, pours forth her plaint. *ib.*

Then

Then listening hares forsake the rustling woods,
 And, starting at the frequent noise, escape
 To the rough stubble and the rushy fen.
 Then woodcocks o'er the fluctuating main,
 That glimmers to the glimpses of the moon *
 Stretch their long voyage to the wood' and glade,
 Where, wheeling with uncertain flight, they mock
 The nimble fowler's aim. Now Nature droops :
 Languish the living herbs with pale decay ;
 And all the various family of flowers
 Their sunny robes resign. The falling fruits
 Thro' the still night forsake the parent-bough,
 That in the first grey glances of the dawn
 Looks wild, and wonders at the wintry waste.

The year, yet pleasing, but declining fast,
 Soft o'er the secret soul, in gentle gales,
 A philosophic melancholy breathes,
 And bears the swelling thought aloft to heaven.
 Then forming Fancy rouses to conceive
 What never mingled with the vulgar's dream :
 Then wake the tender pang, the pitying tear,
 The sigh for suffering worth, the wish prefer'd
 For human kind, the joy to see them bless'd,
 And all the social offspring of the heart !

Oh ! bear me then to high embowering shades,
 To twilight groves and visionary vales,
 To weeping grottos and prophetic glooms †,
 Where angel-forms are seen, and voices heard,
 Sigh'd in low whispers that abstract the soul
 From outward sense, far into worlds remote.

* "The glimpses of the moon," may have been unconsciously adopted from Shakspeare.

† To weeping grottos and to hoary caves. 1st. edit.

Now,

Now, when the western sun withdraws the day,
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress checks the straggling beams,
 And their moist captives frees; where waters ooze *,
 Where marshes stagnate and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky-mantled lawn; then slow descend,
 Once more to mingle with their watry friends.

The vivid stars shine out in brightening files †,
 And boundless ether glows, till the fair moon
 Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east;
 Now, stooping, seems to kiss the passing cloud;
 Now o'er the pure cerulean rides sublime.
 Wide the pale deluge floats, with silver waves,
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the low-laid vale;
 From the white rocks with dim reflection gleams,
 And faintly glitters thro' the waving shades.

All night abundant dews, unnoted, fall,
 That, lighted by the morning's ray, impearl ‡
 The face of mother earth: from every branch
 Depending, tremble the translucent gems,
 And, twinkling §, seem to fall away, yet cling
 And sparkle in the sun, whose rising eye
 With fogs bedim'd, portends a beauteous day.

Now roving youth ||, whom headlong passions fire,
 Rouse the wild game and stain the guiltless grove,
 With violence and death; yet call it sport
 To scatter ruin thro' the realms of Love,
 And peace that thinks no ill:—but these the Muse,

* And robs them of their gather'd vapoury prey. *1st. edit.*

† —in radiant files. *ib.*

‡ And, at return of morning, silver o'er. *ib.*

§ And quivering, &c. *ib.*

|| Now giddy youth, &c. *ib.*

Whose charity unlimited extends
 As wide as Nature works, disdains to sing,
 Returning to her nobler theme in view.

T. P.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. III. *Odes : in imitation of the Seaven Penitential Psalmes. With sundry other poemes and Ditties, tending to devotion and pietie. Imprinted Anno Domini MDCI. 8vo.*

This book appears to have been printed at Antwerp, which may be one cause of its extreme rarity. Its author was Richard Verstegan, of whom some account is given by Wood, in *Athenæ*, i. 502; and whose antiquarian work, entitled “a Restitution of Decayed Intelligence,” is still deservedly esteemed. A prefatory address, before his Odes to “the vertuous ladies and gentlewomen readers,” thus concludes :

“ The vaine conceits of love's delight
 I leave to Ovid's arte,
 Of warres and bloody broyles to wryte
 Is fit for Virgil's parte.
 Of tragedies in doleful tales
 Let Sophocles entreat :
 And how unstable fortune failes
 Al poets do repeat.
 But unto our eternal king
 My verse and voyce I frame ;
 And of his saintes I meane to sing,
 In them to praise his name.

Yours in his best endeavours, R. V.”

That

That the writer was a zealous romanist, the contents of his volume will set forth.

“Odes, &c. (as above.)

Extracts of the Sibyllacs prophesies of Christe.

The fifteen mysteries of the rosarie of our blessed Lady.

Epithetes of our blessed Lady.

Our blessed Ladie's Lullaby.

A reprehension of the reprehending of our Ladie's praise.

The triumphe of feminyne Saintes.

A resemblance of Martyrs.

Te Deum Laudamus, or the song of S. Ambrose and S. Augustyne.

How God in all ages, hath bin served with Sacrifice.

Saint Peeter's Comfort.

Sacrum Convivium.

A complaint of S. Marie Magdalen.

Of the invention, or fynding of the crosse of Christ.

Complaint of Church Controversy. An Epigram.

An Exposition of the Ave bel.

A secondary Exposition.

Of the state of solitary lyfe dedicated to the service of God.

The substance of humaine flesh.

Visions of the Worlde's instabilitie. (The general Idea taken from Petrarch and Bellay)

Verses of the worlde's vanitie: supposed to be made by S. Bernard, and translated into English, to bee sung to the tune they beare in Latin.”

The piety of Verstegan is so much more praiseworthy than his poetry, that the shortest specimen of the latter will probably be the most acceptable.

AN EPIGRAM.

A puritaine did 'plaine himself of late,
 Of late growne controversies into great debate,
 And prayed him to whome hee did complaine,
 That hee his censure would affoord him plaine.
 "Well then," quoth hee, "yf neither I shal flatter,
 But speake my conscience freely of the matter :
 You are in fault, to make so much contending,
 How can so new a faith so soone lack mending."

T. P.

ART. IV. *The Legend of Jane Shore. By Thomas Churchyard. 1559.*

The following is one of the last articles of that curious collection of English Legends, the "Mirror for Magistrates," first published 1559, of which I mean hereafter to give a full account. The departed spirits of those who form the subject of each Legend are supposed to relate their complaints to Baldwin, the editor, and principal author; with whom, on an appointed day, the principal contributors are assembled, and whose contributions are introduced by prose epilogues, which serve as prologues, to those which succeed.

The following, which concludes the Legend of Richard III. introduces that of Jane Shore.

"When I had read this," (the Death of Rich. III.) we had much talke about it. For it was thought not vehement ynough for so violent a man as kyng Rycharde had bene. The matter was wel ynough lyked of sum, but the meeter was mysliked almost of all.
 And when divers therefore would not allowe it, what
 VOL. II. H quod

quod one, you knowe not whereupon you sticke : elles you would not so much mislike this because of the uncertayne meter. The cumlynes called by the rhetoricians decorum, is specially to be observed in al thinges. Seyng than that kyng Rychard never kept measure in any of his doings, seing also he speaketh in hel, whereas is no order; it were agaynst the decorum of his personage, to use eyther good meter or order. And, therefore, if his oracion were far wurse, in my opinion it were more fyt for him. Mars and the Muses did never agree. Neyther is it to be suffred that their milde sacred arte shoulde seeme to proceede from so cruell and prophane a mouth as his: scynge they themselves do utterly abhorre it. And although we read of Nero, that he was excellent both in musicke, and in versifieng, yet do not I remember that ever I saw any song or verse of his makying : Minerva, justlye providing, that no monument should remayne of any such unjust usurpacion. And therefore let thys passe even as it is, which the wryter I know both could and would amend in many places, save for kepyng the decorum, which he purposely hath observed herein.

“ In deede, quod I, as you saye, it is not meete that so disorderly and unnatural a man as kyng Rychard was, should observe any metrical order in his talke; which, notwithstanding, in many places of his oracion is very wel kept. It shall passe therefore even as it is, though to good for so yll a person. And to supple that which is lackinge in him, here I have Shore's wyfe, an eloquent wentch, whyche shall furnishe out both in meter and matter, that which could not comlily

comlily be sayd in his person. Marke, I praye you,
what she sayeth, and tell me howe you like it."

*How Shore's wife, Edwarde the fourthe's concubine,
was by King Richarde despoyled of all her goodes,
and forced to do open penance.*

[BY THOMAS CHURCHYARD.]

1.

Among the rest by Fortune overthrowen,
I am not least, that most may wayte her fate:
My fame and brute abroad the world is blowne:
Who can forget a thing thus done so late?
My great mischaunce, my fall, and heauey state,
Is such a marke whereat eche tounge doth shoote,
That my good name is pluckt up by the roote.

2.

This wandryng worlde bewitch'd me with wyles,
And wonne my wyttes wyth wanton sugred joyes,
In Fortunes frekes who trustes her when she amyles,
Shal fynde her false, and full of fickle toyes;
Her tryumphes al but fyl our cares wyth noyse,
Her flatterying gyftes are pleasures myxt with payne:
Yea al her wordes are thunders threatnyng rayne.

3.

The fond desire that we in glory set,
Doth thirle our hartes to hope in slipper happe;
A blast of pompe is all the fruyt we get,
And under that lyes hidde a sodayne clappe:
In seeking rest unwares we fall in trappe.
In groping flowers with nettles stong we are;
In labouring long, we reape the crop of care.

4.

Oh darke deceyt with paynted face for showe,
 Oh poysoned baite that makes us egre styll,
 Oh fayned frende deceyving people so,
 Oh world, of thee we cannot speake to y'll;
 Yet fooles we are that bende so to thy skyll;
 The plage and skourge that thousandes dayly feele,
 Should warne the wise to shonne thy whyrling whele.

5.

But who can stop the streame that runnes full swyft?
 Or quenche the fyre that is crepte in the strawe?
 The thirstye drinkes, there is no other shyft;
 Perforce is such, that nede obeyes no lawe;
 Thus bound we are in worldly yokes to drawe,
 And can not staye, nor turne agayne in tyme,
 Nor learne of those that sought to hygh to clyme.

6.

Myselſe for prooffe, loe here I nowe appeare,
 In woman's weede with wepyng watered eyes,
 That bought her youth and her delyghtes ful deare,
 Whose lowde reproche doth sound unto the skyes,
 And byds my corse out of the grave to ryse,
 As one that may no longer hide her face,
 But nedes must come and shewe her piteous case.

7.

The shete of shame wherein I shrowded was,
 Did move me ofte to playne before this daye,
 And in mine cares dyd ryng the trumpe of brasse,
 Which is defame that doth eche vice bewraye.
 Yea though ful dead and lowe in earth I laye,
 I heard the voyce of me what people sayd,
 But then to speake alas I was affrayed.

8. And

8.

And nowe a time for me I see preparte,
 I hear the lives and falles of many wyghtes:
 My tale therefore the better may be heard,
 For at the torch the little candle lightes,
 Where pageantes be, small thinges fil out the sightes.
 Wherefore geve care; good Baldwyn, do thy best,
 My tragedy to place among the rest.

9.

Because that truthe shal witnesse wel with thee,
 I wil rehearse in order as it fell,
 My life, my death, my dolefull destenie,
 My wealth, my woe, my doing every deale,
 My bitter blisse, wherein I long dyd dwell:
 A whole discourse of me Shore's wife by name,
 Now shalt thou heare as thou hadst scene the same.

10.

Of noble bloud I can not boast my byrth,
 For I was made out of the meanest molde,
 Myne heritage but seven foote of the earth;
 Fortunē ne gave to me the gyftes of golde;
 But I could brag of nature, if I would,
 Who fyld my face with favour freshe and fayer,
 Whose beauty shone like Phœbus in the ayer.

11.

My shape, some sayd, was seemely to ecbe sight,
 My countenaunce did shewe a sober grace;
 Myne eyes in lookes were never proved lyght,
 My tongue in wordes were chaste in every case,
 Myne eares were deafe, and would no lovers place,
 Save that, alas, a prynce dyd blot my browe;
 Loe, there the strong did make the weake to bowe.

12.

The Majestic that kynges to people beare,
 The stately porte, the awful chere they showe,
 Doth make the meane to shrynke and couche for feare,
 Like as the hound, that doth his maister knowe :
 What then, since I was made unto the bowe;
 There is no cloke, can serve to hyde my fault,
 For I agreed the sort he should assaulte.

13.

The egles force subdues eche byrd that flies;
 What mettall may resist the flamyng fyre?
 Doth not the sonne dasill the clearest eyes,
 And melt the ise, and make the frost retire?
 Who can withstand a puissaunt kynges desyre?
 The stiffest stones are perced through with tooles;
 The wisest are with princes made but fooles.

14.

Yf kynde had wrought my forme in common frames,
 And set me forth in coloures black and browne,
 Or beautie had bene parched in Phebus flames,
 Or shamefast waies had pluckt my fethers downe,
 Then had I kept my name and good renowne :
 For Natures gyftes was cause of all my griefe:
 A pleasaunt pray entiseth many a thiefe.

15.

Thus woe to thee, that wrought my peacock's pryde,
 By clothing me with Nature's tapistrye!
 Woe wurth the hewe wherein my face was dyed,
 Whych made me thinke I pleased everye eye:
 Like as the sterres make men beholde the skye,
 So beauties showe doth make the wise ful fond;
 And brings free hartes, ful oft to endles bond.

16. But

16.

But cleare from blame my friends can not be found,
 Before my time my youth they did abuse.
 In maryage a prentyse was I bound,
 When that meere love I knewe not howe to use.
 But, wealaway, that cannot me excuse;
 The harme is mine though they devysed my care,
 And I must smart and syt in slaundrous snare.

17.

Yet geve me leave to pleade my case at large,
 Yf that the horse do runne beyond his race;
 Or any thing that keepers have in charge,
 Do breake theyr course, where rulers may take place,
 Or meat be set before the hungryes face,
 Who is in fault? the offendour, yea or no;
 Or they that are the cause of all this wo?

18.

Note wel what stryfe this forced maryage makes,
 What lothed lyves do come where love doth lacke;
 What scratting bryers do growe upon such brakes,
 What common weales by it are brought to wracke;
 What heavy load is put on pacientes backe,
 What straunge delightes this braunch of vice doth brede,
 And marke what graine sprynges out of such a seede?

19.

Compel the hawke to syt that is unmande;
 Or make the hound untaught to drawe the dere,
 Or bring the free agaynst his wil in band,
 Or move the sad a pleasaunt tale to heare,
 Your time is lost, and you are never the nere:
 So love ne learnes of force the knot to knyt;
 She serves but those that feelee sweet fancies fyt.

20.

The lesse defame redoundes to my dispraye;
 I was entyste by traynes, and trapt by trust:
 Though in my power remayned yeas or naves,
 Unto my frendes yet nedes consent I must,
 In every thing, yea lawfull or unjust:
 They brake the boowes and shakte the tree by sleight,
 And bent the wand that might have growen ful streight.

21.

What help in this, the pale thus broken downe,
 The deere must nedes in daunger runne astraye:
 At me therefore why should the world so frowne,
 My weakenes made my youth a prynces praye.
 Though wysedome should the course of nature stay,
 Yet trye my case who lyst, and they shal prove,
 The rypest wittes are soonest thralles to love.

22.

What nede I more to cleare myselfe to much?
 A kyng me wanne, and had me at his call:
 His royall state, his pryncely grace was such,
 The hope of will, (that women seeke for all;)
 The ease and wealth, the gyftes which were not smal,
 Besieged me so strongly rounde aboute,
 My power was weake, I could not holde him out.

23.

Duke Haniball in all his conquest great;
 Or Ceaser yet, whose triumphes did excede,
 Of all their spoyles which made them toyle and sweat,
 Were not so glad to have so ryche a meede,
 As was this prince when I to hym agreed,
 And yielded me a prisoner willlynglie,
 As one that knew no way awaye to flee.

24. The

24.

The nightingale for all his mery voyce,
 Nor yet the larke that stil delightes to syng,
 Did never make the hearers so rejoyce,
 As I with wordes have made this worthy kyng.
 I never jar'd; in tune was every stryng;
 I tempered so my tounge to please his care,
 That what I sayd was currant every where.

25.

I joynd my talke, my gestures, and my grace
 In wittie frames that long might last and stand,
 So that I brought the kyng in such a case,
 That to his death I was his chiefest hand.
 I governed him that ruled all this land:
 I bare the sword though he did weare the crowne,
 I strake the stroke that threwe the mightye downe.

26.

Yf justice sayd that judgment was but death,
 With my sweet wordes I could the kyng perswade,
 And make him pause and take therein a breath
 Tyl I with suyte the fawtors peace had made:
 I knewe what waye to use him in his trade;
 I had the arte to make the lyon meeke;
 There was no poynt wherein I was to seeke.

27.

Yf I did frowne, who then did looke awrye?
 Yf I dyd smyle, who would not laugh outryght?
 Yf I but spake, who durst my wordes denye?
 Yf I pursued, who would forsake the flyght?
 I meane my power was knowen to every wyght.
 On such a heyght good hap had buylt my bower,
 As though my swete should never have turn'd to sower.

28. My

28.

My husband then, as one that knewe his good,
 Refused to kepe a prynces concubine,
 Forseing the ende and mischiefe as it stode,
 Agaynst the king did never much repyne;
 He sawe the grape whereof he dranke the wyne,
 Though inward thought his hart did still torment,
 Yet outwardly he seemde he was content.

29.

To purchase prayse and winne the people's zeale,
 Yea rather bente of kinde to do some good,
 I ever did upholde the common weale;
 I had delyght to save the gylteless bloud:
 Each suters cause when that I understoode,
 I did preferre as it had bene mine owne,
 And helpt them up, that might have bene overthrowne.

30.

My power was prest to ryght the poore man's wrong;
 My handes were free to geve where nede requyred;
 To watche for grace I never thought it long;
 To do men good I nede not be desyred;
 Nor yet with gyftes my hart was never hyred.
 But when the ball was at my foote to guyde,
 I played to those that fortune did abide.

31.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at wyll,
 My robes were ryche, and braver than the sonne:
 My fortune then was far above my skylle,
 My state was great, my glasse did ever runne,
 My fatal threede so happely was spunne,
 That then I sat in earthly pleasures clad,
 And for the time a goddess place I had.

32. But

32.

But I had not so sone this lyef possest,
 But my good happe began to slyp asyde ;
 And fortune then did me so sore molest,
 That unto playntes was turned all my pride.
 It booted not to rowe agaynst the tyde :
 Myne oares were weke, my hart and strength did fayle ;
 The wynd was rough ; I durst not bear a sayle.

33.

What steppes of stryef belonge to highe estate ?
 The clymyng up is doubtfull to indure ;
 The seate itselfe doth purchase privie hate,
 And honours fame is fyckle and unsure,
 And all she brynges, is flowres that be unpure :
 Which fall as fast as they do sprout and spring ;
 And cannot last, they are so vayne a thyng.

34.

We count no care to cathe that we do wyshe,
 But what we wyne is long to us unknowen ;
 Til present payne be served in our dyshe,
 We skarce perceyve whereon our gryefe hath growen.
 What grayne proves wel that is so rashely sowne ?
 Yf that a meane dyd measure all our deedes,
 Instead of corne we should not gather weedes.

35.

The settled minde is free from Fortune's power ;
 They nede not feare who looke not up aloft ;
 But they that clyme are carefull every hower,
 For when they fall they light not very softe :
 Examples hath the wisest warned ofte,
 That where the trees the smallest braunches bere,
 The stormes do blowe and have most rigor there.

36. Where

36.

Where is it strong but nere the ground and roote ?
 Where is it weake but on the hyghest sprays ?
 Where may a man so surely set his foote,
 But on those bowes that groweth lowe alwayes ?
 The little twiggess are but unstedfast stayes ;
 Yf they breake not, they bend with every blast ;
 Who trustes to them shal never stand full fast.

37.

The wynde is great upon the hyghest hilles ;
 The quiete life is in the dale belowe ;
 Who treades on yse shal slide agaynst theyr wylles,
 They want no care that curious arts would knowe ;
 Who lives at ease and can content him so,
 Is perfect wise, and setteth us all to scoole ;
 Who hates this lore may wel be called a foole.

38.

What greater gryefe may come to any lyfe,
 Than after sweete to taste the bitter sower ?
 Or after peace to fall at warre and stryfe,
 Or after myrth to have a cause to lower ?
 Under such proppes false Fortune buylds her tower ;
 On sodayne chaunge her flitting frames be set,
 Where is no way for to escape her net.

39.

The hastye smart that Fortune sendes in spyte,
 Is hard to brooke where gladnes we imbrace,
 She threatens not, but sodaynly doth smyte ;
 Where joye is moste, there doth she sorowe place.
 But sure I thinke, this is to strange a case,
 For us to feele such gryefe amyde our game,
 And know not why until we taste the same.

40. As

40.

As earst I sayd, my blisse was turnde to bale,
 I had good cause to weepe and wryng my handes,
 And showe sad cheare with countenance full pale,
 For I was brought in sorowe's woful bandes:
 A pyrie came and set my shippe on sandes;
 What should I hide, and colour care and noye?
 King Edward dyed, in whom was all my joye.

41.

And when the earth receyved had his corse,
 And that in tombe, this worthye prince was layd,
 The world on me began to shewe his force;
 Of troubles then my parte I long assayed:
 For they, of whom I never was afrayed,
 Undyd me most, and wrought me such despyte,
 That they bereft from me my pleasure quyte.

42.

As long as life remaynd in Edwardes brest,
 Who was but I? who had such frendes at call?
 His body was no sooner put in chest,
 But wel was him that could procure my fall:
 His brother was mine enemy most of all,
 Protector then, whose vice did stil abound,
 From yll to worse, tyll death dyd him confound.

43.

He falsely fayned that I of counsayle was
 To poyson him, which thing I never ment,
 But he could set thereon a face of brasse,
 To bring to passe his lewde and false entent,
 To such mischief this Tyrantes heart was bent.
 To God, ne man, he never stooode in awe,
 For in his wrath he made his wyll a lawe.

44. Lord .

44.

Lord Hastings bloud for vengeauns on him cries,
 And many moe, that were to long to name:
 But most of all, and in most wofull wise
 I had good cause this wretched man to blame.
 Before the world I suffred open shame,
 Where people were as thicke as is the sand,
 I penaunce tooke with taper in my hand,

45.

Eche eye did stare, and looke me in the face,
 As I past by, the rumours on me ranne;
 But Patience then had lent me such a grace,
 My quiete lookes were praised of every man:
 The shamefast bloud brought me such colours than,
 That thousandes sayd, which sawe my sobre cheere,
 It is great ruth to see this woman here.

46.

But what prevailde the people's pitie there,
 This raging wolfe would spare no gylteless bloud.
 Oh wicked wombe that such yll fruite did beare,
 Oh cursed earth that yeldeth forth such mud!
 The hell consume all thinges that dyd the good,
 The heavens shut theyr gates against thy spryte,
 The world tread downe thy glory under feete!

47.

I ask of God a vengeance on thy bones;
 Thy stinking corps corrupts the ayre I knowe;
 Thy shameful death no earthly wyght bemones,
 For in thy life thy workes were hated so,
 That every man dyd wyshe thy overthrowe:
 Wherefore I may, though percial nowe I am,
 Curse every cause whereof thy body came.

48. Woe

III

48.

Woe wurth the man that fathered such a childe :
 Woe worth the hower wherein thou wast begate,
 Woe wurth the brestes that have the world begylde,
 To norryshe thee that all the world dyd hate.
 Woe wurth the gods, that gave thee such a fate,
 To lyve so long, that death deserved so ofte,
 Woe wurth the chaunce that set thee up alofte.

49.

Ye princes all, and rulers everych one,
 In punyshement beware of hatred's yre ;
 Before ye skourge, take hede, looke well thereon :
 In wrathes yl wil yf malyce kyndle fyre,
 Your hartes wil bourne in such a hote desire,
 That in those flames the smoake shal dym your sight,
 Ye shal forget to joyne your justice ryght.

50.

You should not judge til thinges be wel deserned.
 Your charge is styll to mainteyne upryght lawes,
 In conscience rules ye should be throughly learned.
 Where clemencie byds wrath and rashenes pawes,
 And further sayeth, stryke not wythout a cause ;
 And when ye smite, do it for justice sake,
 Than in good part ecche man your skourge wil take.

51.

Yf that such zeale had moved this tyrantes minde,
 To make my plague a warrant for the rest,
 I had small cause such fault in him to finde,
 Such punishment is used for the best :
 But by yll wil and power I was opprest.
 He spoyled my goodes and left me bare and poore,
 And caused me to begge from dore to dore.

52. What

52.

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,
 To watche for crummes among the blinde and lame?
 When almes was delt, I had a hungry share,
 Bycause I knewe not howe to aske for shame,
 Tyll force and nede had brought me in such frame,
 That starve I must, or learne to beg an almes,
 With booke in hand, and say S. David's psalmes.

53.

When I was wont the golden chaynes to weare,
 A payre of beades about my necke was wound,
 A linnen clothe was lapt about my heare,
 A ragged gowne that trayled on the ground,
 A dishe that clapt and gave a heavie sound,
 A stayeing staffe and wallet therewithal,
 I bare about as witnesse of my fal.

54.

I had no house wherein to hyde my head,
 The open strete my lodging was perforce,
 Ful ofte I went al hungry to my bed,
 My fleshe consumed, I looked like a corse,
 Yet in that plyght who had on me remorse?
 O God, thou knowest my frendes forsooke me than;
 Not one holpe me that suckered many a man.

55.

They frownde on me that fawnd on me before,
 And fled from me that followed me ful fast,
 They hated me, by whom I set much store,
 They knewe ful wel my fortune dyd not last,
 In every place I was condemnd and cast;
 To pleade my cause at barre it was no boote,
 For every man did tread me under foote.

56. Thus

Thus long I lyved all weary of my life,
 Tyl death approcht and rid me from that woe :
 Example take by me both maide and wyfe;
 Beware, take heede, fall not to follie so ;
 A myrrour make of my great overthrowe :
 Defye this world, and all his wanton waych,
 Beware by me that spent so yll her dayes !

This was so well lyked, that all together exhorted me instantly, to procure Maister Churchyarde to undertake and to penne as many moe of the remaynder as myght by any meanes be attaynted at his handes.

And when I had promysed I wold do my diligence therein, they asked me if I had any mo tragedyes yet unred, for the evenyng was nowe at hand, and there were enow already red to make a handsum volume. In dede, quod I, I purpose here to ende the second parte of this volume, for here endeth the cruel raigne of Kyng Rychard the Thyrd : and in an other volume hereafter, to dyscourse the resydue from the begynnyng of Kyng Henry the Seventh to the ende of this Kyng and Queenes raygne, if God so long will graunte us lyfe; and I beseche you all that you wyll dylygently performe such storyes as you have undertaken, and procure your frendes such as be learned, to helpe us with the rest: for ther is in this part mater enough to set al the poetes in England in wurke, and I wold wishe that every fine apt wyt wold at the leest undertake one. For so wold it be a notable volume. For my parte, I entende to be so impudent and importunate a suiter to so manye as I knowe or maye hereafter be acquasynted wyth, that no excuse shall serve to shake me of;

and I desyre you all to be as earnest. And to occupy the tyme whyle we be nowe together, I wyl reade unto you Edmund the Duke of Somerset, which must be placed in the Fyrst Parte; and then the Black-Smyth, which must serve for thyrd volume, to thende I maye knowe your judgement therein. Do so, we pray you, quod they."

ART. V. *The Wizard. A Kentish Tale.*

Stans pede in uno.

The following Tale comes from a quarter, which I am not at liberty to disclose. It is an experiment of rapid and unlaboured composition (the first 310 lines being composed, as I can witness, in one day,) which I am enjoined to leave to its fate without a comment.

THE WIZARD.

Canto the First.

" Whence com'st thou, ancient man, and where
Have past thy numerous days, declare!
Thy beard is long; thy hair is white,
Yet piercing are thine eyes, and bright;
Thy vigorous step and brawny arm
Might youth e'en in his prime alarm;
Thy deep Steptorian voice's sound
Echoes these spacious courts around;
In short thy tone, thy look betrays
The wizard form of ancient days!"

The old man drew a fearful sigh,
And then he thus began reply:

" Enquire not thou, too far to know
What mysteries wait us here below;

But

But listen, and with patience hear
 That which is fit should meet thine ear!
 Learn then, that many a weary age
 I've trod the world's tempestuous stage;
 Seen many a generation borne
 To rest beneath the funeral urn;
 And many a king, and many a queen
 Thro' Europe's various lands have seen
 Sit on the throne, then take their flight
 To the deep shades of lasting night;
 From soil to soil, from east to west
 My pilgrimage, devoid of rest,
 I've still pursued; for Heaven decrees
 My weary feet shall have no ease;
 Tudors, Plantagenets, I've view'd,
 (For never yet in solitude
 Glided my active hours,) and listen'd
 When the last Charles's beauties glisten'd
 In splendid robes of gaudy vice,
 And could with syren songs entice;
 Thro' England's bounds from day to day
 I've wander'd with the merry lay;
 And still with ease admittance found,
 Where in old halls the feast went round.
 Thus many a tale could I unfold,
 Would thrill thy very soul, if told;
 And many a strange and laughing feat
 Thy wond'ring ears would lightly greet;
 And many a change of house and land,
 And many a child of Fortune's band,
 And many a victim of Mischance,
 And many a race, whose airy dance
 Ended in sad Oblivion's grave,
 While some not Virtue's self could save!"

He paus'd: the listener look'd with awe,
 Truth in the old man's face he saw;

25

50

He

He spake; and as he spake, grew pale:

“O sire, if thus thou canst unveil
The deeds, that deep beneath the shade
Of tyrant Time have long been laid,
O tell me, when thou once wast here
In golden Bess's happier year,
How did these peopled vills appear?
Perchance full often thou hast been
E'en on this spot in times between;
And canst relate, (for still I cast
My fancy most on what is past)
Scenes of the whisker'd chiefs of yore,
Who, where I tread, have trod before;
Tell the chang'd dress, the alter'd name,
The lost estate, the waning fame;
How vain to seek in mean descendant
The grandsire's spirit still attending,
And with the peer of haughty air
The low progenitor compare;
Contrast the straw-roof'd cot, that stood
Where bullies now the mansion proud,
And paint from actual observation
The freaks of time on every station!”

Smil'd the old Seer, and strok'd his beard;
And vigour in his eye appear'd:

75

“Enquiring youth,” he glad replied,
“Thy wish can well be gratified:
For when I last was on this plain,
That golden heroine did reign,
In whom the nation well have glori'd,
For better monarch ne'er was storied;
And strangely have I look'd about,
To find my ancient patrons out;
But scarce a trace can now be seen,
Of what in those bright days has been.

The

The low are high, the high are low,
 And ne'er can Time his overthrow
 In hues more strong and hideous show !

“ The night was gathering round me dark ;
 The rising groves I 'gan to mark,
 Where *****'s heroes went to call
 The pilgrim to the cheerful hall ;
 Where spread the feast, and blaz'd the fire,
 And thrill'd the minstrel's joyous lyre.
 Quicker my weary footsteps flew,
 To reach the place of rest they knew :
 I sought the gate ; the pale I cross'd,
 But soon in spreading lawns was lost ;
 Nor gleam'd the window to the sight,
 To draw the traveller aright.

100

Thus wand'ring sad, beneath a thorn
 I laid my weary limbs till morn ;
 And when the sun began display
 The misty charms of opening day,
 Lord ! what an alter'd prospect glar'd !
 Clump'd groves, trim plains, and vallies bar'd !
 And by a winding gravel road
 Up to the splendid dome I trod !
 No ***** there, no raft'rd roof,
 Whose dark-brown oak had seem'd time-proof ;
 No belted knights, no coats of mail,
 No spreading tables there prevail ;
 New names, new manners, and new modes !—
 Each room a silken luxury loads ;
 And where five hundred years beheld
 One race suspend the gorgeous shield,
 A favour'd tribe from distant soils
 The long-kept heritage despoils !

With sinking heart, with drooping pace
 My mournful footsteps I retrace.

I seek for Sydney's spacious groves *,
 Where Genius, Love, and Virtue roves;
 Where mighty deeds of chivalry
 Upraise th' heroic fame on high,
 And splendid show, and regal trains 125
 Illume the dome where Honour reigns.
 I listen on the distant hill,
 To hear what notes the breezes fill!
 'Tis silent all: no murmuring tone
 Upon the passing gale is blown!
 The dreadful stillness glooms my breast:
 The worst I'll know, or ere I rest!
 Slowly descend my faltering feet;
 And now the massy gate I greet:
 O hark with what an hollow sound
 My staff's enquiring blows rebound!
 No coming step my heart rejoices;
 No chearful shout, no mingled voices.
 Deserted—dead—not one to state
 Their vanish'd glory's cruel fate!
 On every tower, through every room
 There hangs a cold and withering gloom;
 And Melancholy with black wings
 O'er all her dying requiem sings!
 O let me haste to yonder fane,
 And o'er their ashes once complain;
 With tears each sacred name bedew,
 Then hasten from the heart-breaking view!
 "Once more my languid steps I turn,
 Where kindred splendors wont to burn. 150

* Penshurst, the well-known seat of the Sydneys. The poet must not be understood too literally. A descendant, by the female line, who has taken the name, now possesses, and resides at, this venerable old mansion. Some years ago it was uninhabited.

See Knowle's* proud turrets rise to sight,
 Where Buckhurst nurs'd his visions bright,
 Till hateful business damp'd his flame,
 And for vile titles barter'd fame!
 I saw him in his youthful glory,
 Inspir'd with themes of ancient story;
 I heard him strike the lyre with rapture,
 And every listener's bosom capture!
 Beam'd his bright glowing eye, and thrill'd
 His quivering form with fancy fill'd,
 Till the chill cup of worldly lore
 Quench'd the rich thoughts to wake no more!
 Then cautious looks, and crabbed mien,
 Dry words and selfish hopes are seen.
 And now in courtly guise he wanders;
 Nor more by woods and rivers ponders!—
 But Time hath laid him in the grave,
 And his youth's deeds his name shall save!—
 Now as I reach the gorgeous towers,
 Methinks again my bosom lours;
 Yet yonder see it lifts its height,
 And seems with freshen'd splendor bright.
 I view the shield, the name I spell;
 SACKVILLE! 'tis here thou still dost dwell!
 Come forth!—Thou com'st.—Ah, tender boy, 175
 Dost thou this princely dome enjoy?
 Art thou the heir of Buckhurst's line?
 O mayst thou with his genius join
 Less courtly arts, and manlier spirit,
 And thus regard thy proper merit?

* Knowle, the seat of the Sackvilles. Thomas Sackville, created by Queen Elizabeth, Lord Buckhurst, and by James I. Earl of Dorset, was a poet of a sublime genius, as appears by his celebrated Induction to his Legend of the Duke of Buckingham, in the "Mirror for Magistrates" 1559, 4to. See Vol. III. of Warton's Hist. Engl. Poetry.

But yet the rust-encircled Don,
Bearded and fierce, I little con
In thee, fair map of alter'd days,
When Luxury melts with all her rays!

“ Then let me fly to Medway’s stream,
Where flowing Wyat us’d to dream
His moral fancies! Iried towers*,
’Neath which the silver Naiad pours
Her murmuring waves thro’ verdant meads,
Where the rich herd luxuriant feeds,
How often in your still recesses
I’ve seen the Muse with careless tresses
Scatter her flowers, as Wyat bade,
In Spring’s enamell’d colours clad!
Lov’d castle, art thou still array’d
In fame, or do thine honours fade?
They fade! Lo, from the tottering walls
Down in huge heaps the fragment falls;
And lonely are thy courts; and still
The voice that whisper’d to the rill;
Thy very name is sunk! how few
Know it once shone in glory’s hue!

200

“ A little farther yet my staff,
And I in Beauty’s beams shall quaff
The golden goblet of delight,
With gifts of Tudor’s heroine bright.
O fairest Margaret†, many a day
Didst thou Eliza’s favour sway!

* Allington Castle, on the banks of the Medway, where lived Sir Thomas Wyat, the poet, the friend and cotemporary of Lord Surry. The family has been extinct near a century. The Castle is a ruin.

† Margaret, wife of John Astley, Esq. of the Palace at Malheur. Her husband was Master of the Jewels, to Queen Elisabeth. She died his widow, in 1601. See Gent. Mag. Vol. LXVE. p. 548.

The mental treasure, rich repast,
Which can the storms of age outlast,
Thou drew'st, and I with thee can poise
Intent on sacred Wisdom's store.
And, oh, art thou too gone? No trace
In this fall'n dome, of thy fair face?
None, save where yonder walls enclose
The mouldering bones, in sad repose,
And the sepulchral tablet tells,
Where Astley's only relic dwells!*

Now paus'd, and sigh'd the reverend sower;

His furrow'd cheek betray'd a tear.

The listener caught the infectious sigh,
And cheering comfort would supply;
But languid, listless, pale and trembling,
The old man's grief is past dissembling.

225

"Why am I doom'd from age to age
To pass this weary pilgrimage?

Ah, why for ever doom'd to brave
The loss of patrons in the grave?

Where'er I go, new faces rise;

New names, new modes, my heart surprize;
And Fortune's restless wheel removes,
Whate'er my anxious bosom loves!"

"Take comfort, holy man, and know
He, who has cheer'd thy former woe,
Will still support thee thro' the future,
Be but to him an humble suitor!"

"Thou need'st not teach my wounded heart
The balm Religion can impart!
But tho' Religion pierce the gloom,
Full deep I feel my tedious doom!"

* Monuments in Maidstone church.

"Rest

" Rest, venerable patriarch, rest!
 Let sleep compose that sorrowing breast!
 And when awakes to-morrow's sun,
 Thy tale of wonders shall go on!"

Low to his host the old man bow'd,
 And smil'd with heartfelt gratitude:
 The chearing cup his lips assail'd;
 The enlivening beverage prevail'd;
 His bosom heav'd, his cheeks grew red,
 And many a witty jest he said;
 And many a laughing anecdote
 From sires departed he could quote;
 And many a tale, more fit to hear
 In private, than for public ear,
 Of deeds which would destroy the pride
 Of those, who now in splendour ride,
 Or stain with ruby spots of blood,
 Those who now boast of nought but good.
 But these the Muse disdains to sing;
 For sacred is her silver string!

250

Clos'd were the pilgrim's eyes at last;
 Warm in his cloak his limbs were cast,
 And heavy slumbers bound him fast.
 Long was the night; the whistling blast
 Howl'd round the rocking dome, like thunder,
 And lull'd the old man's dreams in wonder:
 In floods, by fits, came down the shower,
 And fearful was the torrent's roar!
 Slept the strange scer, as if entranc'd,
 While in his brain wild fancy danc'd:
 Mov'd his huge limbs, his bosom stirr'd;
 His lips breath'd many a mutter'd word;
 And on his mighty brow was set
 Many an huge drop of painful sweat!

The

The host beheld with shuddering fear
 These marks of his strange guest appear,
 And anxious watch'd till morning's beams 275
 The wondrous seer's departing dreams.

The morning came; the bard awoke,
 And gladness on his visage broke;
 And thus his host he greeted fair:
 "Kind host, whose hospitable care
 Shelter'd these grey locks from the storm,
 And sooth'd to rest this weary form;
 Long may'st thou reap each sweet reward,
 For goodness to a wand'ring bard!
 And long may thy posterity
 The shock of Time's encounters try,
 And when I come, in centuries hence,
 To seek their name, and ask their sense,
 Still may they shine in growing splendor,
 With virtuous talent their defender!

"And now recruited strength inspires,
 To feed thy wish, my wonted fires
 From gentle Astley's silent urn
 I knew not where my steps to turn;
 But long I linger'd, thoughtful, slow,
 Fault'ring, uncertain, full of woe;
 Till deep within the woodland shades
 An ancient hall my mind upbraids,*
 Where Norman knights for many a year
 Have heav'd the sword, and hurl'd the spear. 300
 Illustrious knights, whose valiant sires
 Bold Richard led to Acon's spires,

* Ulcomb, on the borders of the Weald of Kent, the seat of the very ancient family of St. Leger from soon after the Conquest, till the seventeenth century. It was lately the possession and residence of J. H. P. Clarke, Esq. of Derbyshire.

Whence ~~safe~~ return'd, in this thy seat,
 Ulcomb, they fix'd, their calm retreat
 For many a rolling century,
 That never saw their virtues die!
 Far-fam'd Sir Warham*, when thy hand,
 About to seek a savage land,
 Parted from mine, how swoll'd my breast,
 With prescience of thy fate possess!
 What bold descendant shall I find
 Within thine ancient bowers reclin'd?
 Near as I draw, I mark each sound;
 No name like thine is heard around!
 Alas! 'twas here! the tower is ras'd;
 The race is gone; the shield defac'd;
 Here other owners hold their reign,
 And thine in distant soëls remain!

"I curse my fate, my breast I beat,
 That still are doom'd my plodding feet
 To seek for friends who all are gone;
 And still I'm forc'd to journey on!

"Deep are the roads; the burning soil
 Of rocky sand augments my toll;
 With tongue all parch'd, with dust besmear'd, 325
 How vainly have I often steer'd
 My course oblique to some known spot,
 Where I in happier days forgot
 Yet for a little while my sorrow;
 And fresh uprising on the morrow,
 Bounding and gay, my path pursu'd!
 For now I met repulses rude

* Sir Warham St. Leger, who, as well as his father, Sir Anthony, enjoyed places of high trust in Ireland, was killed there in a skirmish with the Rebels, temp. Q. Eliz. From that time the family have been principally resident in that kingdom, and have been ennobled by the title of Doneraile.

From

From faces new, and forms new-fangled,
Selfish and mean, tho' oft bespangled !

" Now o'er these waves, which surges crown,
The moated castle's honours frown ;*
Echoes the drawbridge, as I tread !
Bold Colepeper, still lift thy head,
And say, if all thy knightly train,
Who long have held their valiant reign,
Far spread o'er Cantium's proud domain,
Say, if they yet their power sustain ?
From yonder grove a Spirit greets ;
A shriek thro' every turret meets !
No warrior answers ; but a sigh
Seems in low murmuring sounds to cry ;
" 'Tis done ! In deep Oblivion's tomb
Long has Colepeper found his doom !"
And is it thus ? O thou, whom oft
I dandled with caresses soft

350

On my light knee, when Essex strove
To try a maiden sovereign's love ?
Thou, who in hours of death hast stood
Undaunted at rebellion's flood,
And, by the royal Martyr's side,
Stro'at the mad torrent's course to guide,
Lives then thy name no more ? Are all,
Wealth, honours, buried in the fall ? —
No voice replies : opens no gate !
In other soils again I seek my fate.

" Pause," cried the host, " thou holy seer,
Recruit thy strength ; thy spirits cheer ;

* Leeds Castle, formerly possessed by Lord Colepeper ; for an account of whom see Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.

The Knightly family of Colepeper were spread for many ages over various parts of Kent ; but have been long extinct ; or, at least, have lost all their property, though one male was lately remaining.

ART. VI. *Rede me and be nott wrotht
For I saye no thinge bot troth.*

Suo. no date.

Such may be considered the title of this curious book; for what follows is "dialogue-wise" between the subject and the author of the satire, viz.

I will ascende makynge my state so hie,
That my pompous honoure shall never dye.

To this is the following response:

O catye when thou thynkest least of all,
With confusion thou shalt have a fall.

The boast and the prophesy are prevented from treading too closely upon each others heels, by the intervention of a coat of arms, allusive to the situation of the Cardinal before his elevation. This heraldic invention, of which an idea of the collected appearance may be formed from the subjects of which it is composed, is traced in black and crimson characters; and at the back of the same leaf is the following metrical

"Description of the armes."

Of the prowde Cardinall this is the shelde,
Borne up betwene two angels of Sathan;
The sixe blouddy axes in a bare felde
Sheweth the crewelte of the red man.
Which hath devoured the beautifull swan *;
Mortal enemy unto the Whyte Lion *;
Carter of Yorke the vyle butchers sonne.

* Titles adopted from the crests of Buckingham and Surry. We learn from the "prologue of the translatour" that the *Knights of the Swann*, a French Romance, was translated at the request of the former. The printer (Copland) adds "this present history compyled, named *Helias* the *Knights of the Swanne*, of whom lineally is descended my said lord."

The

The sixe bulles heddes in a felde blacke,
 Betokeneth his stordy furiousness;
 * Wherefore the godly light to put abacke
 He bringeth in his dyvylishe darkness:
 The †Bandog in the middes doth expresse
 The mastiff curre bred in Ypswitch towne,
 Gnawinge with his teth a kynges crowne.
 The clubbe signifieth playne his tiranny
 Covered over with a Cardinals hatt,
 Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophecy,
 Arise up Jacke and put on thy salatt;
 For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt,
 The temporall chivalry throwen downe,
 Wherefor preste take hede and beware thy croune.

From the conviction of the title page alone it will readily be conceived by those who remember the rancour with which Skelton was persecuted for his "Why come ye not to Court?" that Wolsey would not be backward to punish the author of the present more virulent attack. The writer, however, if he remained in England, successfully concealed himself, and procured the "litel boke" to be printed abroad by a friend, of no inferior zeal as it appears, who offered his assistance in future services of the like nature: "Yf any mo soche smale styckes," says he, "come unto youre hondes, which ye shall judge apte unto the augmentation of this fyre, sende them unto me (yf in Englonde they may not be publissed) and by Godde's grace with all my power and possibilitie I shall so endeavor myselfe to kyndle them that as many as are of the sede of Abraham shall se theyr light."

This light which was "to lighten the Gentiles," the

* A correction at the end teaches us to read "whereby."

† See Gifford's *Massinger*, Vol. I. p. 44.

Cardinal, however, spared neither pains nor expence to extinguish; that the influence of its beams might not be too extensive he endeavoured to get all the copies into his own possession: how well he succeeded in his purpose may be calculated from the rare occurrence of the tract even in the most curious collections. His authority was sufficient to suppress it during his life, but it was altered and reprinted at Wesell in 1546 in the preface to which we are informed that "this boke was prynted in the Cardinal hys tyme, whiche when he harde that it was done, caused a certayne man, *whome I coulde name if I lusted to bye them all uppe.*"

The intrinsic merit of the satire is sufficient to justify us in rejoicing that some few copies escaped the Cardinal's destructive inquisition.

The pasquinade is introduced by a dialogue between the author and "The treatous" wherein the latter urges the danger that awaits his venturing into the world from the displeasure of the Cardinal.

Yf I presume to make relacion
Of secret matters that be uncertayne,
They will count it for diffamacion,
Or things contrived of a froward brayne.
To discribe theyre faultes it is but vayne,
Excepte I were in some authoritie,
Wherefore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

As touching that thou need not to be dejecte,
The truth shall be thy conservacion,
Whyles thou presume no faultes to detecte,
But where thou hast hadde certificacion
By theyre knowledge and informacion
Which have forsaken the whore of Rome:
Ut inveniatur iniquitas ejus ad odium.

The

The scruples of "the Treatous" are at length overcome, and the dialogue is succeeded by a lyrical lamentation, supposed to be "said or sung" by Wolsey, or some of his adherents, on account of the suppression of the mass, together with the loss of wealth, ease, and honours, of which the inhabitants "black, white, and grey," were deprived at the dissolution of the monasteries. All the indignities which the Monks can be supposed to have suffered when "fallen from their high estate," the sensual gratifications in which they indulged, and the extravagant pomp which they assumed, are minutely detailed and lamented with mock solemnity, and each strophe, or antistrophe, is closed with a pathetic ejaculation.

Aproche proud patriark with your pope,
Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinalis gaye,
With other prelates that had your hope
To be mayntayned by the masse allwaye;
Who shall find our belly and ryche araye,
Seyng that gone is the masse,
Now deceased, alas ! alas !

Drawe nere ye priestes in your long gownes,
With all the fryers of the beggerly ordres,
Come hyther Monkes with brode shaven crownes,
And all soche as are shorne above the ears :
Helpe me to lament with dolorous teares,
Seyng that gone is the masse,
Now deceased, alas ! alas !

Two servants, Watkin and Jeffray, are now introduced debating the very natural question what course it would be prudent to take under the present adverse circumstances of their master: the dialogue commen-

ces with an explanation, on the part of the former, of the causes productive of the disgrace of the mass. Among many others more active in promoting the reformation in Germany, the author gives "a quip" to Erasmus on account of his pusillanimous and temporising policy during that period. The two "true and faithful servants" finding their master's degradation at hand at length resolve that

It is goode that they looke aboute,
Least they solfe a new lesson.

they then fall roundly to abusing and exposing the Cardinal.

The first subject of reprobation arises from the order for burning Tyndal's testament at Paul's-Cross, 1526. As this is the first object of rebuke it was, probably, the primary cause of this satire's appearance. The reputed author of the tract was associated with Tyndall in that translation*, and was joined with him in an injunction afterwards issued by Henry, forbidding any person to keep in their possession any of the works of Tyndall, Wickliffe, Roy, and others†. The cause therefore of Tyndall was his own. The cardinal is afterwards charged in succession with extortion, avarice, whoredom, and in general or particular with every crime that comes within the scope of human turpitude. The word of a satirist should be cautiously received; but he was, it should be remembered, charged with many of these crimes in the articles preferred against him by the lords.

* Vide Tanneri Bibliotheca, sub voce Roy.

† Fox's Martyrology, Vol. II. p. 587, Ed. 1641; and Collier's Ecel. Hist. Vol. II, p. 70.

The

The satire, so far from being confined to Wolsey, is in a great measure levelled at the Romish church in general, and the gluttony and idleness of its members are lashed with wit and vigour:

As for preaching they take no care,
They wolde se a course at an hare
Rather than make a sermon :
To follow the chace of wylde dere,
Passinge the tyme with joly chere,
Among them all is common.

To playe at the cardes and dice,
Some of them are nothing nyce,
Both at hasard and momchance,

He adds

- - - they eat theyr belies full,
Every man as moche as he wull,
And none sayth *blacke is his eye* * !

These gentlemen seem, like Sir Andrew Ague-check, to have cared more for good living than good life, and perhaps the satirist, if they were not beyond his reach, notwithstanding his elevated nose, would have preferred the good things he railed at rather

Tban sing, " my mind to me a kingdom is,"
When the lank hungry belly barked for food †.

In fact, three fourths of the pages are lavished on the profligacy and insolence of the clergy in general;

* " Then having estraunged themselves thus for a small space, they return again, not to their pristine cursed life (I dare say) but to their countrey, and then no man say *black is their eye*, but all is well, and they as good christians, as those that suffer them unpunished." Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595, p. 65.

† Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act I. Sc. i.

towards the conclusion, however, he quits the meaner multitude, and bestows what remains on the immediate object of his vengeance.

Sans autre écart revenons au Héros.

The burning of Tyndall's translation, with which he began his attack, is renewed near the end, and a "brief oracion" is pronounced to his stateliness" more furious and vehement than any thing that precedes it.

* Agaynst thine ambicion all people do cry,
Pompously spendinge the sustenance of the pore;
Thy haughte honours highly to magnify,
Maketh theeves, traytors, and many a whore.

In the course of the satire the Cardinal's amorous propensities are descanted upon in language not over delicate, and also his insolence to the nobles which was singularly tyrannical. Skelton's description of Wolsey at the council-board is well known, and in Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, Vol. I. Page 28, is a curious account of his intolerable haughtiness by a personal sufferer.

Och ! there is neither duke ne barone,
Be they never of so grett power,
But they are constrained to crouche
Before this butcherly slouche,
As it ware unto an Emperoure.

That

* Of the pomp with which Wolsey appeared publicly, a curious account may be found in Stow's *Chronicle*, pa. 502, ed. 1631. And his magnificence and pride were not overlooked by Skelton.

Set up the wretche on hye
In a trons triumphantly.

Make

That there was great grounds for complaints of this kind is evident from the articles exhibited against Wolsey, more particularly the charges urged against him in the fifteenth clause.

I find from the transactions of the society of Antiquaries, of which three MS volumes, in folio, are in my possession, that this tract has been twice exhibited at the meetings of that society, and as often attributed to Skelton: again by Anstis in a letter to Dr. Fiddes; and the latter in his ponderous tome of indiscriminate apology, miscalled "The Life of Cardinal Wolsey," speaks of it as "a scandalous libel written by *one Skelton*, poet laureat," evidently confounding it with "Why come ye not to court?" Bale, however, a labourer in the same vineyard with Roy, asserts him to have been the author of it. From the preface to the "Parable of the wicked Mammon" he appears to have been an ecclesiastick; he resided some time with Tindall, whom he assisted in his studies; he afterwards went to Strasburg when he wrote *inter patrem Christianum et filium contumacem dialogum Christianum*. Perhaps, says Tanner*, he was the same Roy whom Sir Thomas More remembered to have written "an exposition on the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians." He flourished about 1528, and suffered in Portugal, by the faggot.

Stamford.

O. G.

Make him a great state,
And he will play checke mate
With royall majestie
Count himself as good as hee;
A prelatt potential, &c.

"Why come ye not to court?"

* Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica, Pa. 645. Folio, 1748.

ART. VII. *A Chronological List of English Writers on Agriculture. With anecdotes and remarks.*

I. Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, of Norbury, in Derbyshire, a Judge of the Common Pleas, 15 Hen. VIII. is generally called the father of English Husbandry. His work, entitled "The Book of Husbandry" was very frequently edited in the sixteenth century, notwithstanding which, all those editions are now very scarce, though probably by no means so scarce as Walter Harte supposed them to be.

1. It seems to have been first printed by Thomas Berthelet, 1532, 8vo. *

2. It was printed also by Rob. Wyer, in twelves. †

3. Again by Thomas Berthelet, 1534, sm. 8vo. †
At the end of which are these words: "Here endeth the right profitable book of Husbandry, compiled some time by Master Fitz-herbarde, of charity and good zeal, that he bare to the weal of this most noble realm: which (work) he did not in his youth, but after he had exercised Husbandry with great experience forty years." §

4. Again by the same, 8vo. without date. "Imprinted in Fletestrete, in the hous of nere to the condite at the signe of Lucrece" ||

5. Again by the same, 1548. Twelves. **

6. Again, without date. "Imprinted in Fletestrete at the signe of the Sunne over agaynst the Conduit, by John Waylande," 8vo. ††

* Herbert, 419. † Ibid. 384. ‡ Ibid. 423.

§ Harte's Essays on Husbandry, II. 76. || Herbert, 462.

** Herbert, 452. †† Ib. 566.

7. Again

7. Again by Tho. Marsh, newly corrected and amended, without date, 8vo. licensed, 1559.*

8. Again by John Awdeley, 1562, 8vo. †

9. Again, with additions, by James Roberts, for Edw. White, 4to. ‡

Yet after all these editions Harte observes there are probably not twenty complete copies in the kingdom, of this, and the following work.

“The Book of Surveying and Improvements. Small 8vo. containing 120 pages, imprinted by Berthelet, 1539, in a black letter.

Again, 1545, by the same. Herbert says that the title is “In a neat architectiv compartment with part of our Saviour seen at top, holding up his right hand, and the munde in his left. On the back, “To the reder. Whan I had printed the boke longynge to a Justice of the pees together with other smal bokes necessary, I bethought me upon this boke of Surveyenge, compiled sometime by mastre Fitzherbarde: how good and how profitable it is for al possessioners of landes, or tenaunts of the same, also how well it agreeth with the argument of the other small bokes, as court baron, court hundred, and chartuary, I went in hand and printed it in the same volume that the other be to binde them all together. And have amended it in many places.” This is in the edition, 1545, and the same had been printed in the edition, 1539; so that there appears to have been an edition before that. This contains sixty leaves, exclusive of the table prefixed; at the end of which are two seven-lined stanzas,

* Herbert, 270. † Ib. 385. ‡ Ib. 1034.

apparently,

apparently by the author, which may be seen in the modern edition, 1767. *

Again, by Richard Tottel, 1567, 8vo. †

Again, by T. Marsh, 1587, sixteens. ‡

“How Fitzherbert,” says Harte, (from whose elegant, erudite, and valuable *Essays on Husbandry*, I shall draw the principal materials of this article) “how Fitzherbert could be a practitioner of the art of Agriculture for forty years, as he himself says in 1534, is pretty extraordinary. I suppose it was his country amusement, in the periodical recesses, between the terms.” §

But I take this opportunity of observing that this seems to have been a fashionable amusement of the lawyers of those days. Gervase Markham cites a book on Husbandry, not otherwise known, by Sir Walter Henley. || I cannot doubt that this was Sir Walter Hendley, of Otham, in Kent, Serjeant at Law, temp. Edw. VI.

I must now copy from Harte more at large.

“From the multitude of books published on the subject of cultivating the earth, one would have imagined the art to have been more studied, than it really has been; since upon the whole it continued in a sort of declining condition from the days of Virgil and Columella, till the time of Constantine IV. and then lay in a kind of dormant state till about the middle of Henry VIIIth’s reign, when it was rather revived, than improved.

“Indeed, about that time, Judge Fitzherbert, in

* Herbert, 448. † Ib. 816. ‡ Ib. 870. § Es. II. p. 77.

|| Young’s Ann. of Agr. XXI. p. 460.

England (better known among us, as author of another excellent work, called *Natura Brevium*) Tatti, Stefano, Agostino Gallo, Sansovino, Lauro, Tarello, &c. in Italy, published several considerable books in Agriculture; but our countryman was the first, if we except *Crescenzio dell' Agricoltura*, (whose fine performance was printed at Florence in 1478) and Pier Marino the translator of *Palladius de Re Rustica*, who made his work public in the year 1528.

“ In the same century appeared Matthiolis' Commentary on Dioscorides, * as also a translation of Theophrastus on Plants, by Bionda; and another of Columella by an unknown hand.

“ Such of these Italian writers on Husbandry, as did not concern themselves with translations, made the ancients of their country their text and model, and are looked upon to be excellent in language, and no ways defective in experience and knowledge. On the former of which accounts, I have sometimes known collections of these author's works made in Italy, not for the sake of acquiring knowledge in husbandry, but merely on account of reading the pure Tuscan style. Meantime Fitzherbert shone with equal lustre of truth, though not of language: for the Italian tongue was then in its meridian of glory, and the English had

* “ This noble work was first published in Italian, and five impressions were sold off in a few years: but the exquisite beauty of the prints, cut on wood, has made the copies extremely scarce. The Roman edition in 2 vol. fol. 1569, is a very fine one, yet in some respects must give place to the Valdigristal edition at Venice, ten years before. The drawings of the plants were made by Giorgio Liberali, an ingenious young painter; but who the engraver or cutter was, I never could learn distinctly at Rome or Venice. Common fam. mentions one Theodorus Richeli.”

declined

declined from the days of Chaucer, rather than advanced. Yet our countryman kept the field without a rival."

"These works of Fitzherbert soon raised a spirit of emulation in his countrymen. I have seen a list of several English writers on Husbandry, who were some of them his contemporaries, but have never been able to procure a sight of their works, nor obtain any material intelligence concerning the authors. For the sake of the curious, I shall give a transcript of their names, as it is minuted down in Queen Elizabeth's reign, by that famous husbandman, Barnaby Googe, Esq.

" Sir Nicholas Malbee.

John Somer (Canon of Windsor)

William Lambert (I am since informed that he wrote on the management and diseases of cattle.)

Henry Brockhull.

H. King, D. D.

Henry Denys.

John Hatche.

Nicholas Yeerzwort (query, if not Nicasius Yetzwort, whom Ant. Wood mentions as a writer on husbandry?)

Captain Bingham.

Thomas Wettenhall.

Richard Deering.

M. Franklyn.

Richard Andrews.

William Pratt.

Philip Partridge.

Henry Datforth.

N. B. From

N. B. From this list it appears that the English contributed as much towards the revival of agriculture, as the Italians, and (translations from the ancients excepted) began as early. The Flemings and French made no figure till about a century afterwards."

"At length, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, several Husbandry-writers copied Fitzherbert; Mascal, Markham, and others, in the time of James and Charles I. compiled from all; yet none had the gratitude to mention or acknowledge their first instructor. So that, (if we except only the occasional writers on English husbandry at that period) we had little or nothing that resembled a systematical body of Agriculture, but Fitzherbert's two books for the space of one hundred years; * and then some new and great lights broke in upon us from the admirable writings and discoveries of Barnaby Googe, Lord Bacon, Sir Hugh Platt, Gabriel Plattes, Sir Richard Weston, Hartlib, Robert Child, Dr. Arnold Beati, Evelyn, and several others.

"France, about the year 1600, and not sooner, made considerable efforts in reviving husbandry, as appears from such large works as "*Les Moyens de devenir Riche*, and the *Cosmopolite*, by Bernard de Palissy;" † "*le Theatre d' Agriculture*, by De Séres; *l'Agriculture et Maison Rustique* by Mess. Etienne and Liebault" &c. &c.

"The Flemings, about the same period, dealt more

* "One may say of Fitzherbert's Husbandry, what Sir P. Sydney applied to Chaucer's poetry: "I marvel how in those misty times he could see so clearly, and how others, in such clear times could go so blindly after him."

† "A poor potter in the time of Hen. IV. of France."

in the practice of husbandry, than in publishing books upon the subject: so that questionless their intention was to carry on a private lucrative trade without instructing their neighbours; and hence it happened, that whoever wanted to copy their agriculture, was obliged to travel into their country, and make his own remarks; as Plattes, Hartlib, and Sir R. Weston actually did. Their principal, and one may add, their very just idea of husbandry consisting in this, namely, to make a farm resemble a garden as nearly as possible. Such an excellent principle, at first setting out, led them of course to undertake the culture of small estates only, which they kept free from weeds, continually turning the ground, and manuring it plentifully and judiciously.

“ Having thus brought the soil to a just degree of cleanliness, health, and sweetness, they ventured chiefly upon the culture of the more delicate grasses, as the surest means of acquiring wealth in husbandry, upon a small state, without the expence of keeping many draught horses or servants.

“ After a few years experience, they soon found that ten acres of the best vegetables for feeding cattle, properly cultivated, would maintain a larger stock of grasing animals, than forty acres of common farm-grass. And the vegetables they chiefly cultivated for this purpose were lucerne, sanfoin, trefoils of most denominations, sweet fenugreek, buck and cow wheat, field turnips, and spurrey, by them called Marian-grasse.

“ The political secret of their husbandry was, as we have observed before, the letting farms on improvement.

“ Add

"Add to this, they discovered eight or ten new sorts of manure. They were the first, among the moderns, who ploughed in living crops for the sake of fertilising the earth, and confined their sheep, at night, in large sheds built on purpose, whose floor was covered with sand, or virgin earth, &c. which the shepherd carted away every morning to the compost dunghill. Such was the chief mystery of the Flemish husbandry." *

III. Reginald Scott's "Perfect Platform of an Hop-garden," 4to. 1576. This gentleman, says Harte, "writ about forty years after Fitzherbert, and is, in point of time, the second writer on English husbandry, at least as far as my collection goes, in books of agriculture. He was a younger son of Sir J. Scot in Kent, had received an university education, and was looked upon to be a good scholar." Harte II. p. 22. But see Oldys's Brit. Libr. 213, for an account of this author, who wrote "the Discovery of Witchcraft," 1584.

IV. "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, by Thomas Tusser. Printed by R. Tottel, 1557, 4to. †"

Again, 1573, by the same, 4to. under the title of "Five hundreth points of good husbandry united to as many of good huswiferie, first devised, and now lately augmented with divers approved lessons concerning hopps and gardening, and other nedeful matters, together with an abstract before every moneth contelling the whole effect of the sayd moneth, for the better understanding of the booke. Set forth by Thomas Tusser, Gentleman, servant to the honorable Lord Paget of Beudesert. Imprinted anno 1573." In

* Harte, Ess. I. 41—45 † Herb. 629. Wart. Hist. E. Po. III. 303.

a compartment with Midas on one side, and Venus on the other. *

Again, by Henry Denham, 1577, 4to. Again, 1580. †

Again, 1586, by the same, 4to. 164 pages. †

Again, 1593, by Richard Yardley, 4to. §

Again, 1599, by R. Waldegrave, 4to. ||

Again, by Peter Short, 1597. Again, 1604, and 1610, 4to. ** and afterwards

Lord Molesworth, in his "Considerations for promoting Agriculture, *Dubl. Qo.* 1723," says, "as to agriculture I should humbly propose, that the school for husbandry were erected in every county, wherein an expert master of the methods of agriculture should teach, at a fixed yearly salary; and that Tusser's old book of Husbandry should be taught to the boys, to read, to copy, and to get by heart; to which end it might be reprinted and distributed. I doubt not but some such method as this would make husbandmen, and prevent the increase of the poor."

Harte adds to this, that "Tusser's book is written in quatrains, or stanzas, of four verses each. Lord Molesworth's idea is a good one; but the poem is very obsolete, and of course too hard to be understood by children, or even grown persons, being published before the year 1577. Some may think it too long; for it contains more verses than Virgil's *Georgics*." ††

[*To be continued.*]

* *Herb.* 820 † *Ib.* 948. † *Ib.* 960. § *Ib.* 1207.

|| 1520 ** *Ritson's Bibl. Po.* 373.

†† For an account of Tusser, see *Warton's Hist. Po.* III. p. 298. *Theatr. Poet. Angl.* p. 91. *Ritson's Bibl. Po.* p. , and *Ellis's Specimens*. An account will hereafter be given of the edition by Hillsman in 1710.

ART.

ART. VIII. *Microcosmographie, or a Peece of the World discovered; in Essayes and Characters. The sixth edition, augmented. London, Printed by R. B. for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church Yard. 1630. duodecimo.*

Notwithstanding this highly entertaining and very scarce little book is ascribed by Langbaine to a Mr. Blount,* "who," says he, "hath made himself known by many ingenious publications, such as his *Microcosmography*, *Horæ Subsecivæ*, &c.": (but who in fact was only the publisher, as he himself tells us in the preface) it is the production of Dr. John Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, of whom the following short account may probably be not unacceptable.

He was born at York in 1601, and entered at Merton College, Oxford, in 1620, where he became Master of Arts, 1624, was a proctor in 1631, and about that time created chaplain to Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who presented him with the living of Bishopston in Wiltshire. He was afterwards appointed chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, and chancellor of the cathedral of Salisbury. For his steady adherence to the royal cause, he was deprived of every thing he possessed, and at length was compelled to fly into exile with King Charles the Second, at whose restoration he was made Dean of Westminster, and in 1662 created Bishop of Worcester, from whence he was translated to the see of Salisbury in 1663. Walton,

* Edward Blount, a bookseller at the Black Bear, St. Paul's Churchyard. For an account of "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," see *Memoirs of Peers of James I.* p. 384. *H. litor.*

the biographer of Donne, &c. sums his character by saying that since Mr. Richard Hooker died, none have lived "whom God hath blest with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable primitive temper." Besides the work of which I am about to make mention, Bishop Earle wrote an Elegy upon Mr. Francis Beaumont, afterwards printed at the end of Beaumont's Poems, London, 1640, in quarto. He translated also from the English into Latin, the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, which he entitled "Imago Regis Caroli, in illis suis Ærunnis et Solitudine," and which was printed at the Hague, 1649, duodecimo, with a frontispiece by Marshal; and Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, which I believe has never been published. Several lesser things also he had some share in, which are now either lost or not known. During the plague he retired to Oxford, where he died November 17, 1665, and was buried in Merton College Chapel.*

Microcosmography.

Microcosmographie consists of numerous characters drawn up with the greatest humour and correctness. They shew the author to have been a man of reading and observation, who regarded the world with a penetrating glance, and who diffused his remarks with propriety and justice; as an example of which I shall conclude with an extract which will not, I trust, be displeasing.

* See Wood's Athens, II. 365. *Edin.*

“ Paule’s Walke

“ Is the Land’s Epitome, or you may cal it the lesser Ile of Great Brittain. It is more then this, the whole world’s map, which you may heere discern in its perfects’t motion jostling and turning. It is a heape of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages, and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noyse in it is like that of bees, a strange humming, or buzze, mixt of walking tongues and feete: it is a kinde of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no busines whatsoeuer but is here stirring and afoote.

“ It is the generallmint of al famous lies, which are here like the legends of popery, first coyn’d and stamp’t in the church. All inuentions are emptied heere, and not few pockets. The best signe of a temple in it is, that is the Theeues Sanctuary, which robbe more safely in the croud, then a wilderness, whilst euery searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after playes, tauerne, and a bawdy-house, and men haue still some oathes left to sweare heere. It is the eares brothell, and satisfies their lust, and yetch. The visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principall inhabitants and possessors, are stale knights, and captaines * out of seruice, men of long rapiers, and breeches, which after all, haue merchants here and traffick for newes. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and trauell for a stomacke: but thriftier men make it their ordinarie: and boord heere very cheape.

* Paule. Captain Bobadil, in *Every Man in his Humour*, is styled a “ Paules Man,” whence, and from the character here given of it, we may infer that it was the idle resort of every needy and dissipated sharper.

Of all such places it is least haunted with hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walke more, hee could not."

The accounts given of "an Antiquarie, a Carrier, a Player, a Pot Poet, an Universitie Dunne," and many others are equally excellent, and I only lament that the limits of this work will not allow me to give them.

The first edition is in duodecimo, Lond. 1628. It has been reprinted in octavo, 1731, and is very rare.

P. B.

ART. IX. "*A Booke of Christian exercise appertaining to Resolulution, that is, shewing howe that we should resolve our selves to become Christians indeede: by R. P. Perused and accompanied nowe with a Treatise tending to Pacification. By Edmund Bunny. Heb. xiii. 8. Jesus yesterday, and to day, and the same for ever. Imprinted. 1585.*"

It is dedicated "To the most Reverend Father in God, his very good Lord and Patron, *Edwin, by the providence of God, Archbishop of Yorke*, Primate of England and Metropolitan, &c."

Bunny, in his preface, professes to have been ignorant of the author. The work was originally suggested by a book of "one Gasper Lorat Doctor of Divinitie, and a Jesuite Frier." But as it contained some opinions opposite to those of Bunny, he thought fit to retrench them, and publish it with his own "*Treatise on Pacification*," in the form in which it appears under the above title.

The Preface is dated "At Bolton-Percie, in the
ancientie

ancientie or Liberties of Yorke, the 9. of July, 1584." The copy which I have wants a sheet, and therefore ends at page 322, where "*The Treatise tending to pucification*" ("*By labouring those that are our adversaries in the cause of religion, to receive the gospel, and to join with us in profession thereof.* By Edmund Bunny. Hosea iii. 43. *The children of Israel, &c.*") begins. But this work, which contains ninety-six pages, wants all the elegance and perspicuity of the former, though, in point of argument and method, it is by no means deficient.

Lanchester, near Durham, }
Oct. 10, 1805. }

I. H.

ART. X. JOHN WEEVER,*

Wrote the History of Christ in verse, in minimo,
or a nutt-shell; a most small volume, dedicated "To
Prince Henry," your humble servant,

JO. WEEVER.

THE EPISTLE.

"Thou matchlesse issue of a mighty king,
To whose greene yeares and judgment grave I bring
These holy numbers of my heav'nly Muse,
Which my late Empresse dained to peruse,
The like acceptance humbly I intreat,
My booke is little, but my heart is great."

JO. WEEVER."

* Supposed to be the author of the "Funeral Monuments."

ART. XI. SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

Samuel Rowlands, a prolific poetical pamphleteer during the reigns of Elizabeth and her successors; in addition to the list of his writings in Ritson's *Bibliographia*, was authour of "Tis merrie when gossips meet, newly enlarged, with divers songs, sung by a fidler's boy," 4to printed by W. H. It is "dialogue-wise," a poem between a widow, a wife, and a mayd; prefixed is a wood cut representing the three characters, and the "fidler's boy" in waiting, with a gittern in his hand. In continuation, also, of his design expressed at the conclusion of the "Knave of Clubbs," he published "the Knave of Hearts," and "more Knaves yet: the Knaves of Spades and Diamonds" &c. printed by John Bache, and are to be sold at his shop at the entering in of the Royal Exchange," 4to. 1613. From the last of which the following lines may be worth extracting.

On vaine and curious monuments.

What trust of future praise in senseless stones,
 Containing rotten and worm-eaten bones!
 What do the gazers on report but this?
 "Fair monument, wherein foul carcase is!"
 Virtue dies not—her fame herself will raise;
 Let them trust tombs that have outlived their praise.

I may just observe that, "the Knave of Clubbs, or tis merrie when Knaves meete," must have been printed earlier than 1613, for in the Register of the Stationer's Company, dated 1600, is an order for burning "Tis merrie

merrie when Knaves meet." See Ames, Vol. II. p. 1266.

"Not Roscius nor Æsop (says Nash) those tragedians admyred before Christ was borne, could ever perform more in action than famous Ned Allen. If ever I write any thing in Latine (as I hope one day I shall) not a man of any desert among us but I will have up. 'Tarlton, Ned Allen, Knell, Bentley, shall be known to France, Spayne and Italie, and not a part that they surmounted in, more than other, but I will there note and set downe *with the manner of theyre habites and attyre.*"

Pierce Penilesse P. 27. Ed. 1592.

In the following passage from "the Knave of Clubbs," is this picture of Ned Allen in Faustus :

The Gull gets on a surplice,
With a crosse upon his breast,
Like Allen playing Faustus,
In that manner was he drest.

Sig. D. 2.

The play was "Dr. Faustus's Tragical Historie, by Christopher Marlow, 4to. 1604. O. G.

ART. XII. *Epigrammatum libri octo. Cum aliquot psalmorum paraphrasi poetica. Auctore Niniano Patersono Glascuensi. Edinburgi, excudebant Thomas Brown et Jacobus Glen, Anno Dom. 1678. 12mo.*

This is a book which seldom can be met with in England, and not very often perhaps in North Britain.

The greater number of the epigrams it contains relate to moral or scriptural subjects, and are rather sober reflections than epigrammatic levities. The second and third divisions become most interesting to modern readers, from being addressed to

“ Names once known, now dubious or forgot.”

The following may possibly afford the only remaining notice of a two-fold son of Apollo.

“ *D. Henrico Henrisono medico et poeta celeberrimo.*

Henrisona, duplex cui circum tempora laurus
 Floret, utrumque cui præstat Apollo decus !
 Sive Machaonia poscant contagia dextram,
 Seu placet argutæ plectra movere lyraë,
 Publica morborum requies, laus prima medentum,
 Ægrorumque salus, præsidiumque cluis.
 Et Buchananais certat tua musa camænis,
 Aptat ut Isacidæ plectra Latina lyraë.
 Vatis Idumæos miscent Stygiosque triumphos
 Et medici, doctæ sic monumenta manus.
 Si medicina artus sanetve poetica mentem,
 Nulli equidem vitæ sanior usus erit.
 Sic radiant gemina viventi tempora palma,
 Claraque defuncto destinet astra Deus.”

At the end of the epigrams occurs an English version of a Latin Ode by Florentius Velusenus, * Scotus, in his treatise de Animi Tranquillitate: this has since been translated by Blair, and printed with Gardiner's edition of the Grave. One stanza may be admissible from each pen.

Mella absynthia non dabunt
 Uvas nec tribulus: sic mala gaudia

* i. e. Florence Wilson. See Irving's Lives of Sc. Poets.

Vitæ qui sequitur brevis,
Is fructum petit ex arbore non sua.

VOLUSEPUS.

As sure no hony from the wormwood drops,
Nor berries on the prickled thistle grows,
So he who from this short life pleasure hopes,
He seeks the fruit that this tree never knows.

PATERSON.

As bitter wormwood never doth
Delicious honey yield,
Nor can the chearful grape be reap'd
From thistles in the field :
So who, in this uncertain life,
Deceitful joys pursue,
They fruit do seek upon such trees
On which it never grew.

BLAIR.

Mr. Ninian Paterson appears to have been the minister of Liberton, and the following is his farewell to the Muse.

Sa. musis nugisque datum, suspendo sacratis
Jam Libertonæ barbata muta tholis.
Musa vale, quondam lenimen dulce laborum,
Posthac nec votis sollicitanda meis.

T. P.

ART. XIII. *The Nature of Man. A learned and usefull tract, written in Greek by Nemesius, surnamed the philosopher; sometime Bishop of a city in Phœnicia, and one of the most ancient fathers of the Church. Englished, and divided into sections, with briefs of their principall contents; by Geo. Wither. London, printed by M. F. for Henry*

*Henry Taunton in St. Dunstan's Churchyard in
Fleetstreet, 1636. 12mo.*

In the imperfect list of Wither's voluminous publications, as given by Wood, * the above is very slightly noticed. To his report, therefore, it may be added, that the translation extends to 660 pages, besides a preface to the reader, concerning the author of the book, touching the contents thereof, and the translation of the same; with a dedication "to his most learned and much honoured friend, John Selden, Esq. by his unfained friend, and true honourer, Geo. Wither; dated from his cottage under the Beacon-hill, neere Farnham, May 23, 1636." From this dedication the following complimentary passages are extracted, nor will they be deemed hyperbolical by readers of the present day.

"SIR,

"I am not carefull to annexe your other titles; for they are not so much honour to you as they are honoured by you: and your bare name sounds more honorably in my judgment, than that which the breath of others can adde unto it. I have made bold therefore (though without your knowledge) to send abroad with your name prefixed, this ancient Greek Father, newly taught, to speak English, that he may receive your approbation where he well expresseth his meaning, and your correction hereafter where he proves defective. For I presumed you might by this means be provoked to the perusal thereof, notwithstanding your many studies.

* Athen. Oxon. II. 396.

"Your

“ Your candor and singular humanity make me confident in this attempt. For though my author be a stranger to most moderne students, you (from whom no such worthie is obscured) are his familiar acquaintance: and in whose *name* could I have more properly brought this ancient among my countrymen to be entertained with respect, then in *yours*, who are the truest lover of antiquities, and he who hath best shewed the right use of them to this age?

“ I think not you to be any whit honoured by this dedication; but, that I have rather magnified my selfe, in making it an occasion to signifie that I have so noble a friend.”

T. P.

ART. XIV. *Plensure's Vision; with Desert's Complaint: and a Short Dialogue of a Woman's properties, betweene an old man and a young. By Arthur Newman, of the Middle Temple, Gent. London, printed by G. F. for Thomas Bayly, and are to be sold at his shop in the middle-row in Holbourne, neere Staple Inne. 1619. 12mo.*

An epistle dedicatory is inscribed to the right worshipfull and truly worthy Sir George Newman, Knight, and five copies of commendatory verses are signatured, Marchadine Hunnis, Jo, Cookes, T. More, Pe. Lower, and G. Parre.

Of Arthur Newman no particulars appear to be known; but he is a writer who, from the brevity rather than the inferiority of his productions, may be deemed a minor poet. His verses are moral, harmonious, and pleasing;

pleasing; as will be shewn by the opening of *Desse*
Complaint.

“ Late, wand’ring by a valley side
Where weeping streames did sadly glide,
Sith Sol’s bright raies could not appeare
The place or ought therein to cheare,
I saw clad in a mourning weed
A man whose griefes my grieve did breed;
For desart desert there, alas!
Upon his brow ingraven was;
And coldly on cold earth he lay,
Like some fram’d picture of decay:
Or like an ancient monument
Which was erected, to prevent
Th’ oblivion of some noble fact,
Which some dead worthy once did act,
And being ruin’d would inforce
• All the spectators with remorse
To breath forth helples sighes, and then
To raile on time, and check those men
That let decay to disinherit
True worth of what it had by merit.
Thus did he lye, and like a swan
Dying, to ease his heart began
In sad laments to sing his woe,
And thus he, sighing, on did goe:—
“ Where shall I runne? where shall I fly?
Where shall my plaints find remedy?
Where are mine ancient friends? and where
My followers that held me deare?
Where may my now-lost honors be?
Where is the time that favour’d me?
And where, and how, and what am I
That in this wretched state here lye?

Of former joys am I not reft,
 And of the careles world quite left ?
 Are not my followers distrest,
 Disdain'd, despis'd, poore and opprest ?
 Are not my chieftest friends all dead ?
 Are not my honors from me fled ?
 And is not strangely Time disguis'd ?—
 O yes ; for by it I'm despis'd.
 I am an out-cast, and dejected,
 And see with grieve my rites neglected ;
 And many doe usurpe my place
 Which me, themselves, and it deface ;
 And unto such I plainly see
 The world doth give what's due to me :
 If men despise and slight me so,
 I cannot thinke where I may goe :
 And what to do I know not, I,
 Unlesse I cease to be, and dye.
 I am not franticke, for I knowe
 By sad experience of my woe,
 My haplesse words are too too true ;
 Which they I feare too soon will rue,
 If to the country I retire,
 There dull and earthly minds require
 Houses and acres, by which now
 Desert is measur'd : therefore how
 Can I, whom Fate hath seem'd t' ordaine
 This reputation's want to 'plaine,
 And all fraile outwards but to slight,
 Of them crave favour, much less right ?
 Or my complaints and wrongs appease,
 Since dull besotting error these
 Doth so much blind, that they scarce see
 The odds betweene the drone and bee ?

And

And yet, if good on earth do dwell,
 'Tis in a simple rusticke's cell."

The "dialogue of a Woman's properties," is conducted much after the plan of Sir John Davis's Contention between a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid; printed in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, 1611. *

T. P.

ART. XV. The REV. THOMAS WARTON.

Two early poetic trifles, by our late admired Laureat, entitled "Verses on Miss Cotes and Miss Wilmot," appeared in the Gent. Mag. for March 1796. The following characteristic imitation of the Newgate ditties, is reprinted from a copy which was in the library of the late Dr. Lort, who ascribed it in a written note to Mr. Thomas Warton. †

"THE MAIDEN'S BLOODY GARLAND;

OR,

HIGH-STREET TRAGEDY.

Shewing how Sarah Holly, † a poor unfortunate serving-maid of the city of Oxford, being wronged by her sweetheart, cut her throat from ear to ear, was

* See Censura, Vol. I. p. 232.

† This intimation was corroborated by the late Dr. Warton, who believed that a Mr. Thorp took part with his brother in the composition.

‡ Sarah Holly was maid-servant to Goddard, a hatter and hatter at the sign of the Golden Leg in the High Street, Oxford. She actually destroyed herself as is here recited, in consequence of her lover's perfidy, and was buried in the highway in All Saint's Lane, with a stake driven through her body, which remained for a day or two.

NEXT

next morning found dead in her bed, and afterwards
buried in the King's Highway.

Tune. "*There were three pilgrims.*"

A mournful ditty I will tell,
Ye knew poor Sarah Holly well,
Who at the Golden Leg did dwell.

Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

She was in love, as some do say,
Her sweetheart made her go astray,
And at the last did her betray.

Heigh-ho, &c.

The babe within her womb did cry;
Unto her sweetheart she did hie,
And tears like rain fell from her eye,

Heigh-ho, &c.

But oh! the wretch's heart was hard,
He to her cries gave no regard,
"Is this," says she, "my love's reward?"

Heigh-ho, &c.

"Oh! woe is me! I am betray'd,
Oh had I liv'd a spotless maid,
I ne'er with sobs and sighs had said

Heigh-ho, &c.

"But now I'm press'd with grief and wee,
And quiet ne'er again can know,
God grant my soul to heaven may go.

Heigh-ho, &c.

"For I my wretched days must end,
Yet e'en for thee my prayers I'll send,
I die to all the world a friend."

Heigh-ho, &c.

Then

Then to her friends she bid "adieu!"
 And gave to each some token true,
 With—"Think on me when this you view."
Heigh-ho, &c.

Unto the ostler at the Bear,
 She gave a ringlet of her hair,
 And said—"Farewell my dearest dear."
Heigh-ho, &c.

O then to madam Luff she said—
 "To-morrow morn come to my bed,
 And there you'll find me quite stone dead."
Heigh-ho, &c.

Too true she spoke, it did appear,
 Next morn they call'd, she could not hear:
 Her throat was cut from ear to ear.
Heigh-ho, &c.

No spark of life was in her shown,
 No breath they saw, nor heard a groan
 Her precious soul was from her flown.
Heigh-ho, &c.

She was not as I once have seen
 Her trip in Martin-Gardens green,
 With aprons starch'd and ruffles clean,
Heigh-ho, &c.

With bonnet trimm'd, and flounc'd, and all
 Which they a dulcimer do call,
 And stockings white as snows that fall.
Heigh-ho, &c.

But dull was that black laughing eye,
 And pale those lips of cherry-dye,
 And set those teeth of ivory.
Heigh-ho, &c.
 Those

Those limbs which well the dance have led,
When Simmons "Butter'd pease" bath play'd,
Were bloody, lifeless, cold, and dead.

Heigh-ho, &c.

The Crouner and the Jury came
To give their verdict on the same;
They doom'd her harmless corpse to shame,

Heigh-ho, &c.

At midnight, so the law doth say,
They did her mangled limbs convey
And bury in the King's highway.

Heigh-ho, &c.

No priest in white did there attend,
His kind assistance for to lend,
Her soul to paradise to send.

Heigh-ho, &c.

No shroud her ghastly face did hide,
No winding sheet was round her ty'd;
Like dogs, she to her grave was hied.

Heigh-ho, &c.

And then, your pity let it move,
Oh pity her who dy'd for love!
A stake they through her body drove.

Heigh-ho, &c.

It would have melted stones to see
Such savageness and cruelty
Us'd to a maid of twenty-three.

Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens, an example take,
For Sarah Holly's wretched sake
O never Virtue's ways forsake.

Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens all of Oxford town,
O never yield your chaste renown
To velvet cap or tufted gown.

Heigh-ho, &c.

And when that they do love pretend,
No ear unto their fables lend,
But think on Sally's dismal end.

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, &c.

FINIS.

T. P.

ART. XVI. *The Art of making Devises. Treating of Hieroglyphicks, Symboles, Emblemes, Ænigmas, Sentences, Parables, Reverses of Medalls, Armes, Blazons, Cimiers, Cyphres and Rebus. First written in French by Henry Estienne, Lord of Fossez, Interpreter to the French King for the Latine and Greek Tongues: and translated into English by Tho. Blount, of the Inner Temple, Gent. London, printed by W. E. and J. G. and are to be sold by Richard Marriot in S. Dunstons Churchyard, Fleetstreet. 1646. 4to. pp. 68, besides Epistle and Preface. Prefixed is also an engraved title page, with devises, and the arms of the author. By W. Marshall.*

Thomas Blount, the translator of this book, was of Orton in Herefordshire, and the learned author of the volume of ancient "Tenures," and other useful publications. He was a profound antiquary, and made Collections for the History of his native County, which he left in MS.

The translator's Dedicatory Epistle gives the best account of this book, and contains many curious origi-

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nal illustrations on the subject. I shall therefore insert it entire.

“ To the Nobility and the Gentry of England.

“ This piece, being sent out of France, as a double rarity, both in respect of the subject and the quality of the author, I had no sooner read, than, taken with its ingenuity, I was moved to cloathe it in an English habit, partly out of envy that other nations should glory to have outknown us in any art, especially ingenious, as this is of Devises, which being the proper badges of Gentlemen, Commanders, and persons of Honour, may justly challenge their countenance and favour, whereunto 'tis sacred.

“ My author affirms himself to be the first that hath written of this subject in his mother-tongue; and I might say the like here, were it not that I find a small parcell of it in “ Camden's Remaines,” under the title of “ Impresses,” which are in effect the same with “ Devises.” Thence you may gather that the Kings of England, with the nobility and gentry, have for some hundreds of years, though Devises are yet of far greater antiquity, both esteemed and made use of them: only in former times they arrived not, as now, to that height of perfection; for they sometimes did (as the unskilful still do) make use of mottoes without figures and figures without mottoes. We read that Henry III. as liking well of remuneration, commanded to be written, by way of Devise, in his chamber at Woodstock,

Qui non dat quod amat, non accipit ille quod optat.

Edward III. bore for his Devise the rays of the Sunne streaming from a cloud without any motto. Edmond

of Langley, Duke of York, bore a Faulcon in a Fetterlock, implying that he was locked up from all hope and possibility of the kingdome. Henry V. carried a burning Cresset, sometimes a Beacon, and for motto, but not appropriate thereunto, "*Une sans plus,*" one and no more. Edw. IV. bore the Sun, after the battell of Mortimer's Crosse, where three Sunnes were seene immediately conjoyning in one. Henry VII. in respect of the Union of the two Houses of York and Lancaster, by his marriage, used the White Rose united with the Red, sometimes placed in the Sunne. But in the raigne of Henry VIII. Devises grew more familiar, and somewhat more perfect, by adding mottoes unto them, in imitation of the Italians and French, amongst whom there is hardly a private gentleman but hath his particular Devise. For Henry VIII. at the interview betweene him and King Francis the First, whereat Charles V. was also present, used for his Devise an English Archer in a greene coat drawing his arrow to the head, with this motto, "*Cui adhaereo, præest,*" when as at that time those mighty princes, banding one against another, wrought him for their owne particular.

"To the honour of Queene Jane, who dyed willingly to save her child King Edward, a Phenix was represented in his funerall fire with this motto, "*Nascitur ut alter.*" Queene Mary bore winged Time, drawing Truth out of a pit with "*Veritas Temporis filia.*" Queene Elizabeth, upon severall occasions used many Heroicall Devises, sometimes a Sieve without a motto,^{as} Camden relates, and at other times these words without a figure, "*Video, Taceo,*" and "*Semper Cadem.*" King James used a Thistle and a Rose united, and a crown

crown over them, with this motto, "*Henricus Rosas, Regna Jacobus.*" Pr. Henry, besides that Devise which is appropriate to the Princes of Wales, made use of this motto without figure, "*Fas est aliorum quærere regna.*" And his Majesty, that now is, that other of "*Christo auspice regno.*" Our Prince beares, as all Princes of Wales have done since the Black Prince, for his Devise, which we, commonly, though corruptly call the Prince's armes, a coronet beautified with three ostrich feathers, and for motto, "*Ich Dien,*"* i. e. "*I serve,*" in the Saxon tongue, aluding to that of the Apostle, "*The heire while he is a childe, differeth nothing from a servant.*"

"The late Earle of Essex, when he was cast downe with sorrow, and yet to be employed in armes, bore a sable shield without any figure, but inscribed "*Par nulla figura dolori.*" Sir Philip Sidney, to trouble you with no more, denoting that he persisted alwayes one, depainted out the Caspian Sea, surrounded with its shoares, which neither ebbeth nor floweth, and for motto, "*Sine Refluxu.*"

"Some may object that in regard Titlings, Tournaments, and Masques, where Devises were much in request, are for the present laid aside, therefore Devises are of lesse use.

"Whereto I answer, that as those justing or jesting wars are disused, so we have now an earnest, though much to be lamented warre, which renders them more useful than ever, I mean for Cornets and Ensignes: and of these, let me give you also some examples out

* "A learned Britton is of opinion that it should be, "*Rich die*" i. e. "*your man,*" in the Brittain tongue."

of the present times. On the King's party, one beares for his Cornet-Devise St. Michael killing the Dragon for the figure, and for motto, "*Quis ut Deus?*" Another is so bold as to beare the picture of a King crowned and armed, with his sword drawne, and this motto, "*Melius est mori in bello, quam videre malagentis nostræ.*" A third beares onely a Dye, with "*Utcunque quadratus.*" A fourth figures the beast called an Ermyne,* with this motto "*Mallem mori quam fœdari.*" A fift represents five hands snatching at a Crown, defended by an armed hand and sword from a cloud, with this motto, "*Reddite Cæsari.*" A sixt figures a landskip of a pleasant country, with houses, corne, &c. invaded by beggarly people, and for motto, "*Barbarus has segetes?*" &c.

"On the Parliament's party, we find one bearing in his Cornet, the Sun breaking through a cloud, with "*Exurgat et dissipabuntur.*" Another represents a death's head, and a laurell crown, with "*Mors vel Victoria.*" A third figures an armed man presenting a sword to a Bishop's breast, with "*Visne episcopare?*" the Bishop answering "*Nolo, Nolo, Nolo.*" A fourth sayes onely, without any figure, "*Tandem bona causa triumphat.*" A fift represents the Sunne, dissipating a cloudy storme, with "*Post nubila Phœbus.*" A sixt figures an armed man, hewing off the corners of an University cap with his sword, and this motto, "*Muto quadrata rotundis.*" &c.†

Now though these Devises, for the most part, argue

* "The Naturalists say that this beast will rather choose to dye, than defile her furre."

† See Prestwich's "*Respublica*," a modern book, on this subject, containing a collection of the Devises of the Parliament Troops. *Editor.*

wit in the composers, yet many of them are either imperfect or defective, which may be attributed to the want of the prescribed rules of this art, which this treatise doth afford you, together with a Synopsis or short view of Hieroglyphicks, Emblemes, Reverses of Medalls, and all other inventions of wit, which any wayes relate thereunto. I might also shew you here how many several waies Devises are usefull, especially for seals, being drawn from some essentiall part of the bearer's armes, but that I hold it not fit to forestall the reader in a preface. I am onely to beg pardon for my lesse polisht style, which I shal the rather hope to obtain, since things of this nature require a plaine delivery, rather than elegancy or affected phrase, not doubting but that the discovery of this art will yeeld so greet contentment to you, whose wits are elevate as farre above the vulgar, as are your rankes and qualities, that in some academickall session, you will decree the author to be your President, the Art your exercise.

Ex Aedib. Interioris Templi, }
27 Mart. 1646.

T. B."

ART. XVII. *The English Improver, or a New Survey of Husbandry, discovering to the kingdome, that some Land, both arrable and pasture, may be advanced double or treble; other land to a five or tenfold, and some to a twenty-fold improvement: yea, some, now not worth above one or two shillings per acre, be made worth thirty, or forty, if not more. Clearly demonstrated from principles of sound reason, ingenuity, and late but most certain*

real experiences. Held forth under six peeces of improvement: viz. 1. By floating or watering such lands as are capable thereof. 2. By reducing boggy or drowned land to sound pasture. 3. By such a way of ploughing and corneing old coarser pasture, as not to impoverish it; and by such a method of enclosure, as shall provide for poore, and all interests without depopulation. 4. By discovering divers materials for soyle and compost, with the nature and use of them, as both tillage and pasture be advanced as high as promised. 5. By such a new plantation of divers sorts of woods, as in twenty yeares, they shall rise more than in forty yeares naturally. 6. By a more moderate improvement of other sorts of lands, according to their capacities they lie under, by more common experiences. By WALTER BLITH, a lover of Ingenuity. London, printed for J. Wright, at the King's Head in the Old Bayley. 1649. 4to. pp. 176, besides Dedication and Epistle.

This volume, once of considerable reputation, and still curious, is dedicated "to those of the Houses of Parliament, whose vacancies, from the great businesse of the kingdom, will admit the reading."

The author says in his Epistle, "The original cause of this discourse was occasioned by reason of the author's ambition of some additions to some rude experiments he himself had made, which occasioned him to such a diligent enquiry, both what had been practised by any that he could possibly heare of, that he undertooke divers journeys into severall parts of this kingdome, to see some experiments made by
divers

divers gentlemen therein. All which are very good and worthie imitation, but not fully satisfactorie to his thirstie spirit, nor sutable to his present practise.

“ Which unsatisfiednesse, occasioned him also to make diligent search throughout the great citie, in most stationers shops there, not questioning satisfaction to his own desire; but there found little to his satisfaction neither. Yet some few there are that have been very useful to many men, which have much of the theorie of husbandrie in them, wherein they hold forth many good directions and prescriptions, now well knowne, and many of them practised in this kingdome. Therefore I shall forbear to say any thing at all to those particulars, my course steering another way; onely I shall declare my opinion of some of their workes, and principles, and so proceed.

“ There are divers pieces of Master Markham’s, which containe much for profit, and more for recreation, and are usefull, and have been advantageous to the kingdome; who treats of all things at large, that either concernes the husbandman, with the good housewife. And severall instruments and tooles to them belonging, that concerne the house or field, cattell, horse and sheepe. All matter and manner of recreations at home and abroad, with their instruments also. All which, though old, and the spirits drained out, yet have been very usefull to the kingdome, and worthy much honour.

“ There is also a great book in folio, called “ the Country Farm,” translated out of the French; to me conceived of little use to us, at least holdeth forth to us, either rarely or mystically, any improvement to

purpose for this kingdome. Master Gouge in his Husbandrie also holdeth forth many things of the like nature, and to the same purpose as Master Markham had done before him.* As for Master Tusser, who rimeth out of his experiences, if thou delightest therein, thou mayst find things worthy thy observation. And one or two writers more of little worth or excellency, which I forbear to mention. But Sir Francis Bacon's "Natural Historie," let it have high esteeme; 'tis full of varietie and admiration for true philosophie, and shall be acknowledged as a Sunne in the Theorie, to these poore and lowe moonlight discoveries, which are but meane experiences of the lowest practique husbandrie. Onely the last I met withall is Master Gabriel Plats, who is very rationall and ingenuous, with all which, or with which soever thou conversest, thou mayst find some addition to thy owne experiences. Therefore having made some later experiments myselfe, and finding scarce one word at all extant to these purposes, being prevailed with by the importunitie of some friends to communicate the same to publique view, hoping thereby to give either encouragement to some deeper and sollid practitioners to hold out their experienced principles, or else to exasperate or provoke the offended or gaine-sayer, rather to reprove it; which I shall accept most lovingly, especially seeing the occasion given is from a loving spirit, desiring a most cleare, plaine, and cordiall information to himselfe and kingdome, by whomsoever." †

* Barnaby Googe preceded Markham. *Editor.*

† Subsequent editions, with additions, were entitled "The Improver Improved, 1652," &c. *Editor.*

ART. XVIII. *A very briefe and profitable Treatise declaring howe many counsellis, and what maner of Counselers a Prince that will gouerne well ought to have.*

The Booke speaketh.

All you that Honors woulde atcheeue,
And Counsellers eke desire to bee,
Of selfe loue flee the false belecue,
And learne my lore that you may see
What worthynesse in you doth reygne,
Such worthy state thereby t' atteyne.

Imprinted at London by William Seres. Small 12mo. pp. 128, but not paged.

This singular little book has at the back of its title-page the Earl of Leicester's Crest, a Bear and Ragged Staff, encircled with a Garter; also the motto *Firmo Appoggio*, and date 1570. Dedication. "To the ryght Noble *Erle of Leycester*, one of hir highnesse most Honorable, wise, and graue Counselers."

"For lack of better habilitie, I am bolde after my olde wonte, to presēt your Honor with inke and paper, more to doe my bounde dutie in shewing myselfe thankfull towards you, for your great benifits bestowed on mee: than for any profite or pleasure, that I know your Honor can reape any waye of my rude wryting. And yet, amongst al the tryfles that ever I wrote, there was none in mine opinion that ought to please you better than this little Treatise, representing vnto you, as it were in a glasse, manv of those good vertues and qualities that do raigne in you, and ought to raigne in euery other good counseler. Which Treatise was first written in the Spanishe tongue

tongue by a Spanyard called FEDERICO FVRIO, and afterward trāslated into the Italian tongue by another Spanyard called ALFONSO D'VLLOA, but not with so good grace as I beleeeue it had in the Spanishe, which in deede I neuer sawe, and therefore though my very friend Mayster John Baptist Castiglion, one of the Gromes of hir Highnesse priuie chamber, vpo good zeale he had to profite many, deliuered me the saide booke at my last being at the Court, earnestly requesting me to put the same into our vulgar tong, yet I would not altogether trāslate it, but thought it best to make a brieft collection of the substance thereof, cutting of all superfluous talke, and yet leauing nothing out (I trust) that was necessary to be spoken. But howsoeuer it be I most humbly beseech your Honor to take it well in worth," &c. &c.

"From Newton Flotman * the first of Aprill, 1570.

Most bounde to your Honor,

THOMAS BLUNDEVILL."

To a Prince that will govern well "Seauen Counsells" are recommended: viz. of revenue, of state, of war, of victuals, of law, of correction, and of rewards. After expatiating on the advantages which would accrue from this system, our author teaches us the qualities both of mind and body which are "requisite in anye counseler in generall."

The qualities of mind are no less than *fifteen*.

- " 1. To be wise.
2. To be eloquent.
3. To speake dyuers languages.

* In Norfolk.

4. To be a good hystoriographer.
 5. To be a good morall philosopher.
 6. To be politique.
 7. To be a traueler.
 8. To know the force as well of hys Prince, as of his enymies and neyghbours.
 9. To loue hys common wealth, and to preferre the profite, and honor thereof, before his owne gaine and estimation.
 - 10 To haue a right iudgement in all thinges without partialitie, esteeming honestie and truthe more than friende or kinsman, and to be no maintainer of any sect or faction, which be perillous members in anye common wealth.
 11. To be iust in correcting the euill without rygour, and in rewarding the good according to their due desertes.
 12. To be liberall.
 13. To be beneficiall towards his common wealth.
 14. To be affable, that is to saye, courteous and gentle, in hys speech and behauour towards all sortes of men, both poore and ryche.
 15. And finally, to haue a noble, stowite, couragious, and a constant minde, not fearing to lose both lyfe and goodes for the truth sake." W. H.
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ART. XIX. MRS. KATHERINE PHILLIPS.

[*From Oldys.*]

"Mrs. Katherine Phillips was born 1 Jan. 1631, being twenty-six years old on 1 Jan. 1657, as she says
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in one of her own poems. She married Mr. Phillips very young.

“ Her husband being a sufferer by the prevailing Power in the Civil Wars, to read the poem expressing her brave and faithful heart to him, in the comfort she administers to him under the affliction of his reduced and straitened circumstances, that as the Parliament has rescued him, Providence would do so too, it must be a hard heart, that can read the poem without returning her some affection, or sympathizing in her tenderness towards him ! There is as much fire of a virtuous love in this and several other of her poems, as there is of a vicious one in any of Mrs. Behn’s.

“ Bishop Taylor addresses his Measures and Offices of Friendship in a letter to Mrs. Katherine Phillips, 1657, 12mo. 2d Edit.

“ Her poems were published in 8vo. a little before her death, 1664. Again, enlarged and corrected, with her Tragedies of Horace and Pompey, 1667, 8vo. Again 1669, and 1678, with a bust of her by W. Faithorne, and Preface to Sir Charles Cotterell : again 1710, 8vo. by Tonson.

She wrote under fictitious names : Antenor is her husband ; Lucasia is Mrs. Anne Owen, whom she most dearly loved, and who was admitted into the society in 1651, and had her picture drawn by Sam. Cooper, after Mrs. Montague. Mr. Henry Lawes, and Dr. Coleman, set several of her songs, &c.”

She died 22 June, 1664, aged 33.

She was the daughter of a merchant, of the name of Fowler.

ART. XX. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

To the Editor.

SIR,

The veneration I have long possessed for the character of Sir Philip Sidney, and the beautiful Introduction to his Sister, the Countess of Pembroke, which he prefixed to the *Arcadia*, have made me anxious to procure every thing that relates to so renowned a scholar. In this search I have met with the following interesting quarto volume, which I believe is not generally known. "A Worke concerning the Trunesse of Christian Religion, written in French: against Atheists, Epicures, Paynims, Jews, Mahumetists, and other Infidels. By Philip of Mornay, Lord of Plessie Marlie. Begunne to be translated into English by that honourable and worthy Gentleman, Syr *Philip Sidney* Knight, and at his request finished by *Arthur Golding*. Since which time, it hath bene reviewed, and is now the third time published, and purged from sundrie faultes escaped heretofore thorow ignorance, carlesnes, or other corruption. At London Printed for George Potter, dwelling at the great North doore of S. Pauls Church, at the signe of the Bible, 1604."

The volume, which consists of 590 pages, is dedicated "To the High and Mightie Henry Friderick Prince of Wales: and this is followed by an Epistle Dedicatorie, from du Plessie, To the Right High and mightie Prince, Henry King of Nauarre, Souereigne of Bearne, and a Peere and Chiefe Prince of the blood Royall of France:" to them succeeds the Preface to the Reader.

The

The following are some of the Summes of the Chapters.

1. " That there is a God, and that all Men agree in the Godhead.
2. That there is but only one God.
3. That the wisdom of the worlde acknowledgeth one onely God.
4. What it is that Man is able to comprehend concerning God.
5. That in the one Essence of God there are three persōs, which we cal the Trinitie.
6. That the world had a beginning.
7. When the world had his beginning.
8. That the wisdom of the world acknowledgeth the creation of the world.
9. That God created the world of nothing, that is to say, without any matter, substance, or stuffe whereof to make it.
10. That God by his prouidēce gouerneth the world, and all things therein.
11. That all the euil which is, or which seemeth to be in the world, is subject to God's prouidence.
12. That mans wisdom hath acknowledged God's prouidēce, and how the same wadeth between destiny and fortune.
13. That mans Soule is immortall.
14. That the immortalitie of the soule hath bin taught by the ancient Philosophers and beleued by all nations.
15. That man's nature is corrupted, and he himselfe

selfe fallen from his first original, and by what meanes.

16. That the men of former time are of accord with vs concerning man's corruption and the cause thereof.

17. That God is the Soueraigne welfare of mā, and therefore that the cheefe end of man ought to be to return vnto God.

18. That the wisest of al ages are of accord that God is the cheefe But, and Soueraigne welfare of man.

J. S. C.

Henry Claydon is to send a copy of this to my copy library for review

ART. XXI. *The History of Gustavus Ericson.* By Mrs. Sarah Scott. 1761. 8vo.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I enclose you an account of a publication of the late Mrs. Scott, whose other works are noticed in the CENSURA LITERARIA. The "History of Gustavus Ericson," in point of composition, is fully equal to the Life of D'Aubigné. I believe it is become a scarce book. The memorandum herewith is annexed to a copy in the library of T. B. Esq. of N—.

I beg leave to wish you every possible success in the prosecution of a work calculated to be eminently useful to the lovers of antiquarian research.

London, Dec. 12, 1805.

M. B.

"The name of Henry Augustus Raymond, annexed to the title of the History of Gustavus Ericson,

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is fictitious, the real author being Mrs. Sarah Scott, wife of George Lewis Scott, Esq. sub-preceptor to his present Majesty (George the Third) during his minority, and afterwards one of the Commissioners of Excise, whom she survived near fifteen years, and died at her house at Catton, near Norwich, in 1795. She was sister to the celebrated Mrs. Montagu of Portman Square, London, who died in 1800; they were daughters of Matthew Robinson, Esq. of West Layton in Yorkshire, and Monks-Horton, near Hythe, in Kent; their elder brother Matthew, Lord Rokeby, died also in 1800. With abilities of a superior cast, and distinguished literary attainments, there was a mixture of eccentricity in the character of all the three. Mrs. Scott wrote also the *Life of Theodora Agrippa D'Aubigné*, published in 1772."

The above is transcribed from a manuscript memorandum written on the first leaf of a copy of "*The History of Gustavus Ericson, King of Sweden, with an Introductory History of Sweden, from the Middle of the Twelfth Century. By Henry Augustus Raymond, Esq. Printed for A. Millar, 1761, 8vo.*"

T. B.

Motives of delicacy restrain the Editor from entering at large upon the characters of those whom the present communication gives him an opportunity to mention; but he cannot totally omit the occasion to say a few words. The epithet "eccentric" was totally inapplicable to Mrs. Montagu. She justly prided herself upon her knowledge of the world, and her conformity to its manners and habits. It was indeed her defect that she had too great a regard to these things, and
damped

damped her transcendent talents by a sacrifice to the cold dictates of worldly wisdom. Her understanding was as sound as her fancy was lively *; her taste was correct and severe; and she penetrated the human character with an almost unerring sagacity; but her love of popularity, her vanity, and her ambition of politeness, controuled her expressions, and concealed her real sentiments from superficial observers. No one had seen more of life than she had; and of that part of mankind, who were eminent either for their genius or their rank; and, for many years, during the latter part of her long existence, her splendid house in Portman Square is well known to have been open to the literary world. She had lived at the table of the second Lord Oxford, the resort of Pope, and his contemporaries; she was the intimate friend of Pulteney, and Lyttelton; and she survived to entertain Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Reynolds, till their respective deaths. Beattie was frequently her inmate; and Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who now has been distinguished as an author for nearly seventy years, and still exhibits on the eve of ninety the possession of her extraordinary faculties and acquirements, was, from their early years, her intimate friend, correspondent, and visitor. During these continued opportunities Mrs. Montagu was not idle or heedless; she saw human nature in all its windings; and she saw it with the aid of a constellation of wits. Her knowledge therefore was eminently acute and practical; and as

* The Essay on Shakspeare is really a wonderful performance, as all, who will examine it impartially, must admit. It is a ridiculous supposition that she was assisted by her husband. Mr. Montagu's talent lay in mathematical pursuits.

she was a votary of the manners of the world even to a fault, had no pretensions to the epithet "eccentric." In making these observations the Editor trusts he shall not be deemed to have gone beyond the occasion; for he has touched only on a very small part of the character of Mrs. Montagu. *

To her brother, the late Lord Rokeby, indeed the term "eccentric" might not unjustly be applied. He was the perfect opposite to his sister. From his very boyhood he resolved to live by the guide of his own understanding. That understanding was by nature vigorous, and by constant exercise eminently acute; and, if he sometimes became bewildered in labyrinths for want of the assisting lights of others, he often struck out unexpected truths, which in personal conferences he communicated with peculiar force by the energy of his manner; but of which, for want of attention to the polish of language and the arts of composition, he did not gain the full credit with the public at large. In the early part of his life he had associated with the world, and sat in Parliament. Ill health first drove him into a fixed retirement; but when there, he had an opportunity of completely emancipating himself from the sphere of the world's prejudices. He saw its follies "through the loophole of retreat," and he had the courage to judge and act for himself. The baubles of life had no attractions for him. Solitude was no desert in his eyes. He looked around him on creation with an expanded heart, and surveyed the simple and unsophisticated charms

* It is much to be lamented that Mr. Montagu delays to publish his Aunt's Letters, for which he has such voluminous materials.

of Nature with rapture. I saw him at the age of eighty-five, from the stone steps of his hall, lifting his arm to point out the beautiful scenes around him with a heart full of gratitude to Providence for the pleasures of which our existence is capable; and then heard him lament with a tremulous and energetic eloquence how those blessings were thrown away by the crimes of society, which, influenced by luxury and instigated by ambition, defiled them with litigation, and wasted them with wars, and rapine, and bloodshed!

On the verge of eighty-eight he died in the vigour of his body and mind, from neglect of an accidental complaint in his leg. But the lamp of life could not easily be extinguished: his struggles to the last were full of agonizing strength. His heart was the very seat of simplicity, independence, and integrity. His intellect was powerful and commanding. He had a few peculiarities, which gave scope for the misrepresentations and silly comments of the light-hearted, and the light-headed; beings, about whom he gave himself no concern; and whom no man of elevated mind will ever condescend to notice!

Dec. 23, 1805.

ART. XXII. *An Account of Sir James Steuart, Bart.*
(See Vol. I. p. 151.)

Sir James Steuart was the only son of Sir James Steuart, Bt. Solicitor General of Scotland, t. Queen Anne and Geo. I. (by Anne, daughter of Sir Hew Dalrymple,) son of Sir James Steuart, Lord Advocate of Scotland, 1692. He was born Oct. 21, 1712; was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and chose

the profession of the law ; but led by the fashion of his country to foreign travel, he lost five years abroad, and returned to Scotland, an accomplished gentleman, 1740, and married October 25, 1743, Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss. He now retired to his seat at Coltness, but returning to Edinburgh 1745, renewed the connection with the Pretender, which he had formed at Rome in an evil hour. Hence he retired to Paris, and on the hopes of his party being blasted, settled at Sedan, where he remained till 1754. He then employed several years in study. At length his son's education induced him to remove to Paris. In 1755 he carried his family into Flanders, and at this time began to communicate the fruit of his literary studies to the world. He published at Frankfort on the Main, where he resided in 1757, "A Vindication of Newton's Chronology," in French, which engaged him in much controversy. In June 1757, he settled at Tübingen in Germany, and here published his "Treatise on German Coins," in the German language. In 1758, he travelled for his health through the Tyrol to Venice, where he met Lady M. Wortley Montagu. Hence he returned to Tübingen, and published in Jan. 1761, "A Dissertation upon the doctrine and principles of money, applied to the German Coin." In this year he had so far softened resentment at home as to obtain his son a cornetcy in the British service. He now left Tübingen, and settled at Antwerp, from which resorting to Spa, he was on some suspicion sent by the French a state prisoner to the fortress of Charlemont. This ill treatment produced a remonstrance to the British government, and the peace ensuing, Sir James was restored to his liberty.

At

At length our author obtained an assurance from those in power, that he should not be molested at home; on which he hastened to London, and in 1763 retired to Edinburgh, and thence soon settled at Coltness. "It was in the quiet of this retirement, that Sir James probably put his last hand to his "Inquiry into the Principles of Political Economy," the labour of eighteen years diligent search. This was the last work which Andrew Millar purchased, and for which he gave 500*l.* but when the book was published in 1767, it did not sell fast, according to his own phrase, whereby his last bargain was in the end found to be his worst. This is one of those books, with regard to which the critics and the public differed in opinion. Yet on behalf of the reader, it ought to be remembered, that the subject was, at that time, new in Britain, and as difficult as it was uncommon; that to perform a task is seldom agreeable even to the few, to whom a task can be set; that he, who professes to inform more than to please, must attract by his manner, while he displays in his matter the extent of his knowledge, and the usefulness of his informations. Adam Smith has been heard to observe that he understood Sir James's system better from his conversation than his volumes.* But we must mitigate this sarcasm, when we recollect that these two eminent men, of the same country and age, were competitors in science, and rivals in fame."

* "The Inquiry into the Principles of Political Economy was published at London, in two 4to. vols. 1767. It was reprinted at Dublin 1770, in 3 vols. 8vo. and it was then very widely circulated in the Colonies. The best analysis of that very complicated and extensive subject is to be seen in the Table of Contents, which is prefixed to each volume."

In 1769 he published "Considerations on the Interests of the County of Lanark," in the name of Robert Frame.

The time at last arrived, when the solicitations of his friends procured his pardon to pass the Great Seal, 1771. In 1772 he printed "The Principles of Money applied to the present state of the Coin of Bengal." He now wrote also "A Plan for introducing a uniformity of Weights and Measures," published since his death, and engaged in metaphysical enquiries, which produced "Observations on Beattie's Essay on Truth," and "Critical Remarks on the Atheistical falsehoods of Mirabaud's System of Nature, 1779," which he followed by "A Dissertation concerning the motive of Obedience to the Law of God."

At length this eminent person died Nov. 26, 1780, aged 67, leaving one son, the present Sir James Steuart, (Denham) Bart. a General in the Army, and Colonel of the 12th Dragoons. *

ART. XXIII. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Under this head it is the intention of the Editor to insert, towards the close of his Numbers, after the manner of the Reviews, short articles, containing either Title-pages only, or Title pages, accompanied by brief remarks. A collection of mere Title-pages is often extremely useful, as is proved by the works of Ames, Herbert, and Ritson: and there are many cases

* Abridged from the Life annexed to "The Works of Sir James Steuart, in 6 vols. 8vo. 1805.

in which the Editor wants either room, or opportunity, for more.

Art. 1. *Certain ancient Tracts concerning the management of Landed Property, reprinted. London. Printed for C. Bathurst, &c. 1767. 8vo.*

This volume consists of a new edition of the Book of Husbandry, and Book of Surveying of Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, and of Xenophon's Treatise of Householde, translated by Gentian Hervet, at the desire of Geoffrey Pole.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"The following Treatises are reprinted partly on account of their usefulness, and partly for the sake of their antiquity. The book was become exceedingly scarce, has been much sought after, and purchased sometimes at an high price. The Husbandry, and the Surveying, are attributed, and with good reason, to that most able Judge Sir Anthony Fitzherbert. The translation of the *Λογος Οικονομικος* of Xenophon is the best version of that piece in the English language, and expresses with some success the simple and unaffected style, and the humorous and sagacious dialogue, of that elegant writer. Upon the whole, they all very well deserved to be rescued from oblivion; and if they shall afford their readers either information, or amusement, the Editor's purpose will be answered."

Art. 2. *Tusser Redivivus, being part of Mr. Thomas Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Husbandry, directing what corn, grass, &c. is proper to be sown; what trees to be planted; how land is to be improved; with whatever is fit to be done for the benefit of the farmer, in every month of the year. To which are added Notes and Observations, explaining many obsolete terms in the said Tusser, and what is agreeable to the present practice in several counties of this kingdom. A work very*

very necessary and useful for gentlemen, as well as farmers and occupiers of land, whether wood-ground, or tillage, and pasture. London. Printed, and are to be sold by J. Morphew, near Stationers Hall, 1710. 8vo.

This was published, in twelve Monthly Numbers, by Daniel Hilman, a Surveyor of Epsom, in Surry. It is digested into such parts as are applicable to each month, and contains a regular intermixture of Tusser's Quatrains, with a prose commentary by the Editor. A short specimen will be sufficient.

"JANUARY.

"When Christmas is ended, bid feasting adue;
Go, plaie the good husband, thy stocke to reueue :
Be mindful of rearing in hope of a gaine ;
Dame Profit shall give thee reward for thy paine.

"The author lived the greatest part of his time in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex ; in the two former there is much cattle reared at present ; the latter is much altered from what they did formerly, by suckling of calves, and housing of lambs, and the taking in of commons."

Art. 3. Albion's England. A continued historie of the same kingdome from the originals of the first inhabitants thereof : with most the chiefe alterations and accidents theare hapning, unto and in the happie raigne of our now most gracious Soveraigne, Queene Elizabeth. Not barren in varietie of inventive and historicall intermixtures. First penned and published by William Warner : and now revised and newly enlarged by the same author : whereunto is also newly added an Epitome of the whole Historie of England. London, printed by Edm. Bollifant for George Potter, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's Churchyard, at the signe of the Bible, 1602. 4to. pp. 398, besides Epistle, Address to the Reader, and Contents,

This

This once-celebrated poem, first published 1586, and of which there were several intermediate editions, is dedicated by Warner, (for an account of whom see Percy's Ballads, I. 311. II. 239, &c.) * to his patron, Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon.

The poem begins with these four lines,

"I tell of things done long agoe, of many things in few;
And chiefly of this clime of ours the accidents pursue.

Thou high Director of the same, assist mine artlesse penne,
To write the gests of Brutons stout, and actes of
English-men."

It consists of 13 books, and 79 chapters. The Epitome of the History of England is in prose.

Of this work, and its several editions, I mean to give a more full account in future.

Art. 4. *An Æthiopian Historie: first written in Greeke by Heliodorus, and translated into English by T. V. No lesse witty then pleasant: being newly corrected, and augmented, with divers new additions by the same author. Whereunto is also annexed the argument of every booke in the beginning of the same, for the better understanding of the storie. Printed at London for William Cotton, and are to be sold at his shop, adjoyning to Ludgate, 1605. 4to. pp. 152, besides dedication, and address to the Reader.*

The dedication of this work to Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, &c. is signed "Thomas Underdowne."

This author was the translator of Ovid's Ibis, illustrated with notes, 1569, &c. Warton says he opened a new field of Romance, which seems partly to have suggested Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia, by this translation of Heliodorus, which was first published in 1577. Abraham Fraunce also translated into English Hexameters the beginning of Heliodorus's History. †

* See also Wart. H. E. P. 111, 474. Theatr. Poet. 215. Rit. Bibl. Po. 384.

† Wart. III. 419, 420. Theatr. Poet. 110, 112.

Art. 5. *The Dutie of Sir Francis Wortley, delineated in his pious pittie, and Christian commiseration of the sorrowes and sufferings of the most vertuous, yet unfortunate Lady Elisabeth Queene of Bohemia. Being a dedication to Fame and Truth, prefer'd to both the Houses of Parliament. By her humble Servant and Honourer, Sir Francis Wortley, Knight and Baronet. London, printed by R. O. for F. W. 1641. 4to.*

For an account of Sir Francis Wortley, who was born 1591, and knighted 1610, see Wood's Ath. II. 189.

Art. 6. *An Elegie upon the death of Thomas Earle of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who was beheaded upon Tower Hill the 12th of May, 1641, by Thomas Herbert.*

*Take an example from Lord Wentworth all,
Lest by high climbing you do chance a fall,*

Printed A. D. 1641. pp. 7.

See Wood's Athenæ, II. 693, who supposes the author not to be the same with Sir Thomas Herbert, the traveller, nor with another Sir Thomas, who was clerk of the council at Dublin to Henry Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant, 1657.

The following were communicated by a gentleman of Liverpool.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I have in my possession the following works.

Art. 7. *The Thre Kings of Coleyne.* An engraved title-page, under the above, of the Three Wise Men's offering to Christ sitting on his mother's lap: a pretty good performance, considering when it was engraved. The work is comprized

comprized in about 64 pages, but not numbered. The prologue, as well as the rest, black letter. It begins thus :

" Here beginneth the lyfe of the Thre Kings of Colenige fro that time they sought our Lord;" and ends, " And thus we make an ende of this most excellent treatyse of those Glorious Kynges, whose bodyes rest in the cyte of Coleyne. Imprinted at London in Flete-strete at the Sygne of the Sunne by Wynkin de Worde, the year of our Lord God MCCCCC and XXVI." At the end the mark of William Caxton, Sun, Moon, Stars, Sagittarius, and Leo. Inscribed " Wynkin de Worde." *.

Art. 8. *Here begyneth a goodly treatyse, and it is called a Notable Lesson, otherwise it is called the Golden Pystle. Impressum Anno Dom. M.CCCCC.XXX.*

Beneath it is ornamented with two figures, one representing an holy Father admonishing a Layman in a suppliant attitude on his knees. The scene a Gothic Interior. This curious work consists of about twelve pages, not numbered; the last leaf of which has the marks of W. C. and Wynkin de Worde, as before †.

Art. 9. *In Die Innocencium Sermo pro Episcopo Puerorum.*

This contains about 25 pages, also in black letter, double folios, ornamented at the end with the crucifixion of our Saviour between two thieves, and one of the soldiers on horseback piercing him with his spear in his side: engraved on wood, and the similar mark of W. C. and W. de Worde. Of a smaller size than the last.

Art. 10. *The Proverbes of Lydgate.*

Below is the portraiture of a gentleman with a stick in his hand, standing with two holy fathers in conversation.

* See Herb. I. 172. *Editor.*

† Ibid. I. 213. *Editor.*

On the other side of the title-page is another very curious print, which represents an holy father sitting under a canopy with a number of books before him on a table, and an ancient reading-desk thereon. It is comprized in 56 pages, also in black letter, prologue, title, &c. included. At the end, "Here endeth the Proverbes of Lydgate upon the Fall of Princes." Imprinted as the first, with the same marks by Wynkin de Worde*.

Art. 11. *Skelton Laureate agaynst a comely Coystrawynge, that curiously chauncytyd and curryshly counteid, and madly in his maskys mokkyshly made agaynst XI Musys of Polytyke Poems and Poettys Matryculat.*

Underneath is a wood cut of the Laureat, as it seems, a man in a loose robe, with a book in his hand, which he is holding up, and an inscription in the background: he is decorated with a crown of laurel, and seated under a Gothic canopy. His poem begins,

"Of all nacyns under the hevyn;"

it closes thus:

"Wryten at Croydon by Crowland in the clay,
On Candlemass evyn the calendes of May †."

This and the two following are "Imprinted by Richard Pynson, Printer to the King's most noble Grace."

Art. 12. *Here followyethe the dyvers Balletys and Dytical calacyous devised by Master Skelton, Laureat.*

It begins with,

"Lullay, lulley, lyke a chyld;"

and is comprized in eight pages, black letter, printed as above.

* See Herbert, I. 230. *Editor.*

† This edition is not mentioned by Ritson, who says the poem was included in Skelton's Works by T. Marsh, 1568. *Editor.*

Art.

Art. 13. *Honorificatissimo, Amplissimo, longeque Reverendissimo in Christo patri ac domino Domino Thom. Sc. Sc.*—*A Replycation against certain young Scholairs, abjured of late, Sc. Sc. by Master Shelton, Laureat.*

Comprized in 20 pages of black letter, printed as above.

Art. 14. *An Interlocucion, with an Argument betwixt Man and Woman, and which of them could prove most excellent.*

An engraved title-page, and another wood print of a musing priest leaning on his hand in his library, with numerous books in the ancient costume. Comprized in 12 folios, printed by Wynkin de Worde.

Art. 15. *The Gospelles of Dystanes.*

A most curious book, ornamented with five wooden cuts relating to the subjects: the whole, gossiping conversations, which are singular, and are divided into six days; and each day into numerous chapters or heads. Comprized in 60 folios, in black letter. Printed by Wynkin de Worde.

Art. 16. Here beginneth a lytle Boke named *The Schola House of Women: wherein every man may rede a goodly prayer of the condytyons of weomen.* Imprinted at London, in Paules Churchyarde, at the sygne of the Maydenhead, by Thomas Petyt. MDLXI*.

Comprized in 32 folios of poetry, in black letter.

Art. 17. *The Shepherd's Calender. Containing twelve Æglogues proportionable to the twelve Months, entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chivalrie, M. Philip Sidney.* Im-

* See Herbert, I. 553. *Edit.*

printed at London by Thomas East* for John Harrison the younger, dwelling in Paternoster Row, at the sign of the Anker, and are there to be sold. 1581.

Comprized in 112 folios, every month embellished with an emblematic wooden cut, suitable to the subject treated on.

[To be continued.]

ART. XXIV. *Literary Obituary.*

Sept. 25. Rev. Edward Evanson, aged 74, author of Theological Tracts.

Sept. 27. Thomas Dogherty, Esq. of Gray's Inn, author of the "Crown Circuit Assistant," &c.

Oct. 21. William Clarke, Esq. of Liverpool, the friend and literary correspondent of Mr. Roscoe.

Oct. 28. Daniel Dumaresque, D.D., Prebendary of Salisbury, æt. 95.

Nov. 12. Robert Holmes, D.D. Dean of Winchester.

Dec. 12. Mr. John Almon, formerly Bookseller in Piccadilly, and well known in the literary world.

Same day, Mr. Henry Sampson Woodfall, formerly an eminent Printer, and Conductor of the Public Advertiser, in which the Letters of Junius appeared.

Richard Bull, Esq. an eminent collector.

* See Herb. II. 1160, who says printed by J. Windet. *Edm.*

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER VII.

[Being the Third Number of Vol. II.]

ART. I. *The Secret Correspondence of Sir Robert Cecil with James VI. King of Scotland. Now first published. Edinburgh. Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. London. MDCCLXVI. Duod. pp. 235.*

THIS was one of the publications of Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. * Lord Hailes; and, for some reason or other, does not often occur in modern catalogues. At least I was not successful in procuring a copy, when I was compiling the "Memoirs of Peers of James I.;" and only lately met with it in the library of a near relation.

Its contents are singularly curious and important. They add tenfold confirmation to the duplicity, artifice, and intrigue, of Sir Robert Cecil. And though, in the opinion of many, they may not detract from his ability,

* Sir David also published "Memorials and Letters of British History, temp. Jam. I. and Charles I. 2 vols. Glasg. 1766." Sir David was born at Edinburgh, 28 Oct. 1726; educated at Eton school, and Utrecht; called to the Scotch bar, 1748; and a Judge of Session 1766, with the title of Lord Hailes. He died 29 Nov. 1792, æt. 66, and was the author of many valuable publications, especially historical.

they must fill all virtuous minds with a horror of his selfish, and ungenerous, character.

The number of the letters is sixteen, of which the first contains King James's Instructions to the Earl of Marr and Mr. Edward Bruce, his ambassadors at the Court of Queen Elizabeth. The ninth is also a letter from this Monarch to Lord Henry Howard, (afterwards Earl of Northampton). The rest are all from Lord Henry Howard, (Cecil's instrument,) to King James, the Earl of Marr, and Mr. Edward Bruce.

The principal purpose of this correspondence was evidently to ingratiate Cecil, and the Letter-Writer, with the rising Sun, and to destroy all opinion and favour of their enemies and rivals. The primary objects of their hatred and fear were Raleigh, Cobham, and Northumberland, which at once takes away all the surprise, felt or affected, at the hard circumstances, and real or fictitious treasons, in which they were involved, soon after King James's accession to the throne of England. The intrigues, which these ill-starred men were carrying on to gain the expectant monarch's countenance, were in them, according to Cecil, flagrant crimes; though, in himself, a similar conduct was virtuous. Strange effrontery! when in him, the most confidential minister of Queen Elizabeth, it was the highest breach of trust; in them, I know not that it was even blameable!

How much then have we reason to doubt that mysterious conspiracy, which has been called Raleigh's plot! How fairly may we be sceptical, as to the justice of the punishment inflicted on Northumberland, for a supposed privity to the Gunpowder Treason! And will it be uncandid, to suspect that these accusations were but

but final strokes of that malice, which Cecil had long been pursuing against these sufferers?

Northumberland expressed his astonishment at the heavy judgments which had fallen on him, after the active attachment he conceived that he had shewn to King James's succession, and the favourable light in which he consequently believed himself to stand with that monarch. But he had not penetrated the dissimulation, and the dark cabals, of Cecil, who all this time had been representing him as at once dangerous and contemptible; so that the Sovereign's bosom had long been prepared to receive the worst impressions of him.

Raleigh had, unhappily for the purity of his own character, joined Cecil in the fall of Essex. The accomplices of a guilty deed can seldom continue their amity long. He fell himself by the swing of that power, which he had contributed to strengthen, for the destruction of others! The crooked Secretary, more crooked still in his soul than in his body, no longer required the aid of a mind so bold and romantic as Raleigh's. He could not endure, therefore, that he should participate with him the smiles of the future possessor of the throne. Raleigh, it has been said, made an equal attempt against Cecil; and if so, he, who was successful, it might naturally be expected, would crush his opponent: but of this I do not find satisfactory evidence in these letters. Lord Henry Howard no where, that I can recollect, hints at, or endeavours to obviate, personal prejudices so disseminated against his patron or himself. He throws the foulest abuse on the general characters of Raleigh and Cob-

ham ; he calls them " those wicked villains ;" * " that accursed duality ;" † " who hover in the air for an advantage, as kites do for carrion ;" ‡ and says that " hell did never spew up such a couple, when it cast up Cerberus and Phlegethon." || Nay, while they are represented unworthy of confidence, inconstant and pursuing only their own interests, they are accused of applying to Cecil himself to aid their influence, first with King James, and, on this not succeeding, with Queen Elizabeth ; applications inconsistent with a belief in this charge ; for, surely, the mighty spirit of Raleigh could never have descended to solicit the good offices of him, whose destruction he was plotting.

But the reader shall judge for himself, by the insertion of some of the passages alluded to.

" I gave you notice," says Lord Henry Howard to Mr. Fdw. Bruce, in his third letter, " of the diabolical triplicity, that is, Cobham, Raleigh, and Northumberland, that met every day at Durham House, where Raleigh lies in consultation, which awaked all the best wits of the town, out of suspicions of sundry kinds, to watch what chickens they would hatch out of these cockatrice eggs, that were daily and nightly sitten on." § — " Cobham, finding how impossible it is to cut the sinews of Cecil's motion in our estate ; and that, like a raging billow, he doth rather break himself than the rock against which he beats," &c. " either turned within five days after, or at the least seemed to turn another leaf ; and taking the advantage of the fitness of time, wherein he was appointed to accompany the Duke [of Lenox] at his last going to the Queen, brake

* P. 35. † P. 66. ‡ P. 88. § P. 132. § P. 29.

with him, touching the conceit which many hold of his affection to King James; and, as himself hath since imparted with his own mouth to Cecil, both excused himself of imputations past, and vowing future affection, which is almost miraculous." Lord Henry then gives "the reasons which Cobham vouched of his insinuation to King James." * But "Cecil knew, by certain late courses undertaken, that these were not the motives of his revolution, (though they might move a reasonable man,) but colourably laid together by Raleigh, that his purpose might be better covered and carried." †

"Cecil answered to Cobham's plain confession, that he made a great adventure if King James were either malicious or humorous, considering his ordinary axiom, both since the death of Essex and before, delivered with passion; and often openly, that it was not possible for any man to be a loyal subject to his gracious mistress, that respected King James in any degree, either present or future. Cobham said, that such fervent speeches were effects of zeal, and so to be interpreted. Cecil said that he would neither make nor meddle with his course, but he had done that which *he* would not adventure for his state, but hoped that her Majesty should outlive him; and after her, setting aside conscience, which ought ever to favour right, he was indifferent which way soever it should please God to dispose of the monarchy. This cold answer pleased not; but there was no further help, where caution had sealed up secrecy.

"The very next day Raleigh came to him with the

* P. 39, 40.

† P. 42.

same brave flourishes of confidence and love, but touching the main point more reservedly; for he denied any kind of proffer of devotion or kind affection to have been made to King James from him by the Duke, but protested, that the Duke had sent earnestly to crave conference with him privately, which he had denied with a gallant answer, that he had been over deeply engaged and obliged to his own mistress to seek favour any where, and seemed in a sort, to take the motion unkindly, that should either divert his eye, or diminish his sole respect to his own Sovereign. Cecil answering, that he did well, and as himself would have made answer, if the like offer had been made; Raleigh, without any long dissimulation, went roundly to the point, desiring Cecil to let the Queen know the particular; what had been offered, what answered. From this course Cecil dissuaded him by many reasons; as, that the Queen would rather mark a weakness that gave the Duke encouragement, than praise his resolution. Again, that it would be thought a motive only to pick a thank, and in the present by dishonour, and in the future by danger, do more hurt than it could ever do him good any way." *

" If the Duke [of Lenox] crave traffic with these gallants of intelligence by correspondency of King James, Cecil desires him not to yield to it in any sort; for the first beginning King James may find that their intentions are traitorous, and only seek, like syrens, by sweet songs, to draw those passengers within the compass of their danger, whom they would work upon for private use, and desire to devour most eagerly." †

* P. 46—48.

† P. 49.

Soon

Soon after follows a threat, which proves Cecil's confidence in his own power over King James. "You must persuade the King, in his next dispatch, to direct you to thank Cecil in the letter which you write to me, for the light he receives of Cobham and Raleigh by this advertisement; and if it please his Majesty to speak of them suitably to the concert which Cecil holds, it will be the better; for Cecil sware to me this day, that *duo erinacii*, that is, he and they, would never live under one apple-tree. The thing which Cecil would have me print in the King's mind, is the miserable state of Cobham and Raleigh, who are fain to put their heads under the girdle of him whom they envy most, and that they cannot escape his walk with all their agility; which, if you seem in your letter by the King's direction to observe, you tickle the right humour. *

"Raleigh and Cobham, as they vaunt themselves, have agreed with the Duke to further all the plots that shall be recommended hither, and returned back with a new crest for the weakening of you † and Mr. Bruce; whom they give out to be opposite to the Duke, in seeking to hold King James at the Queen's devotion, and to draw him all they can from having a good conceit of the Queen, or her chief counsellors of state, resenting still the death of Essex, and desiring, for revenge, the state's confusion. Cecil knows all this, and makes the better sport; because he hears that all their flattery to him, is only to incense him against you and Mr. Bruce, and to draw the King by compli-

* P. 52.

† Lord Marr.

ments from hence, to entertain both there and here new followers and favourites. Your Lordship may believe, that hell did never spew up such a couple, when it cast up Cerberus and Phlegethon. They are now set on the pin of making tragedies, by meddling in your affairs; since among us, longer than they follow the Queen's humour in disclaiming and disgracing honest men, their credit serves them not. For my Lord Admiral [Nottingham] the other day wished from his soul, that he had but the same commission to carry the cannon to Durham-House, that he had this time twelvemonth to carry it to Essex house, to prove what sport he could make in that fellowship." *

Sept. 1602. "In this place all is quiet, and hath ever been without disturbance, since Cobham by sickness, and Raleigh by directions, were absent from court: for though Northumberland, to maintain life in the party, were directed by them to attend the progress, yet his head is so shallow, and his friends are so few, as he was not able to make good the first point of their project, which was to give intelligence, much less to carry the Sovereign. Being weary of ill lodgings, in respect of his patched body, he made a sudden retreat, and now means to go down to visit his Damon Raleigh, who is come from his stand in Dorsetshire, which hath angered the Queen exceedingly, because he did it without premonition of his purpose, for fear of a countermand; so gracious doth his own conscience hold him at this instant with her Majesty."

The opinion of Sir John Harington, the poet, as

* P. 131—133.

† P. 229.

it is recorded in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, is worthy of attention on the subject of Raleigh's character, * as it was written by one not ill inclined to Cecil, and of undoubted sagacity, and knowledge of the world. It is contained in a letter to Dr. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1603.

" I doubt not but some state business is well-nigh begun, or to be made out; but these matters pertain not to me now. I much fear for my good Lord Grey and Raleigh. I hear the plot was well nigh accomplished, to disturb our peace, and favour Arabella Stuart, the Prince's cousin. The Spaniards bear no good will to Raleigh, and I doubt if some of the English have much better affection towards him; God deliver me from these designs. I have spoken with Carew† concerning the matter; he thinketh ill of certain people, whom I know, and wisheth he could gain knowledge and further inspection hereof, touching those who betrayed this business. Cecil doth bear no love to Raleigh, as you well understand in the matter of Essex. I wist not that he hath evil design, in point of faith or religion. As he hath often discoursed to me with much learning, wisdom, and freedom, I think he doth somewhat differ in opinion from some others; but I think also his heart is well fixed in every honest thing, as far as I can look into him. He seemeth wondrously fitted, both by art and nature, to serve the state, especially as he is versed in foreign matters, his skill

* A new Life of Sir Walter Raleigh has lately been published by Mr. A. Cayley; but, as I have not seen it, I know not whether I have fallen into any coincidence with him, of matter or opinion.

† " Sir George Carew, afterwards Ambassador to the Court of France."

being

being always estimable and praise-worthy. In religion, he hath shewn in private talk great depth and good reading, as I once experienced at his own house, before many learned men. In good truth, I pity his state, and doubt the dice not fairly thrown, if his life be the losing stake: but hereof enough, as it becometh not a poor country knight to look from the plough-handle into policy and privacy. I thank Heaven, I have been well nigh driven heretofore into narrow straits, amongst state rocks and sightless dangers; but, if I have gained little profit and not much honour, I have not ventured so far as to be quite sunken herein." *

Lord Cobham, who has hitherto been represented to have been weak, is not held forth in that light in these letters. He is here, in conjunction with Raleigh, constantly called worthless, while the imputation of weakness and ductility is reserved for the Earl of Northumberland. But it seems, Lord Henry Howard and Cecil engrossed, in their own eyes, all the virtue and the wisdom of the nation.

What a life of anxiety and restlessness must these wretches have led, who relied for their success, not on the talent, ability, and care, with which they conducted the public weal, but on their superior artifice, on their pre-eminent falsehood and deceit, in outwitting their personal rivals! Well might Cecil exclaim to Sir John Harington, (29 May, 1603) "Good Knight,

* From Park's elegant republication of the "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," 1804, Vol. I. p. 341. This is a most interesting publication, in which the Poet's letters are highly curious and valuable. His portraits of Q. Elizabeth and K. James, are unusually distinct and lively.

rest content, and give heed to one that hath sorrowed in the bright lustre of a court, and gone heavily even to the best seeming ground. It is a great task to prove one's honesty, and yet not spoil one's fortune. You have tasted a little hereof in our blessed Queen's time, who was more than a man, and in troth sometime less than a woman. I wish I waited now in her presence chamber, with ease at my food and rest in my bed. I am pushed from the shore of comfort, and know not where the winds and waves of a court will bear me; I know it bringeth little comfort on earth; and he is, I reckon, no wise man, that looketh this way to heaven!" *

The Countess of Kildare, widow of Henry Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, daughter of Lord Nottingham, and now re-married to Lord Cobham; and the Countess of Northumberland, sister to the unfortunate Essex; were both, as seems by these letters, active partisans of King James, and both being on doubtful terms with their husbands, were occasionally resorted to, by them, for the purposes of carrying on their cabals with the expectant monarch. The former is painted weak, vain, busy, and garrulous; the latter amiable and warm, and constant in her attachments.

A few other characters are touched by the malignant pens of these interested correspondents, thus: ..

"It is advertised to Cecil, that H. Leigh, at his being here, did either bring a letter or a message from your Majesty to Sussex †, which we cannot believe;

* Park's "Nuga Antiquæ of Harington, Vol. I. p. 345.

† Robert Rarliffe succeeded to the Earldom of Sussex, 37 Eliz. and died 1629.

your

your Majesty doth know the man so well, and hath so well tasted his affections in former levities. One pitying his estate not long ago, to a devoted friend of yours, with great fear that he would sink suddenly, was willed to be of good cheer, for that he had so much cork in his head, as that he should sink was impossible. I know not how, but in these days, as in former times, fools are not fortunate. Your Majesty hath had experience in Lincoln's* business, and are like enough to find it sooner by the slightest traffic with this giddy fellow, who, by how much he is less fearful than the other, by so much he is more dangerous, both being mad equally." †

Again, "Cecil is infinitely glad that Mountjoy‡ and Southampton§ are so strange to the mystery, as by this appears, and that all was not true which was advertised. He desireth me to write, that in no one thing he can acknowledge your respect and grace, so much as in casting clouds over their curiosity. For Mountjoy, out of observation, hath begun to sound, but without satisfaction, to the point of his eagerness. He knows it to be very true, as Mr. Bruce writes, that they would both be glad, that he would come into the circle, though not so much, as he hath sundry motives to believe, out of desire to set forward the main, which may be done without their privity, as to labour

* Henry Clinton, Second Earl of Lincoln, succeeded 1584, died 1616; See *Memoirs of King James's Peers*, p. 43—45.

† P. 187.

‡ Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, afterwards created Earl of Devonshire. He died 1606, aged 43. See *Memoirs*, ut sup. p. 25.

§ Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakspeare. Ob. 1624. *Ibid.* p. 322.

their

their own private ends upon advantages. He hath saved the life of the one, out of respect to his affection to King James, though it were neither ancient, nor very meritorious; he hath preserved the reputation and credit of the other for the same respect, though his adventure herein was not small. The rest must be wrought out with opportunity and time; for the Queen hath passions, against which whosoever struggles above the measure and proportion of state, shall be reputed a participant." *

In Letter XIV. there is an assertion, to which it is very difficult to give credit.

"I do remember, that in our late unlucky tragedies, many of Essex's friends were willing that he should rather break his neck, by desperate attempts suitable to their own humours, than be saved and redeemed by the faith and industry of Cecil, who, of all men living, in case he had found *subjectum bene dispositum*, would have dealt best with, and perfected the work of his deliverance." †

Thus it is that time will gradually unfold the secrets of state, and the private intrigues of cabinets. Much has been done regarding the reigns of Elizabeth and James; but I am convinced that much yet remains to be done. There is a delight in rescuing from calumny the memory of those great and unfortunate men, who have long sunk beneath the weight of falsehood and injustice, which expands the heart and elevates the soul. How willingly would I devote to it days and

* P. 188, 189,

† P. 219. "Here is an assertion," says Dalrymple, "opposed to the general current of history."

nights of labour and investigation, did my fate permit me! But, far removed from the mines of treasure, whence ore of this kind can be extracted;* at a distance from those noble repositories of letters, state-papers, and memorials, which yet have been so imperfectly explored; oppressed by difficulties, and agitated by almost hourly persecution; how can I possess the command of my humble faculties sufficiently to pursue, intensely and without interruption, any literary occupation or work of the mind? I dare not now hope that the day will ever arrive, when I shall be permitted in calmness and patience to accomplish some of those designs, long floating in my brain, which distraction and sorrow have hitherto stifled! But I will persevere. There is a selfish cowardice in sitting still, because we cannot accomplish the extent of our wishes. And compared with literature, what is there of human comfort to gild the paths of life?

ART. II. *The firste sixe booke of the moste Christian Poet Marcellus Pulingenius, called the zodiacke of life. Newly translated out of Latin into English by Barnabe Googe. Imprinted at London by Jhon Tisdale for Rafe Newbery. Anno 1561. Duod. pp. 320 besides preliminaries.*

This is said to be an exceedingly rare edition, and Mr. Herbert told Mr. Astle, to whom it belonged, that he had never seen another copy. To the title

* It is yet the author's intention soon to publish another volume of *Memoirs of the Peers of James I.* from a conviction of the utility of such a work, notwithstanding the little encouragement he has received.

page succeeds the author's coat of arms,* viz. quarterly, of four. 1. Per pale arg. & sab. a chevron between three dogs currant, counterchanged; on a chief three leopard's faces. 2. arg. a griffin segreant sab. 3. arg. a lion passt. ducally crowned. 4. arg. three towers, a mullet for difference. On the back of this coat are commendatory Latin verses by Gilbert Duke, of Cambridge. Then follows a similar Latin poem by E. Dering of Kent, which is succeeded by another of G. Chatherton, Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. After these is the following.

If Chaucer nowe should live,
 Whose eloquence divine
 Hath paste the poets al, that came
 Of auncient Brutus lyne;
 If Homere here might dwell,
 Whose praise the Grekes resounde,
 If Vergile might his yeares renewe,
 If Ovide myght be founde;
 All these myght well be sure
 Theyr matches here to fynde,
 So muche doth England flourishe now
 With men of Muses kynde.
 Synce these might find their mates,
 What shame shall this my ryme
 Reteave, that thus I publishe here
 In such a perious tyme?
 A poete ones there lyved,
 And Cherill was hys name;
 Who thought of Alexander's actes
 To make immortal fame.

* The paternal coat of arms of Googe to his Translation of Herubachius's Husbandry is different from that annexed to this work, though some of the quarterings are the same: viz. 3 boars passant, with five other quarterings.

Bredde up in Pegase house,
 Of poetes aunciente bloude,
 A thousande verses yll he made,
 And none but seven good:
 Sythe Homer, Virgile, and the rest
 May here theyr matches see,
 Lett Cherill not thereat disdayne;
 He shall be matched with me.
 For eche good verse he dyd receyve
 A peece of golde, I trowe,
 For eche yll verse the kyng did bydde
 His eare shoulde fele a blowe.
 Though I presume with him as mate
 Coequall to remayne:
 Yet seake I not herein to be
 Coparcener of his gayne.

For an account of other editions, see Herbert II.
 767, &c. and for an account of Googe and his poem,
 see Warton's Hist. E. P. II. p. 449, also this No. p. 212.

ART III. "*Microcosmos. The Discovery of the
 Little World, with the government thereof.*"

Manilius.

*An mirum est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro?
 Exemplumque Dei quisque est sub imagine parva.*

*By John Davies. At Oxford printed for Joseph
 Barnes, and are to be solde in Fleetestreet at the
 signe of the Turke's head, by John Barnes, 1603."*
 4to. pp. 254, besides pages of commendatory verses
 at the beginning, and a set of Sonnets to great
 people, &c. at the end.

This

This, which is one of the poetical wrks. of John Davies of Hereford, (for whom see Wood's *Ash.* I. 444,) is dedicated to King James, and his Queen. Then follow some verses on the union, under the same Crown, of England and Scotland, &c. An Address to the Reader, and another to Hereford, his native city. To these succeed Commendatory Verses by Jo. Sanford; Rob. Burhill, Fellow of C. C. Coll.; Nicholas Deeble; John Jamea; T. R.; Douglas Castilion; Anonymous; Charles Fitz-Jeffly; Nicholas Deeble again; Nathaniel Tomkius, and his brother Richard Davies.

The Poem is preceded by a long poetical preface in honour of King James, of twenty-eight pages, and verses entitled, "Cambria, to Henry Prince of Wales."

The "Little World," as may be guessed from the motto, is the World of the Human Mind, of which the nature, properties and conduct, afford the writer topics for a tedious poem, not easily waded through, in these days of less industry and better taste.

At the end is a long poem called "An Extasie;" after which are many Sonnets to most of the nobility and courtiers of the time. The whole concludes with verses in nine pages. "In love and affection of Master John Davies, mine approved good friend, and admiration of his excellence in the art of writing," by Nicholas Deeble; and a few Latin verses by Ed. Lapworth.

Among these dedicatory sonnets is one

"To the Right Worshipfull and most worthy Knight, Sir Edward Dyer.

Though Saturne now with Jupiter doth sitt,
Where erst Minerva and the Muses did raigne,

Ruling the Commonwealth of will, and witt,
 Plac'd in the kingdomes of thy hart and braine :
 Those planetts I adore, whose influence
 Infuseth wisdom, counsell, gravity ;
 Minerva and the Muse joyes my soules sense,
 Sith soule-delighting lines they multiplie.
 In both respects, for that that was and is,
 I tender thee the service of my Muse,
 Which shall not marre thy fame, though it may miss
 To give the name that which to it accrues ;
 Yet this gift, through thy gifts, she gives to thee :
 Time's future, Dyer, die shall never see.

J. D.

Another.

" To my beloved Mr. John Davies * of the Middle
 Temple, Councillor at the Law.

Why should it not content me, sith thy praise
 Pertaines to me, to whom thy name pertaines ;
 If thou by art to heaven thy fame canst raise ?
 Al's but *John Davies* that such glory gaines ;
 Admit it lives enroll'd in lasting lines
 In the exchequer of the sacred Muse,
 Thy name, thy fame unto my name combines
 In future times, nor thou nor I can choose.
 For, if John Davies such, such times brought forth,
 To wit, these times in which we both doe live,
 Then must John Davies share John Davies worth,
 For times to come can no distinction give.
 Then what neede I to beate my tired braines

* Sir John Davis, the author of "*Mosses Triclinium*." Another John Davis of Pangbourne, in Berks, a celebrated mathematician, born 1560, died 1625.

To make *John Daviss* live to after ages,
 When thou hast done't by thy praise-worthy penance,
 For, were I idle, I have thy workes wages.
 Or, what, if like an intellectual Sprite,
 I able were Artes spirits to purifie,
 To ravish worlds to come with rare delight,
 They would with my fame thy name glorifie.
 Then may I play, sith thou dost worke for me;
 And sith thy works do so in beauty shine,
 What neede I then for fame thus busie be,
 Sith thine is mine, and mine is likewise thine?
 It is because my mind, that's aie in motion,
 Hath to the Muses measures most devotion."

ART. IV. *A Chronological List of English Writers
 on Agriculture. With anecdotes and remarks.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 144.]

IV. "Four Bookes of Husbandrie, collected by
 Conradus Heresbachius, Councillor to the High and
 Mightie Prince, the Duke of Cleve: containing the
 whole art and trade of Husbandrie, Gardening, Graffing
 and Planting, with the antiquitie and commendation
 thereof. Newly Englished and increased by Barnabe
 Googe, Esq. Genesis, iii. 19. "In the sweate of
 thy face shalt thou eate thy bread," &c. At London,
 Printed by Richard Watkins, 1577, 4to."* Again,
 for John Wight, 1586, 4to. On the back is the
 author's coat of arms. Dedicated "to the Right
 Worshipfull his very good freend Syr William Fitz-
 Williams, Knight. Kingstone, the first of Februarie,

* Herbert, 1024, 723.

1577." Then a preface; a list of authors cited; and a Table of Contents. Contains besides, 194 leaves; on the last, "Olde English rules for purchasing Lande;"* and frequently printed afterwards.

This valuable writer, says Harte, translated the work here spoken of, from the Latin of Conrad Heresbach, a German nobleman, who published it at Cologne in 1573. He was of Albingham, or Alvingham, in Lincolnshire, and grandfather to Barnaby Googe, Esq. who lived there in 1634, and after. Gervase Markham reprinted this work in 1614, 4to. with insertions, intended chiefly to adapt German Husbandry to the English climate.†

V. "A Booke of the art and manner howe to plante and graffe all sortes of Trees. Englished by Leonarde Mascall." Two Editions, 4to. by Henry Binneman ‡

Again, by Henry Denham, 4to. 1572.§

* Herbert, 1024, 783.

† Harte, l. 32. Googe, also, says Harte, "translated something from Palingenius, perhaps the Zodiacus Vitæ; but I never saw it, to the best of my remembrance." The title of the first edition is—"The First three Bokes of the most Christian Poet Marcellus Palingenius, called the Zodiacke of Lyfe. Newly translated out of Latin into English by Barnaby Googe. Imprinted by John Tisdale for Rafe Newberye. An. D. 1560." On the back, Googe's coat of arms. Then an epistle dedicatory "To the righte Woorshipfull and his especiall good graundmother my Lady Hales, B. G. wisheth long lyfe and helth to the pleasure of God." Therein he styles this piece "the first frutes of his study." Next follows a Latin dedication, "Clarissimis simul ac studiosissimis Guli. Cromero, Th. Henniedo, Ra. Heimundo Armigeris" [W. Cromer, Tho. Hoorwood, and Ra. Heyman, all Kentish gentlemen] "B. Gogus Alvinghamus, S.D. Valete, ex Musæo nostro, Decimo Martii, Anno Christi 1560, ætatis nostræ XX." Then follows an acrostic of Latin Verses, by Gi. Duke," 8vo. Herb. 767. For an account of the next edition, see before, p. 206.

‡ Herb. 990.

§ Ib. 947.

Again,

Again, by John Wight, 1580, 4to.

Again, by Thomas East, 1590, 4to. entitled "A Booke of the Arte and Maner how to plant and graffe all sorts of trees, how to sette stones, and sow pepins, to make wild trees to graffe on, as also remedies and medicines. With divers other new practises, by one of the abbey of S. Vincent, in Fraunce, practised with his own hands: divided into seven chapters, with an addition in the ende, of certain Dutch practises, set forth and Englished by Leonard Mascall." Imprinted for Thomas Wight, 1590." On the back "The Booke to the Reader," in metre. Dedicated "to Sir Jhon Paulet, Knight, Lord S. Jhon. To the gentle Reader. The Table. An Exhortation to the Planter and Graffer," with a cut of proper instruments, eighty-four pages, and an alphabetical table, 4to.*

"The Husbandlie ordning, and governmente of Poultrie. Practised by the leapedate, and such as have been knowne skilfullest in that arte, and in our tyme. Imprinted by Thomas Purfoote for Garret Dewse, 1581." Dedicated "to Mrs. Katherine, wife of Maister James Woodford, Esq. and cheefe Clarke of the Kitching to Q. Elizabeth." By Leonard Mascall, 8vo.†

"The first Book of Cattell; wherein is shewed the government of oxen, kine, calves, and how to use bulls, and other cattle to the yoake, and fell, with remedies. The second booke treateth of the government of horses, gathered by L. M. (Leonard Mascall.) The third booke intreateth of the orderin of sheep and goates, hogs, and dogs; with such remedies to help

* Herb. 990

† Ib. 998.

most diseases, as may chaunce unto them. Taken forth of learned authors, &c. and are to be sold by John Harrison, the elder, at the White Greyhound in Pater Noster Row. Printed by John Wolf, 1590, 4to." *

This book was new edited and enlarged by Richard Ruscam, near a century afterwards, under the following title.

"The Countreyman's Jewell: or, the Government of Cattel. Divided into three books. The first, discoursing of the government of horses with approved medicines against most diseases. The second treating of oxen, kine, and calves; and how to use bulls, and other cattel to the yoke or fell. The third, discoursing the ordering of sheep, goats, hogs, and dogs; with true remedies to help the infirmities that befall any of them. Also perfect instructions for taking of moles, and likewise for the monthly husbanding of grounds; and hath been already approved and by long experience entertained amongst all sorts; especially husbandmen, who have made use thereof, to their great profit and contentment. Also directions for gardening. Gathered at first by Leonard Mascall, but much enlarged by Rich. Ruscam, Gent. London. Printed for William Thackeray at the Angel in Duck Lane, 1680." Sm. 8vo. pp. 390, besides dedication and table.

"A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line, and all other instruments thereunto belonging. Another of sundrie engines and traps to take polcats, buzzards, rats, mice, and all other kinds of vermine, and beasts whatsoever, most profitable for all Warriners, and

such as delight in this kind of sport and pastime Made by L. M." (Leonard Mascall.) A wood cut adapted to both subjects, and under it "These Treatises have many wood cuts, especially the latter. Printed by John Wolf, and are to be sold by Edw. White, 1600." The Book of fishing, fifty pages; the other has a separate title-page, but the pages are continued to p. 92. 4to. *

VI. "The Jewell House of Art and Nature. Containing divers rare and profitable Inventions, together with sundry new experimentes in the Art of Husbandry, Distillation and Moulding. By Hugh Platte, of Lincoln's Inne, Gent. Printed by Peter Short, on Breadstreet hill, at the Star, and are to be sold in Paules Churchyard, 1594." On the back are the arms of Robert, Earl of Essex, to whom this book is dedicated. 4to. † Again, at London, 1653, 8vo.

"Sundrie new and artificiall remedies against Famine. Written by H. P. (Hugh Plat,) Esq. upon the occasion of this present dearth. Non est quo

* Herb. 1185. Leonard Mascall was of Plumsted in Sussex. Tanner says, "Registrum parochie de Farnham Royal Comit. Buckingh. perfectum, et injunctioes Cromwelli illi inseruit de tenendis registris, quibus præfiguntur Carmina Anglicana de rite tenendo libro. Hunc ipse præmisit titulum: "Hic liber perscriptus est per me Leonardum Mascallum, Gen. Clericum coquinæ de hospitiis R. P. D. Mat. Parker, Cant. Arch. 25 June, 1573." Ob. 10 May, 1589, at Farnham Royal.

† Herb. 1207. "This Jewel house consists of five apartments, or books, each with a separate title page, &c. so as to sell single occasionally; but have the same running title, the Jewel house of Art and Nature. It is so at least with the three first books; viz. 1. Divers new experiments. 2. Divers conceits of husbandry. 3. Chemical conclusions concerning Distillation. 4. Of moulding, casting, &c. 5. An offer of certain new inventions, which the author proposes to disclose upon reasonable considerations." Ibid.

fugias a Deo irato nisi ad Deum Placatum. Aug." His device. Printed by Peter Short on Breadstreet hill, 1596. 4to.*

Harte also enumerates, Platt's *Flora's Paradise*, 24mo. His *Discoveries*, 12mo.†, and his *Garden of Eden*, 12mo. often printed; Sixth edit. Lond. 1685, 8vo.‡ Herbert also registers "*Hugonis Platti armigeri Manuale, sententias aliquot divinas et morales complectens; partim e sacris patribus partim e Petrarcha philosopho et poeta celeberrimo, decerptas.*" Printed by Richard Yardley, 1584, 12mo.§ It seems, also, that Richard Field had a licence in 1592 for printing "A brief apologie of certen newe invenc'ons compiled by H. Plot."||

"Sir Hugh Platt," says Harte " (not to mention his other excellent talents) was the most ingenious husbandman of the age he lived in: yet so great was his modesty, that all his works seem to be posthumous,* except the *Paradise of Flora*, which appeared in the year 1600, when it is probable he was living. He spent part of his time at Copt-hall, in Essex, or at Bishop's Hall, in Middlesex, at each of which places he had a country-seat; but his town residence was Lincoln's Inn. His *Jewel-house* was published by Dr. Beati, commonly called in England Dr. Boat (who by the way was as great a genius in husbandry as most we have mentioned), and the *Flora's Paradise*, with a second original part, was published by one Bellingham,

* Herb. 1208.

† Tanner mentions "*His Discovery of certain Warts.*" London. 1595, 4to.

‡ Harte, II. 113. § Herb. 1225. || Herb. 1260.

** A mistake of Harte. See above.

the author's kinsman, who changed the title to the Garden of Eden.

"Sir Hugh held a correspondence with all lovers of agriculture and gardening throughout England. And such was the justice and modesty of his temper, that he always named the author of every discovery communicated to him.

"In a word, no man in any age ever discovered, or at least, brought into use so many new sorts of manure. Witness his account of the compost and covered dunghill, and his observations on the fertilizing qualities lodged in salt;—street dirt, and sullage of streets in great cities;—clay;—fuller's earth;—moorish earth;—dunghills made in layers;—fern;—hair;—calcination of all vegetables;—malt-dust;—willow tree earth, soap-boiler's ashes; and broken pilchards; and marle."^{*}

VII. "Maison Rustique, or the Countrey Farm: Compiled in the French tongue by Charles Stevens, and John Liebault, Doctors of Physicke; and translated into English by Ric. Surfler, Practitioner in Physicke. Also a short collection of the hunting of the hart, wild bore, hare, foxe, gray conie; of birds and faulconrie. Dedicated: "To Sir Peregrine Bertie; Knight," &c. To the Reader. To — Jaques of Crussol, Duke of Uzès, &c. Paris, Oct. 1582. 1o. Liebault." Some verses. Liebault's Preface. A caveat to the Reader. With a table, when to sow divers seeds: 901 pages and an index, &c. Printed by Edmund Bollifant for Bonham Norton, 1600. 4to.†

VIII. Gervase Markham's various works in Husbandry, among which is another edition of this trans-

^{*} Hart II. 1, 13.

† Herb. 1, 217.

lation of Surfleet, and numerous other publications, of which I am not able to give as complete a catalogue, as I could wish.

Gervase Markham, a younger son of Robert Markham, Esq. of Cotham,* in Nottinghamshire, of an ancient and honourable family, commenced author and poet in the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He seems in the following reign to have become a general compiler for the booksellers, and his various works had as numerous impressions as those of Burn and Buchan in our days. He reprinted Barnaby Googe's Translation of Heresbach, in 1614, † 4to. with insertions, intended chiefly to adapt German husbandry to the English climate. "Markham by the way," says Harte, "appears to be the first English writer, who deserves to be called a hackney writer. ‡ All subjects seem to have been alike easy to him: yet, as his thefts were innumerable, he has now and then stolen some very good things, and in great measure preserved their memory from perishing."

He published, as above said, Surfleet's Translation of Liebault's Country Farm, with additions from the French books of Serres, and Vinet, the Spanish of Albiterio, and the Italian of Grilli and others. Lond. 1616. Fol.

To shew how long Markham's works continued

* Sir John Harington, the poet, in a letter preserved in the *Magna Antiqua*, Vol. I. p. 260, mentions, when he was in Ireland, "Three sons of my cousin Robert Markham's, of Cotham," of whom he received great kindnesses. Gervase Markham was probably one. He had a brother Francis, who wrote *Decades of Epistles concerning War*.

† This has been said of his predecessor Robert Greene.

favourites

, favourites with the public, I insert the title-pages of a collection of his Husbandry Tracts, as they appear in one volume, 4to. in my possession.

I. Cheap and Good Husbandry, for the well-ordering of all Beasts and Fowls, and for the general cure of their diseases. Containing the natures, breeding, choice, use, feeding, and curing of the diseases of all manner of cattel, as horse, ox, cow, sheep, goats, swine, and tame conies. Shewing further the whole art of riding great horses, with the breaking and ordering of them, and the dyeting of the running, hunting, and ambling horses, and the manner how to use them in their travel. Also approved rules for the cramming and fattening all sorts of poultry, and fowls, both tame and wild, &c. And divers good and well approved medicines, for the cure of all the diseases in hawks, of what kind soever. Together with the use and profit of bees, the manner of fish-ponds, and the taking of all sorts of fish. Gathered together for the general good and profit of the commonwealth, by exact and assured experience from English practices, both certain, easie, and cheap; differing from all former and foreign experiments, which either agreed not with our climate, or were too hard to come by, or overcostly, and to little purpose; all which herein are avoided. Newly corrected and enlarged with many excellent additions. The Thirteenth Edition. London. Printed by E. H. for George Sawbridge, at the Bible on Ludgate Hill, 1676. 4to. pp. 156. Dedicated to Richard, Earl of Dorset, and signed G. M.

II. Country Contentments; or, the Husbandman's Recreations. Containing the wholesome experience, in which any ought to recreate himself, after the toil
of

of more serious business. As namely; **Hunting,** Hawking, Coursing with grey-hounds, and the laws of Leash, Shooting in the Long-Bow, or Cross-Bow, Bowling, Tennis, Batoon, the whole art of Angling; and the use of the Fighting Cock. By G. Markham. The Eleventh edition. Newly corrected, enlarged, and adorned with many excellent additions, as may appear by this mark . London. Printed as above, 1675, 4to. pp. 96. Dedicated to Sir Theodore Newton, Knight.

N.B. There was an edition of this as early as 1615, 4to.

III. **The English House-Wife**, containing the inward and outward virtues which ought to be in a compleat woman. As her skill in physick, chirurgery, cookery, extraction of oyls, banqueting-stuff, ordering of great feasts, preserving of all sort of wines, concealed secrets, distillations, perfumes, ordering of wool, hemp, flax; making cloth and dying; the knowledge of dayries; office of malting; of oats, their excellent uses in families; of brewing, baking, and all other things belonging to an household. A work generally approved, and now the eighth time much augmented; purged, and made most profitable and necessary for all men, and the general good of this nation. By G. Markham. Printed as above, 1675. 4to. pp. 188. Dedicated to Frances, Countess Dowager of Exeter.

IV. **The Inrichment of the Weald of Kent**; or, a direction to the Husbandman for the true ordering, manuring, and inriching of all the grounds within the Wealds of Kent and Sussex; and may generally serve for all the grounds in England of that nature: as 1. Shewing the nature of Wealdish ground, comparing it with the soyl of the Shires at large. 2. Declaring

what marle is, and the several sorts thereof, and where it is usually found. 3. The profitable use of marle, and other rich manuring, as well in each sort of arable land, as also for the encrease of corn and pasture through the kingdom. Painfully gathered for the good of this island, by a man of great eminence and worth; but revised, enlarged, and corrected with the consent, and by conference with the first author. By G. Markham. London. Printed as above, 1675, 4to. pp. 19. Dedicated to Sir George Rivers, Knight, of Chafford, in Kent.

V. Markham's Farewel to Husbandry; or, the enriching of all sorts of barren and sterile grounds in our nation, to be as fruitful in all manner of grain, pulse, and grass, as the best grounds whatsoever. Together with the annoyances and preservation of all grain and seed, from one year to many years. As also a husbandly computation of men and cattels daily labours, their expences, charges, and utmost profits. Now newly the tenth time revised, corrected and amended, together with many new additions, and cheap experiments. For the bettering of arable, pasture, and woody grounds: of making good all grounds again, spoiled with overflowing of salt water by sea-breaches; as also the enriching of the hop garden. And many other never published before. By G. Markham. London. Printed as above, 1676, 4to. pp. 130. Dedicated to his most worthy friend, Bonham Norton, Esq.

N. B. There was an edition of this as early as 1620, 4to.

With these is bound up the following.

VI. A

VI. A New Orchard and Garden : or the best way for planting, grafting, and to make any ground good for a rich orchard: particularly in the North, and generally for the whole Commonwealth; as in nature, reason, situation, and all probability may and doth appear. With the Country House-wife's Garden for herbs of common use. Their virtues, seasons, profits, ornaments, variety of knots, models for trees and plots, for the best ordering of grounds and walks. As also the husbandry of bees, with their several uses and annoyances: all being the experience of forty and eight years labour; and now the sixth time corrected, and much enlarged. By William Lawson. *Wherunto* is newly added the art of propagating plants, with the true ordering of all manner of fruits, in their gathering, carrying home, and preservation. London: Printed as above. 1676. 4to. pp. 102. Dedicated to Sir Henry Belloses, Kt. and Bart.

The following is the first work of Markham, which I can discover.

“A Discourse of Horsemanshippe: wherein the breeding and ryding of Horses for service, in a brief manner is more methodically sette downe then hath been heeretofore, &c. Also the manner to chase, trayne, ryde and dyet, both Hunting-horses and Running-horses: with all the secretes thereto belonging discovered. An arte never heeretofore written by any authour. *Bramo nesi, poco spero, nulla chiegio.*” At London. Printed by John Charlewood for Richard Smith, 1593, 4to. Dedicated “To the Right Worshipfull, and his singuler good father, Ma. Rob. Markham, of Cotham in the county of Nottingham, Esq.”

Esq." by Jervis Markham. Licensed 29th January, 1592-3." *

The same book, as I suppose, by the title of "How to chuse, ride, traine, and diet, both hunting horses; and a discourse on horsemanship, and the cure of their diseases. By Jarvis Markham. Dedicated to his father Robert, Esq. was printed by James Roberts, in 4to. 1596. †"

The

* Herbert, II. 1102.

† Ib. 1034. The following works of Markham may be added in this note from Herbert.

I. The most honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Greutvile Knight. An heroic poem composed in stanzas of 8 verses, and consisting of near 90 pages. It is dedicated to Lord Montjoy, by Jervis Markham. Printed by James Roberts, for Gabriel Cawood, 4to. 1595. Herb. II. 1033, 1728.

II. The Poem of Poemes, or Syons Muse, containyng the divine Song of King Salomon, divided into eight Eclogues, by J. M. 1595, 8vo. Ib. III. 1379.

Again, Printed for Matthew Lowmee, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Churchyard, 1596. Dedicated "To the sacred virgin, divine Mistress Elisabeth Sidney, sole daughter of the ever-admired Sir Philip Sydney." Sixteens. Ib. II. 1033.

III. Devertux. Vertues tears for the losse of the most christian King Henry, third of that name, King of France; and the untimely death of the most noble and heroicall Gentleman, Walter Devoreux, who was slain before Roan in France. First written in French, by the most excellent and learned Gentlewoman, Madam Gencevieve Petru Maulette. And paraphrastically translated into English, by Jervis Markham. Printed at Thomas Millington, 1597, 4to. Ib. III. 1800.

IV. The Gentleman's Academia, or Booke of St. Albans; &c. &c. &c. compiled by Juliana Berners, 2426. Printed by Valentine Simmes for Humphrey Lowmee, 1595, 4to. Ib. II. 1289.

Ritson adds V. The tears of the Beloved, or Lamentation of St. John, &c. 1600, 4to.

VI. Asioote's Satires, 1608, 4to. [claimed by Rob. Tofts.]

VII. The

The following curious memorandum is preserved in the Biogr. Dram. I. 299.

"Mem. That I Gervase Markham, of London, Gent. do promise hereafter never to write any more book or books to be printed of the diseases or cures of any cattle, as horse, ox, cowe, sheepe, swine, and goates, &c. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand the 24th daie of July, 1617.

"GERVIS MARKHAM."*

IX. Gabriel Plattes "may be considered as an original genius in husbandry. By the known times of his life and death, it is pretty certain that he began his observations in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth's reign, and continued them through the reigns of James and Charles I. as also during three or four years of the Commonwealth."†

VII. The famous Whore, or Noble Courtesan, &c. 1609, 4to.

I know not whether the following pieces are included in the preceding works of Markham, but probably they are; in part, at least.

1. Cure for all diseases in horses. London. 1610. 4to.
2. Faithfull Farrier, discovering some secrets not in print before. London. 1635, and 1638, 1667, 8vo.
3. His Masterpiece, concerning the curing of horses, to which is added the curing of lesser cattle. London. 1662, 1675, 4to. &c.
4. Cavallarice, concerning horses, and horsemanship. I suppose the same as *The Perfect Horseman*, 1671, 4to.
5. The English Husbandman in two parts. Lond. 1673-1639, with the pleasures of Princes in the Art of Angling.
6. Epitome concerning the diseases of beasts and poultry, 8vo.
7. The art of Fowling. London. 1631. 8vo.
8. The Way to get Wealth, 1638, 4to.

* See more of Markham in *Theatr. Poet. Angl.* 178. † Harris, I. 35.

But "as great a genius as this writer was, the public allowed him to drop down dead in London streets with hunger only; nor had he a shirt upon his back, when he died. He bequeathed his papers to S. Hartlib, whom a cotemporary author addresses in this manner: "None but yourself, who want not an enlarged heart, but a fuller hand to supply the world's defects, being found with some few others to administer any relief to a man of so great merit."

Letter to Hartlib from Flanders, 1650.

"Another friend of Hartlib's gives Plattes the following character. "Certainly that man had as excellent a genius in agriculture, as any that ever lived in this nation before him, and was the most faithful seeker of his ungrateful country's good. I never think of the great judgment, pure zeal, and faithful intentions, of that man, and withal of his strange sufferings and manner of death, but am struck with amazement that such a man should be suffered to fall down dead in the streets for want of food, whose studies tended to no less than providing and preserving food for whole nations, and that too as with much skill and industry, so without pride or arrogance to God or man." C. D.

In a Letter to Hartlib, 1653. Legacy, p. 183, 184.

"Hartlib, as far as can be learnt, published but few posthumous papers of Gabriel Plattes; and indeed an author, so extremely poor as this unfortunate person was, would in all probability have sold his writings to the booksellers, had they been so far finished as to deserve publication.

"The pieces already published are these which follow :

1. "Practical Husbandry improved; or, a Discovery of infinite Treasure, 4to. 1656. pp. 120.

2. "A Discovery of subterranean Treasure. 4to. 1638. About three sheets.

3. "Mercurius Lætificans. 4to. 1644. pp. 12.

4. "Observations and Improvements in Husbandry, accompanied with twenty experiments imparted to S. Hartlib by Gabriel Platten, 4to. 1653. pp. 32.

"This author had a bold adventurous cast of mind, and seems to have preferred the faulty sublime in matters of invention, to faultless mediocrity. As to his MS. entitled "Art's Mistress," containing a series of observations and experiments in agriculture for fifty years, and, in all probability, the most valuable in matter, as well as most considerable in size, of all his writings, it was never published, so far as can be learned at present; which may be attributed to the hurry and confusion of the civil wars, or to that general inattention and carelessness which took place at the restoration.

"In a letter to Hartlib, May 14, 1644, he mentions a work of his, called "The Treasure-house of Nature unlocked, and set wide open to the world," &c. Whether this performance was ever printed is more than I know, or whether it be not the tract first mentioned in this list, which I am partly inclined to believe."*

X. Sir R. Weston's "Discourse on the Husbandry of Brabant and Flanders," 4to. 1645. Again,

* Harte, II. 63, 64.

1655. "This was published by Hartlib, who then knew not who the author was. It contains about twenty-four pages in quarto. The *Legacy to his Sons*, which relates also to the cultivation of their estates, consists of three quarto pages, and was written on his death-bed in 1645. The *Discourse* has always been looked upon as a capital performance in husbandry. It is remarked in the *Philosophical Transactions*, that England has profited in agriculture to the amount of many millions, by following the directions laid down in this little treatise. Hartlib afterwards, in order to explain, annexed Dr. Arnold Beati's "Annotations" to it.

"We apprehend the author of this work to be the Sir Richard Weston, who was ambassador from England to Frederic V. Elector Palatine, and King of Bohemia, in 1619, and present at the famous battle of Prague, concerning which a curious relation of his, by way of letter, is still preserved in MS.

"About twenty years ago," (adds Harte, 1770), a piece was ignorantly published under Sir Richard Weston's name, entitled "A Treatise concerning the Husbandry and Natural History of England," 8vo. which performance is a poor jejune abridgement of Hartlib's *Legacy*.*

XI. Robert Child was the real author of the famous work, attributed to Hartlib, called "The *Legacy*," which was drawn up at Hartlib's request, and, passing through his correction and revision, was published by him. It consists of one general answer to the following query: "What are the actual defects and omis-

* Harte, II. §3, 54.

sions, as also the possible improvements, in English husbandry?" To it are annexed various correspondencies from persons eminent for skill in agriculture at that time, as C.D. B.W. R.H. T. Underhill, Henry Cruttenden, W. Potter, &c. as also the "*Mercurius Lætificans*," and twenty large experiments by G. Plattes: together with Annotations on the *Legacy* by Dr. Arnold Beati, and replies to the *Animadversions* by the author of the *Legacy*.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. V. *Poems on several subjects. By James Beattie, A. M. A new edition, corrected. London. Printed for W. Johnston, in Ludgate Street. 1766. Duod. pp. 166. Dedicated to James, Earl of Errol.*

This seems to have been the second edition of Dr. Beattie's poems; and is scarce, as well as the first. Of these the author, with an unaccountable and unbecoming diffidence, is said to have become afterwards ashamed, and to have attempted the suppression.

The contents are 1. * The Judgment of Paris. 2. * Ode to Peace. 3. Retirement, an Ode. 4. Ode to Hope. 5. * The Triumph of Melancholy. 6. Elegy, occasioned by the death of a Lady. 7. * Elegy. 8. The Hares, a fable. 9. * The Wolf and Shepherds, a fable. 10. * On the report of a Monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of a late author. 11. * Verses, written by Mr.

* Those with an asterisk are omitted in subsequent editions.

Blacklock,

Blacklock, on a blank leaf of his poems sent to the Author. 12. * An Epistle to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Blacklock. 13. The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes.

I insert the Ode to Peace, which I know not why Beattie should have wished to suppress.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCCLVIII.

I. 1.

Peace, heaven-descended maid, whose powerful voice
 From ancient darkness call'd the morn,
 And hush'd of jarring elements the noise;
 When Chaos, from his old dominion torn,
 With all his bellowing throng,
 Far, far was hurl'd the void abyss along;
 And all the bright angelic choir,
 Striking thro' all their ranks th' eternal lyre,
 Pour'd in loud symphony th' impetuous strain;
 And every fiery orb and planet sung;
 And wide through Night's dark solitary reign,
 Rebounding long and deep, the lays triumphant rung!

I. 2.

Oh, whither art thou fled, Saturnian age!
 Roll round again, majestic years!
 To break the sceptre of tyrannic rage,
 From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
 Ye years, again roll round!
 Hark! from afar, what desolating sound,
 While echoes load the sighing gales,
 With dire presage the throbbing heart assails!

Murder, deep-rou'd, with all the whirlwind's haste,
 : And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
 Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
 Smiles ghastly fierce, and shakes her gore-distilling wings.

I. 3.

The shouts redoubling rise
 In thunder to the skies.
 The Nymphs disorder'd dart along,
 Sweet Powers of solitude and song,
 Stunn'd with the horrors of discordant sound.
 Horrors, far heard amid the waste of night,
 That oft have led the wanderer right,
 Are silent at the noise.
 The mighty Ocean's more majestic voice,
 Drown'd in superior din, is heard no more ;
 The surge in silence seems to sweep the sounding shore.

II. 1.

The bloody banner, streaming in the air,
 Seen on yon sky-mixt mountain's brow ;
 The mingling multitudes, the madding car,
 Driven in confusion to the plain below ;
 War's dreadful Lord proclaim.
 Bursts out by frequent fits th' expansive flame :
 Snatch'd in tempestuous eddies, flies
 The surging smoke o'er all the darken'd skies.
 The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen,
 The bloom of morning fades to deadly pale,
 The bat flits transient o'er the dusky green,
 And Night's foul birds along the sullen twilight sail.

II. 2.

Involv'd in fire-streak'd gloom, the car comes on,
 The rushing steeds grim Terror guides :

His

His forehead writh'd to a relentless frown,
Aloft the angry Power of battle rides.

Grasp'd in his mighty hand

A mace tremendous desolates the land;
The tower rolls headlong down the steep,
The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep,
Chill horror the dissolving limbs invades :
Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes,
A deeper gloom invests the howling shades;
Stripp'd is the shatter'd grove, and every verdure dies.

II. 3.

How startled Phrensy stares,

Bristling her ragged hairs!

Revenge the gory fragment gnaws ;

See, with her griping vulture-claws

Imprinted deep, she rends the mangled wound !

Hate whirls her torch sulphureous round.

The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms,

Re-echo to the hoarse alarms ;

Her trump terrific blows.

Disparted from behind, the clouds disclose

Of kingly gesture a gigantic form,

That with his scourge sublime rules the careering storm.

III. I.

Ambition, outside fair ! within as foul

As fiends of fiercest heart below,

Who ride the hurricanes of fire, that roll

Their thundering vortex o'er the realms of woe,

Yon naked waste survey ;

Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay ;

Where late the rosy-bosom'd hours,

In loose array, danc'd lightly o'er the flowers ;

Where late the shepherd told his tender tale ;
 And, waken'd by the murmuring breeze of morn,
 The voice of cheerful Labour fill'd the dale ;
 And dove-ey'd Plenty smil'd, and wav'd her liberal horn.

III. 2.

Yon ruins, sable from the wasting flame,
 But mark the once-resplendent dome ;
 The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,
 And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
 How sadly silent all !
 Save where, outstretch'd beneath yon hanging wall,
 Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
 And Anguish yells, and grinds his bloody teeth.
 Though vain the Muse, and every melting lay,
 To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse !
 Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way !
 I see, I see the years begin their mighty course !

III. 3.

What scenes of glory rise
 Before my dazzled eyes !
 Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
 And melody celestial rings.
 All blooming on the lawn, the Nymphs advance,
 And touch the lute, and range the dance :
 And the blithe shepherds, on the mountain's side,
 Arrayed in all their rural pride,
 Exalt the festive note,
 Inviting Echo from her inmost grot—
 But, ah ! the landscape glows with fainter light ;
 It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

IV. 1.

Illusions vain ! Can sacred Peace reside
 Where sordid gold the breast alarms,

Where

Where Cruelty inflames the eye of Pride,
 And Grandeur wantons in soft Pleasure's arms ?
 Ambition, these are thine !
 These from the soul erase the form divine ;
 And quench the animating fire,
 That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
 Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
 And Hatred triumphs o'er the o'erwhelming brow,
 And midnight Rancour grasps the cruel steel,
 Blaze the blue flames of Death, and sound the shrieks of Woe.

IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once-belov'd retreat,
 What regions brighten in thy smile,
 Creative Peace, and underneath thy feet
 See sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil ?
 In bleak Siberia blows,
 Wak'd by thy genial breath, the balmy rose ?
 Wav'd over by thy magic wand,
 Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand ?
 Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
 Where roves the Indian thro' primeval shades ;
 Haunts the pure pleasures of the sylvan reign,
 And, led by Reason's light, the path of Nature treads ?

IV. 3.

On Cuba's utmost steep,*
 Far leaning o'er the deep,
 The Goddess' pensive form was seen.
 Her robe of Nature's varied green
 Wav'd on the gale ; grief dim'd her radiant eyes ;
 Her bosom heav'd with boding sighs.

* This alludes to the discovery of America by the Spaniards under Columbus. Those ravagers are said to have made their first descent on the islands in the gulph of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

She eyed the main ; where, gaining on the view,
 Emerging from th' ethereal blue,
 Midst the dread pomp of war,
 Blaz'd the Iberian streamer from afar.
 She saw ; and, on refulgent pinions borne,
 Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with the morn.

The beautiful Ode on Retirement, which has been retained in the later editions, stands here in a much less finished state. The whole first stanza, for instance, is as follows.

Shook from the purple wings of Even,
 When dew's impearl the grove,
 And from the darkening verge of Heaven
 Beams the sweet star of Love ;
 Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,
 Beside a plaintive stream,
 A meek-cy'd Youth, of serious mien,
 Indulg'd this solemn theme.

The fable of the Hares is preceded by 38 lines, which are now omitted, &c. &c.

ART. VI. *Notices regarding several old English poets ; viz. Breton, Roydon, Nash, Daniel, Gascoigne, Turberville, Peele, Bastard, Davies, Golding, Elyot, Phayer, Whetstone, Warner, Stanyhurst, Sylvester, and Thomas Buckley.*

The following valuable notices, among others, have been sent me by a learned friend, for the re-impression of the late edition of Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*,

Anglicanorum, 1800, which I have for some time been preparing. I insert them here for the benefit of those, who have already bought the work. My anxious desire to render the future edition as accurate and full as possible, makes me still delay to bring it before the public. And the communications of those whose researches have been exercised in this line of literature, in which many of the materials are so very difficult of access, will be gratefully received.

1. NICHOLAS BRETON.

In the catalogue of this prolific Poet's productions, Ritson has omitted "The Pilgrimage to Paradise," &c. a poem, in 4to. printed at Oxford, 1592, in which is the following curious declaration :

"To the Gentlemen students and scholars of Oxford.

" Gentlemen, there hath beene of late printed in London by one Richard Joanes a printer, a book of English verses, entituled " Breton's Bower of Delights." I protest it was donne altogether without my knowlege, and many things of other men's mingled with few of mine; for, except " Amoris Lachrymæ," an epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, and one or two other toies, which I know not how he unhappily came by, I have no part with any of them: and so I beseech ye, assuredly believe."

No earlier edition of " The Bower of Delights," than that of 1597 appears in Herbert; but it was licensed to Joanes in 1591, who, according to the Typographical Historian, was " little better than a false knave." See Herbert's Typ. Ant. II. p. 1039.

In 1626 was printed " Fantasticks, serving for a perpetual prognostication," by N. Breton, bl. l.

2. MATTHEW ROYDON.

Nash, in his Preface to "Green's Arcadia," thus mentions this little-known author.

"Neither is he (Spenser) the onely swallow of our summer; there are extant, about London, many most able men to revive poetry, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in Platoes's so in Puritan's Commonwealth: as namely, for example, Matthew Roydon, who hath shewed himself singular in the immortal epitaph of his beloved Astrophel, besides many other most absolute comic inventions, made more publicke by every man's praise, than can be by my speech."

3. THOMAS NASH.

Of the popularity of his "Pierce Penilesse," a notion may be formed, when we learn, from his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," that "it passed through the pikes of at least six impressions." The author also informs us, that "Dick Litchfield, the barber of Trinity College, a rare ingenuous odd merry Greek, hath, as I have heard, translated my Pierce Penilesse into the Macceronical tongue, wherein I wish he had been more tongue-tied, since in some men's incensed judgments, it hath too much tongue already; being above two years since maimedly translated into the French tongue, and in the English tongue so rascally printed and ill-interpreted, as heart can think and tongue can tell."

Have with you to Saffron-Walden. Qo. 1596.

Sig. F.

Malone's

Malone's censure of Nash is too severe, and the opinion seems to have been formed upon a misconception of Nash's aim in his "Have with you to Saffron-Walden," which was intended to ridicule the inflated and turgid language of Harvey, in his *Astrological Tracts*. The style of "Pierce Penilesse," is very dissimilar, and his "Address to the two Universities," 1589, is written in a vein of spirited and judicious criticism, of which the English language has no cotemporary example.

The editors of that too hasty and inaccurate publication, the *Biographical Dictionary*, in 15 volumes, 8vo. speak of Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," as a poem, and reason from it accordingly.

4. SAMUEL DANIEL.

"Some dull-headed divines," says Nash, "deeme it no more cunnyng to write an exquisite poem than to preach pure Calvin, or distill the juice of a Commentary into a quarter poem:—but you shall find there goes more exquisite paynes, and puritie of wit, to the writing of one such rare poem as Rosamond, than to a hundred of your dunsticall sermons."

Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell, 1592. fol. 17.

5. GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

"Whoever my private opinion condemneth as faultie, Master George Gascoigne is not to be abridged of his deserved esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection, which our best poets have conspired to, since his departure, whereto he did ascend by comparing

paring the Italian with the English, as Tully did *Græca cum Latinis*."

Nash "to the Students of both Universities,"
1589.

This testimony in Gascoigne's favour will be sufficient to obviate Mr. Park's suspicion,* that Nash intended to satirize him in "*Pierce Penilesse*:" he was already dead, and could not three years after have given new cause for the reversal of this praise.

In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walthamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650.

6. GEO. TURBERVILLE.

"Neither," says Nash, was "M. Turbeville the worst of his tyme, though, in translating, he attributed too much to the necessity of the time."

7. GEORGE PEELE.

"I dare commend George Peele unto all that know him, as the chief supporter of pleasance now living, the atlas of poetrie, and primum verborum artifex; whose first increase, the Arraignment of Paris, might pleade to your opinions his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold dexteritie of invention, wherein, me judice, he goeth a step beyond all that write."

Nash's Address prefixed to Menaphon, 1589.

8. THOMAS BASTARD

Was expelled the University for writing "*Mar-plate's Bastardini*," a pasquinade, exposing the amours

* See Ritson's *Bibliographia*, 218.

of the University and Town of Oxford. A MS. copy of this unpublished satire is in my possession, and the introductory stanzas are as follow :

To the } Sic, brethren scholars, sic for shame,
Scholars. } Such youngster's tricks among you still?
Hath not yet learning learn'd to frame
The wanton toys of youthful will?

To the } And you, my brethren of the town,
Townsmen. } That holde yourselves so well afraid,
And vaunt your foretops up and down,
Forget you what the preacher said?
Can you behold the light put out,*
And lanthorns broke in pieces mark,
And feel the horns fly round about,
And think there's nought done in the dark? &c.

9. SIR JOHN DAVIS

Was among the number of those who petitioned James I. to grant them a charter for erecting an academy for the study of antiquities. The King however, so far from promoting their design, obliged them to discontinue their meetings, and threatened to prosecute the applicants as a suspicious and disloyal cabal.

*From Stukeley's Hist. of the Ant. Society
MS. penes me.*

* Dr. Prime, preacher to the town at Carfax church, compared the University to a light, and the town to a lanthorn, and said that the light was put out, and the lanthorn broken, and the horns shed round about the town.

This was Dr. Prime of New College, of whom see Wood's *Hist. and Ant. Oxon.* lib. I. p. 139. Edit. 1764.—and Wood's *Ath. Ox.* lib. I. p. 285. Edit. 1712.

10. ARTHUR

10. ARTHUR GOLDING.

"In this page of praise," (says Nash, in his "Address to the Universities,") "I cannot omit aged Arthur Golding, for his industrious toyle in Englishing Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, besides many other editions of divinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our owne."

11. SIR THOMAS ELYOT.

"Among others in that age," says Nash, "Sir Thomas Elyot's elegance in translation, did sever itself from all equals."

12. THOS. PHAYER

"Is not to be forgot in regard of his famous Virgil, whose heavenly verse, had it not been blemished by his hawtie thoughts, England might have long insulted his wit, & corrigat qui potest have been subscribed to his workes."

Nash's Letter prefixed to Greene's Menaphon;
1589.

13. GEORGE WHETSTONE

Has several short poems and translated passages of poetry interspersed throughout his "*Englysh Myrror*," 4to. 1586, bl. l.

14. WILLIAM WARNER.

"As poetrie hath been honoured in those before-mentioned professors, so it hath not been any whit disparaged by William Warner's absolute Albions.

Nash's "Address," ut supr.

Both Warner and Nash are eulogized by Drayton.

15. RICHARD

15. RICHARD STANYHURST.

“ Fortune, the mistress of change, with a pitying compassion respecting Mr. Stanyhurst’s prayse, would that Phayer should fall, that he might ryse, whose heroicall poetry infired, I should say inspired, with an hexameter furye, recalled to life whatever hissed barbarism hath been buried this hundred yeare; and revived by his ragged quill such carterly varietie, as no hedge plowman in a countrey but would have held as the extremitie of clownerie: a patterne whereof I will propound to your judgment, as near as I can, being part of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus :

“Then did he make heavens vault to rebound
With rounce robbles bobble,
Of ruffe raffe roaring,
With thicke thwacke thurly bouncing.

Which strange language of the firmament, never subject before to our common phrase, makes us, that are not used to terminate heavens moving in the accents of any voice, esteem of their triobulare interpreter as of some Thrasonical huffe-snuffe; for so terrible was his style to all mylde ears, as would have affrighted our peaceable poets from intermeddling hereafter with that quarrelling kind of verse."

Nash's Preface to Greene's Arcadia.

16. JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

Many of the particulars of whose life may be found in Dunster's Letter on Milton, was a candidate, in the

VOL. II.	2	year
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year 1597, for the office of Secretary to the Company of Merchant-Adventurers at Stade, of which he was a member; on which occasion the unfortunate Earl of Essex interested himself in his favour, and wrote two letters in his behalf, dated from the Court on the last of April: a private one to Mr. Ferrers, the deputy-governor, recommending Mr. Sylvester as an able and honest man; and a general one to the company, to the same purpose, in which he mentions that he had received a very good report of his sufficiency and fitness for the post of Secretary, being both well qualified with language, and many other good parts, and honest and of good conversation; two especial motives of his lordship's request in his behalf.

Ben Jonson has an epigram to Sylvester, and he is eulogized by Drayton; the latter dedicated his "Miracles of Moses" to Sylvester and Du Bartas. His "Tobacco batter'd," &c. was reprinted with King James's "Counterblast," and similar tracts, 4to. 1672.

17. THOMAS BUCKLEY,

Who is not mentioned by Ritson, wrote a satire (in MS. in my possession) on divers persons in Oxford.

"Ho, ho, John of Dogs, what news?"

The following is the introductory stanza:

"The Devil is dead in Devonshire late,
(A happie tale, if it be true;)
He gave the check, but not the mate,
And are you dead, sir Devil?—Addue!"

The author was admitted Bachelor of Civil Law, 1566, of All Soul's College, Oxford: he was then, says Wood,

Wood, much in esteem among the academicians for his poetry; but, being given to libelling, was forced to leave the University. *Fasti*, I. 97.

Stamford, Dec. 27, 1805.

O. G.

ART. VII. *Winter. A Poem. By James Thomson.*
The Second Edition. 1726.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 95.]

WINTER! who rides along the darken'd air,*
Striding the gloomy blast. First rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies, with tempest foul;
Beat on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That, sounding, wave below. Th' unsightly plain †
Lies overwhelm'd and lost. The bellying clouds
Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of Heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or, skimming, flutter round the dimply flood.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls;
Or ruminat in the contiguous shade:
Thither the household feathery people croud,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and wet. Meanwhile, the cottage-swain
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and, taleful, there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

* For see where WINTER comes, himself confess. 1st edd.

† The dreary plain. id.

At last, the muddy deluge pours along,
 Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes
 From the chapt mountain and the mossy wild,
 Trembling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far:
 Then o'er the sanded valley, floating, spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent: till again constrain'd
 Betwixt two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream.
 There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great parent! whose directing hand
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty! how majestic are thy works!
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,
 That sees, astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
 You too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye viewless beings, say?
 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,
 Against the day of tempest perilous?
 In what untravel'd country of the air,
 Hush'd in still silence, sleep you, when 'tis calm?

Late in the lowering sky, red fiery streaks
 Begin to flush about; the reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy aim, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while, rising slow,
 Blank in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan * circle round her sully'd orb.
 Then issues forth the storm, with mad † controul,
 And the thin fabric of the pillar'd air
 O'erturns, at once. Prone, on the passive ‡ main

* Black, 1st. edit. Corrected in the table of errors to *blast*.

† Loud controul. *ib.*

‡ On th' uncertain gain. *ib.*

Descends th' ethereal force, and plows its waves
 * In frightful furrows: from the brawling deep,
 Heav'd to the clouds, the watry tumult comes.
 Rumbling, the wind-swoln billows roll immense,
 And on th' evanish'd vessel, bursting fierce,
 Their terrors thunder thro' the prostrate soul
 Of feeble man, amidst their fury caught
 And dash'd upon his fate: then, o'er the cliff
 Where dwells the sea-mew, unconfin'd they fly,
 And, hurrying, swallow up the steril shore.

The mountain growls; and all its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade:
 Lone on its midnight side, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger, breathless, toils
 And climbs against the blast—
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its leafy honours yet remains.
 Thus, struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly dome,
 Keen fastening, shakes 'em to the solid base.
 Sleep frighted flies; the hollow chimney howls,
 The windows rattle, and the hinges creak.

Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs,
 That, murmur'd by the demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death!
 Huge uproar lords it wide: the clouds commixt
 With stars, swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.

* These lines stood thus in the former edition.

With dreadful rift: from the mid-deep appears
 Surge after surge, the rising, watry war.
 Whitening, the angry billows roll immense,
 And roar their terrors thro' the shuddering soul
 Of feeble man, &c.

* All Nature reels—till Nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
 And straight, earth, sea, and air, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis Midnight's reign; the weary clouds,
 Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the low-brow'd Night,
 And Contemplation, her sedate compeer:
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

And now, ye lying vanities of life!
 You ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought! and yet, deluded man,
 A scene of crude, † disjointed visions past,
 And broken slumbers, rises, still resolv'd
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run your giddy round.

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
 O! teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

T. P.

[To be continued.]

• Thus contracted in the former edition.

All Nature reels. But hark! the ALMIGHTY speaks;
 Instant, the chidden storm begins to part,
 And dies at once into a noiseless calm.

† Wild. 1st. edit.

ART.

ART. VIII. *Das Gelehrte England oder Lexicon der Jetztlebenden Schriftsteller in Gros Britannien, Irland und Nord-Amerika nebst Einem Verzeichniss Ihrer Schriften. Vom Jahr 1770 bis 1790. Von Jeremias David Reuss, Ordentlichen Professor der Philosophie und Unter-Bibliothekar Bey der Universitäts-Bibliothek zu Göttingen. Berlin und Stettin Bey Fried. Nicolai, 1791.*

Alphabetical Register of all the authors actually living in Great Britain, Ireland, and in the United Provinces of North-America, with a Catalogue of their publications. By Jerem. Dav. Reuss, Professor of Philosophy, and Under Librarian of the Public Library of the University of Gottingen. Berlin and Stetin, printed for Frederic Nicolai, 1791. 8vo. pp. 495, besides a German and English Preface.

This is a singular instance of German industry, it being a better catalogue of English authors, then living, than any hitherto published in this country, and on a plan which deserves to be continued. It has undoubtedly many inaccuracies, but not more than are inseparable from such an attempt.

The English Preface is by George Forster, a friend of the Compiler, and merits insertion here.

“ To the English Reader.

“ Whenever a new publication is offered to the public, the author should have it in his power to point out the use and necessity of increasing, by his performance, that immense literary store, which, however

it may forward the professedly learned in their researches, seems likely enough to puzzle the student, who treads the mazes of science without a clew to conduct him. Indeed since the revival of letters in Europe, and the invention of the art of printing, the number of printed books has increased in such a rapid proportion, as to baffle the efforts of the most assiduous collectors and bibliographers, who have attempted either to accumulate general libraries, or to compile, what may be termed an history of universal literature. It is a well-known fact, amongst the lovers of bibliographical knowledge, that many an eminent literator, after having spent his life in the tedious occupation of collecting the titles of books, has left his successors in that branch of science to lament the unfinished state of his labours. And when it is considered that the annual harvest of new publications, in Germany alone, upon an average amounts to near three thousand works, we shall not surely over-rate the literary produce of all Europe, by fixing it at ten thousand volumes in the course of every year. Agreeably to this computation, a single century bids fair to be productive of a million of books, and Leibnitz seems not to have conjectured amiss, when he facetiously maintained the increase of literature to be such, that future generations would find whole cities insufficient to contain their libraries. It was undoubtedly from the same comprehensive view of this great object, that one of the first philosophic characters in England, the present illustrious President of the Royal Society, has been heard to urge the necessity of rejecting henceforward the idea of *general collections* of books in the Capital, and recommending in
its

its place, as the proper object of private collectors; to confine their libraries to one *individual* branch of human knowledge, by which means a great number of particular collections, each complete in its kind, would quickly be brought forward, and the purposes of instruction be more easily attained, than whilst the rage of indiscriminate collection subsisted, and the number of competitors for the same book precluded the possibility of completion.

“ The same difficulty which attends the methodical arrangement and complete enumeration of all books now extant in print, will likewise apply to that part of literature, by which we are taught to consider the authors themselves exerting their talents, under various points of view, either as they happened to be cotemporaries, or, according to the different ages and countries in which they flourished, or, with a view to the distinct branches of knowledge, which they cultivated, and the proportion in which they contributed to the common stock of improvement. To the works, which have appeared upon this subject, inconsiderable as their numbers, and defective as their contents may have been, we are indebted for some general ideas concerning the comparative quantity of literary exertion, which different nations have shown within certain periods of time, the sciences which they have cultivated in preference to others, and the differences and singularities of national taste.

“ Germany has hitherto been most successful in the laborious endeavours to illustrate the history of its own literati. The indefatigable application of Hamberger, and of his successor Meusel, has furnished a catalogue of the authors now living in that country, in which
their

their names and works are collected with surprising accuracy. Their example has encouraged a number of assiduous bibliographers to illustrate the literary history of their several provinces. In other countries this useful and necessary branch of compilation has been too much neglected. *La France Littéraire*, that meagre and defective performance, has not been continued since the year 1784. The list of Spanish authors during the reign of Carlos III. by *Juan Somperrey Guarinos*, only extends to writers of some eminence, whilst Italy and all the Northern countries have not so much as attempted any thing of the kind.

“Ayscough’s Index to the seventy volumes of the *Monthly Review*, though a work of great merit, was not however calculated to supply this deficiency with regard to English literature, as its plan excluded all the books which had not been reviewed in those volumes. As to “*The Catalogue of five hundred celebrated authors of Great Britain, now living,*” [London, 1788, 8vo,] it does not require great penetration to observe that those names only have been selected from the bulk of English writers, on whom the anonymous critic has thought proper to pass either censure, or commendation. When these circumstances are impartially weighed, the propriety of the present publication may, perhaps, be the more easily admitted. Indeed the prevailing taste for English books in Germany, seemed more particularly to demand an enumeration, which has not hitherto been attempted in England.

“The author has confined himself entirely to the most recent literary productions of Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States of America. A period of
twenty

twenty years, from 1770 to 1790, seemed to him the most adequate to the term of modern literature. He has subjoined to the names of the living authors the titles of their works, together with their prices, always taking care to notice the German translation, where it was known to exist. Translations into other languages, as well as biographical notes concerning the authors themselves, would have swelled what was intended for a compendious essay, to the extent of several volumes. For the same reason, though the names of authors deceased within these last twenty years have been inserted, yet it has not been thought proper to recount their publications. In this part of his performance, however, the author has met with the greatest difficulty, and thinks it very probable, from the imperfection of the intelligence which he has been able to procure, that he may have placed several persons among the living, who have already paid the debt of nature. English books, written by foreigners, will naturally find a place in the literary catalogues of these nations, to whom they respectively belong, and are of course omitted here; but anonymous works have generally been referred to their proper authors, and inserted in the present collection with an asterisk (*) prefixed to them.

“ In an undertaking of this arduous nature, it is next to impossible to avoid mistakes and omissions. These can only be corrected or supplied by the candid communications of the reader, and will be received with grateful acknowledgment by the author, who takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to several friends, from whom he has experienced the most valuable assistance. The author's situation having
furnished

furnished him with all the printed subsidies relative to his undertaking, it will, perhaps, apologize for the seeming presumption of a foreigner in venturing to furnish his own countrymen with a list of British authors.

"But the writer of this preface fears to have trespassed upon the indulgence of his readers; having lost the habit of writing in a language, which was once familiar to him, he is aware that the eagerness to obey the summons of a friend, may prove a very unsatisfactory excuse for thus attempting to give the public some account of the motives and the plan of the present publication.

Mayence,
Sept. 15, 1791. }

"GEORGE FORSTER."

ART. IX. *Bibliotheca Universalis Selecta. A Catalogue of Books, (&c. &c.) collected for the most part in Germany and the Netherlands; methodically digested, with a view to render it useful to students, collectors, and librarians; to which is added an Index of Authors, Interpreters and Editors, &c. By Samuel Paterson. 1786. 8vo. pp. 470, and upwards.*

"Preface.

"The arrangement of libraries is of no small importance to literature; more especially in an age when there are far more literary inquiry, just criticism, and general reading, than were ever known in this country.

"Strange,

“ Strange, that the great æra of dissipation, should be the greatest of good letters!

“ This was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.*

“ A library undigested is a chaos; of little more use to the owner, or to the public, than so many divided parts of instruments: for books, in each class or science, may be considered as component parts of the same instrument; and to put them together properly, is very essential to the observer, and to the student.

“ I have laboured many years in this track, with very little benefit to myself, beyond the satisfaction arising from the consideration of its utility, (myself having been always of the least consequence to myself;) but if the diligent student has been served, and the curious inquirer gratified, the labourer is amply rewarded.

“ The expediency and necessity of classing voluminous collections and public libraries, is self-evident; as it is the only mean of pointing out the progress of science and knowledge of every kind, from the origin of printing; to which happy invention we owe the revival and diffusion of letters, to the present time, and of noting the desiderata in each: for to know what is wanting, and may be done, it is highly necessary to be acquainted with what has already been done.

“ By such information, those who gather after others' harvests, may be led into the rich fields of Boaz, where the weightiest gleanings are to be found: such as compose through idleness, or boast, inadvertently, known facts for novelties; or designedly utter old for new opinions and discoveries, may find that all they

* Shakspeare.

have to say, has been better said already ; and thereby spare themselves much pains, and their readers much trouble : while such as fabricate for bread, contenting themselves with pillaging some two or three known authors, and it may be the very worst they could have chose, may learn, at least, the names of better tools, of which too many of our modern book-makers appear to be entirely ignorant.

“ To render the present catalogue more useful to students, collectors, and librarians, is subjoined an index of authors, interpreters and editors ; which, though pretty accurate, is not altogether free from mistakes.

“ Its general use is too obvious to be insisted upon ; but in no one respect more so, than in the discrimination of persons of the same name ; from the neglect of which many errors in biography have been committed : and to the philosophical reader, considered as a register of minds, will be full as acceptable as an alphabet of arms.

London,
April 2, 1786. }

“ S. P.”

The Editor of the CENSURA has brought forward this Preface to notice, because it appears to him both curious and just, and to bear a strong relation to the arguments, on which the claims of his own work are Built.

AAT.

ART. X. *A Satyre. Dedicated to his most excellent Majestie. By George Wither, Gentleman.*

Rebus in adversis crescit.

London. Printed by Thomas Snodham for George Norton, and are to be sold at the signe of the Red Bull, neare Temple Barre. 1615. Duod. not paged, but about pp. 87.

This satire consists of nearly 1000 lines, and is subscribed by "Your Majestie's most loyal subject, and yet prisoner in the Marshelsey, Geo. Wyther." It is an appeal to the King from his confinement, in consequence of his Satires, entitled "Abuses Stript and Whipt." It begins thus :

" Quid tu, si pereoo ?

*" What once the poet said, I may avow ;
 'Tis a hard thing, not to write Satyres now ;
 Since what we speak, abuse reigns so in all,
 Spite of our hearts, will be satirical.
 Let it not therefore now be deemed strange,
 My unsmooth'd lines their rudeness do not change,
 Nor be distasteful to my gracious King
 That in the cage my old harsh notes I sing,
 And rudely make a satyre here unfold,
 What others would in neater terms have told.
 And why ? my friends and means in court are scant,
 Knowledge of curious phrase and form I want.
 I cannot bear 't to run myself in debt,
 To hire the groom, to bid the page intreat
 Some favour'd follower to vouchsafe his word
 To get me a cold comfort from his Lord :*

I cannot

I cannot soothe, tho' it my life might save,
 Each favourite, nor crouch to every knave :
 I cannot brook delays, as some men do,
 With scoffs and scorns, and take 't in kindness too.
 For ere I'd bind myself for some slight grace
 To one that hath no more worth than his place,
 Or by a base mean free myself from trouble,
 I rather would endure my penance double :
 'Cause to be forc'd to what my name disdains
 Is worse to me than tortures racks and chains ;
 And therefore unto thee I only fly,
 To whom there needs no mean but honesty :
 To thee, that lov'st not parasite nor minion,
 Should, ere I speak, possess thee with opinion ;
 To thee, that dost what thou wilt undertake,
 For love of justice, not the person's sake ;
 To thee that know'st how vain all fair shews be,
 That flow not from the heart's sincerity ;
 And can'st, though shadowed in the simplest veil,
 Discern both love and truth, and where they fail ;
 To thee I do appeal, in whom, Heaven knows,
 I next to God my confidence repose !
 For can it be thy grace should ever shine,
 And not enlighten such a cause as mine ? 49
 Can my hopes, fix'd in thee, great King, be dead ?
 Or thou those satires hate thy Forests* bred ?
 Where shall my second hopes be founded then,
 If ever I have heart to hope again ?
 Can I suppose a favour may be got
 In any place, when thy court yields it not ?
 Or that I may obtain it in the land,
 When I shall be denied it at thy hand ?

* I presume the poet means the Holt Forest, which I think is near Beaworth in Hampshire, the place of his nativity. See a description of that country in White's Hist. of Selborne.

And if I might, should I so fond on't be,
 To take 't of others, when I miss't of thee?
 Or if I did, can I have comfort by it,
 When I shall think my Sovereign did deny it?
 No, were I sure, I to thy hate were born,
 The love of half the world beside I'd scorn!

&c.

&c.

&c.

&c.

ART. XI. *True Copies of certain loose Papers left by the Right Honourable Elizabeth Countesse of Bridgewater, collected and transcribed together here since her death. Anno Dom. 1663.*

An 8vo. MS. in the hand of an amanuensis, but with this certificate, written by her husband.

“ Examined by

“ J. BRIDGEWATER.”*

This is one of the few copies of a curious MS. which has descended as an heir-loom in the family of the Editor.† Another copy is in the Bridgewater library, and perhaps some others are in the possession of other branches of the family.

But before the Editor proceeds to give extracts, he thinks it prudent, under his peculiar circumstances, to copy the article—the whole article—regarding this lady, from Ballard's *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, (Oxf. 1752, 4to. p. 283,) that the reader may have before him an *impartial* testimony of her merits.

* An instance of a peer prefixing the initial of his Christian name.

† From the Earl's third son, Thomas Egerton, of Tatton Park, in Cheshire, whose son William died 1738, and was the Editor's grandfather.

“ Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater.

“ Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater, has such an extraordinary character given of her in her monumental inscription, that being come to that period of time, in which she lived, I am unwilling to pass her over in silence. I have searched very carefully, though ineffectually, for some concurrent testimonies of her merit: but as I cannot add any thing to the account given of her in her epitaph, so neither will it be thought much wanting, in the opinion of those, who are so candid as to suppose that inscription to have been drawn up, rather with a view of doing justice, than of doing honour, to her memory. I shall therefore transcribe it as I find it printed in Sir Henry Chauncey’s “ History and Antiquities of Hertfordshire,” and Mr. Collins’s “ Peerage,” from a monument in the church of Gadsden, in that county.

“ D. D.

“ To the sacred memory of the late transcendently virtuous Lady, now glorious Saint, the Right Honourable Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater.

“ She was second daughter to the Right Hon. William, Marqu’s of Newcastle, and wife to the Right Hon. John, Earl of Bridgewater, and whose family she hath enriched with a hopeful issue, six sons; viz. John Viscount Brackley, her eldest; Sir William Egerton, second son, both Knights of the Honourable Order of the Bath; Mr. Thomas Egerton, her third; Mr. Charles Egerton, her fourth; Mr. Henry Egerton, her fifth; Mr. Steward Egerton, her sixth son: and three daughters; viz. Mrs. Frances Egerton, her eldest; the Lady Elizabeth, her second; and the Lady Catherine Egerton, her third daughter; of all which children three, viz. Mr. Henry Egerton, her fifth son; Mrs. Frances Egerton, her eldest; and Mrs. Catherine Egerton, her third daughter;

ter; lie here interred, dying in their infancy; the rest are still the living pictures of their deceased mother, and the only remaining comforts of their disconsolate father.

“ She was a lady, in whom all the accomplishments, both of body and mind, did concur to make her the glory of the present, and example of future, ages: her beauty was so unparalleled, that it is as much beyond the art of the most elegant pen, as it surpasseth the skill of several of the most exquisite pencils, that attempted it, to describe, and not to disparage, it: she had a winning, and an attractive behaviour, a charming discourse, a most obliging conversation: she was so courteous and affable to all persons, that she gained their love; yet not so familiar to expose herself to contempt: she was of a noble and generous soul, yet of so meek and humble a disposition, that never any woman of her quality was greater in the world’s opinion, and less in her own: the rich at her table daily tasted her hospitality; the poor at her gate her charity; her devotion most exemplary, if not inimitable; witness, (besides several other occasional meditations and prayers, full of the holy transports and raptures of a sanctified soul,) her divine meditations upon every particular chapter of the Bible, written with her own hand, and never, till since her death, seen by any eye but her own, and her then dear, but now sorrowful, husband, to the admiration both of her eminent piety in composing, and of her modesty in concealing. Then she was a most affectionate and observing wife to her husband, a most tender and indulgent mother to her children, a most kind and bountiful mistress to her family. In a word, she was so superlatively good, that language is too narrow to express her deserved character. Her death was as religious, as her life was virtuous: on the 24th day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1663, of her own age 37, she exchanged her earthly coronet for an heavenly crown.”

" Prov. xxxi. 28, 29.

" Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her :

" Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

To make her character more consummate, I will add, that her noble Lord desired no other memorial of himself after his decease, but only this.

" That having, in the 19th year of his age, married the Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter to the then Earl, since Marquiss, and after that Duke, of Newcastle, he did enjoy, almost twenty-two years, all the happiness that a man could receive in the sweet society of the best of wives, till it pleased God, in the 44th year of his age, to change his great felicity into as great misery, by depriving him of his truly loving and entirely beloved wife, who was all his earthly bliss; after which time, humbly submitting to, and waiting on, the will and pleasure of the Almighty, he did sorrowfully wear out twenty-three years, four months, and twelve days, and then on the 26th day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1686, and in the 64th year of his own age, yielded up his soul into the merciful hand of God, who gave it."*

* Lord Bridgewater was so anxious for this very inscription, that he annexed a copy of it to his will, with a design for the plain tablet on which he ordered it to be placed. The will was proved by his son John, 3d Earl, on 28 May, 1687.

It is probably unnecessary to remind the reader, that he was the " Lord Blackley," who first acted the Elder Brother in Milton's immortal *Masque of Comus*. *Editor.*

Having

Having transcribed this character from Ballard, I now proceed to give some extracts from the curious MS. relicks of this excellent woman.

“ A Prayer and Resolution against Despair.

“ O Lord, I am vile, being sinful; but let me not run into despair, for thou, my Christ, hast redeemed me; and though my sins have blacked my soul with the smoke of ungodliness, so that I cannot look to thy throne of justice, but be struck down with my own guilt, yet thy mercies will purify me with the sweet-smelling incense of thy loving kindness! For thou hast given me this comfort, that those that were heavy-laden, if they come unto thee, thou wouldst ease them; and those that were sick, thou wouldst heal them. So come I to thee, my Lord, loaden with sickness for my daily infirmities; and with heavy burdens weighing me down with iniquity! So weighty are they, O God, that without thy mercies the balance would turn me into utter ruin. Therefore I stand amazed at my own unworthiness, not knowing how to appear before thy holiness. But yet I come, with a knowledge of my own sins, to thee, my Saviour, who may well be named my Saviour, who by thy death and passion hast saved me; and by thy blood spilt I am relieved from the fear of everlasting death, and brought to an assured hope of everlasting life in endless joys. Therefore, to thee all honour and power be given, now and for evermore!”

“ Upon occasion of my Husband’s Birth-day.

“ O my God, the only and everlasting God, to thee I dedicate a true acknowledging heart for this happy
s 3
day,

day, wherein thou hast blessed my dear husband to see 27 years ! O Lord, my prayers ought to be to thee everlastingly : and thou hast kept him from all dangers ! Thy infinite mercies to him, and me, is praise above what I, thy sinful servant, can give. But I will strive to obey, and give thee praises ; for thou callest not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. Lord, I will turn from my evil ways ; therefore I beseech thee hear this my thanksgiving ; and turn thy ear to me, that begs the increase of this joyed day ! And blessed be it long to him with health and prosperity ; and be thou evermore with him in his greatest extremity and distress !”

“ A Prayer for my Husband.

“ O my Christ, give me once more leave to petition thee, to beg of thee to have mercy on my dear husband, who hath enemies about him, seeking to put some violence upon him ! O sweet God, father of goodness, and full of pure mercy, I beseech thee preserve him out of their hands, and let not the son of man have any power to hurt him ! But be thou, Jesus, Son of God, ever with him, to protect him from their hands of cruelty, seeking to arrest him ! Lord God, keep him from their ensnarements of imprisonment, and make his return hither safe, without being entrapped by any of their allurements ! God grant these, and all other things which are most needful for him, for thy Son, my Lord and Saviour’s sake, in whose name thou ever bid’st me call, and thou wilt hear !”

“ A Prayer.

“ A Prayer in the sickness of my girl, Frank.

“ O Almighty and eternal God, I, with an humble heart to thee, beseech thee, that am now grieved for my poor sick child ! I beg of thee, O God, and of thy Son, my Saviour, to heal her from her great pain and sickness ! Thou, that art the God of all gods, and of all things, have mercy and compassion of my dear infant ; restore her, I beseech thee, to be a healthful child, and bring her out of the jaws of death ! Lord Jesus, look upon my affliction, and hear my prayer ; and let it be as thou hast said, that whatsoever you ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive ! Lord, I believe that thou art the only true God ; and without thee, we are nothing ; and with thee, and thy grace, we are to fear and magnify thy name ! O sweet Jesus, say unto me, as thou didst to the woman of Canaan, “ O woman, great is thy faith, and be it unto thee, even as thou wilt ; ” and immediately the child was made whole from that hour ! Lord, there is nothing impossible with thee ! As thou raisedst Lazarus from the grave, so raise my dear babe to long life, that she may enjoy the honour of age ; and with thy spirit take her by the hand, as thou didst the damsel Tabitha, saying, “ Arise ! ” so I beseech thee, say to her : and I humbly desire thee, O Lord, to have mercy on her, and lay not my sins to her innocent charge ; neither punish me, O Lord, in taking her from me ! I know, O sweet Jesus, and believe, that thy power is great in heaven, as it was on earth ; therefore I beg it of thee to have compassion on her in this world : but if it please not thee to give an ear, nor say Amen to these

my fervent prayers, I beg with my tears to have mercy on her in the world to come, and make her one of thy elect in heaven, which is a glorious saint ; and to give me patience for the loss of her, and to take this affliction without grudging at thy holy will ! But yet, Lord, let me say with Abraham, “ let not my Lord be angry,” and I will speak but this once, which is to grant her long life, which is the prayer of me, that prays in this most holy and direct prayer, which Christ thy only Son hath taught us, “ Our Father which art in Heaven,” &c.



It would be absurd to produce these effusions as proofs of a great literary genius. They are, what the Countess's epitaph very properly calls them, “ the holy transports and raptures of a sanctified soul ;” the emanations of an angelic spirit ! Where can be found a character more deserving of admiration than that of this lovely and virtuous woman ? And in what monumental memorial can be exhibited more true pathos, and a more interesting and exquisite picture of all that is enchanting in human nature ? Even an interval of three and twenty years could not weaken the affection of her sorrowing husband : the inscription for himself, which he enclosed in his will, breathes the same deep tone of grief, and regret, and esteem !

Yet these are they, lovely in their lives and in their deaths, and not exalted by, but exalting, their high stations, whose descendants have been insulted for obscurity of birth, by pert and puny upstarts, clothed in the honours of yesterday, and as insignificant in personal

sonal merits, as in derivative splendor; men inebriated with the fumes of undeserved elevation, and raving with the mean and illiberal insolence of office!—But the Editor must restrain his pen! Away then with these angry and indignant passions, which ill accord with the memory of the incomparable woman, to whom this article is intended to do honour, and whose example ought to teach humility, forgiveness, and a superiority to all the vain and trifling distinctions which the world has to bestow!

Jan. 31, 1806.

ART. XII. *Regis pie memorie Edwardi tertii a quadragesimo ad quinquagesimum. Anni omnes a mendis quibus miserrime scatebant repurgati, et suo nitori restituti: Anno Domini 1576. Londini in ædibus Richardi Tottelli. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum,*

*Ne moy reproves sauns cause,
Car mon entent est de bone amour.*

Colophon. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete within Temple Barre, at the signe of the Hand and Starre, by Richard Tottel the seconde day of Marche, Anno 1576. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum. Folio. Each year paged separately.

This edition of one of the Year-books is not mentioned by Ames; but it is noticed by Herbert, II. 821; and with seeming inaccuracy, and for this reason I place it here. For Herbert considers it only as a new title-page of a former edition; and states the Colophon

phon to have the date of "13 Jan. 1556," which entirely disagrees with that, which I have copied above, from the book itself.

* * I take this opportunity of mentioning a MS. copy of one of the Year-books in my possession, which is entirely at the service of any gentleman, whose literary investigations may be directed to the subject, with a view to publication. It is totally out of the sphere of my own pursuits, and would require a more profound skill in ancient hand-writings, as well as more patience than I possess.

The book formerly belonged to Edward Rowe Mores, a well-known antiquary, and contains the following notices written by him.

" This MS. I bought among Mr. Harding's books. It is in several parts wrong bound, and contains part of the Year-book of Edw. II. published by Serjeant Maynard, but differs materially from the print. It begins Hilary, 2 Edw. II. and goes on to Hilary, 5 Edw. II.

" Then there is an Iter Kancie of 6 Edw. II. It appears to be very curious, and to contain an account of the Proceedings of the Justices in Eyre on opening their Commission, and so from day to day.

" Then follow the Articles of Inquiry *ex parte Regis*, in 21 sheets of vellum.

" Then the Year-book of Edw. II. begins again at Michs. 10 Edw. II. and goes on to Trin. 13 Edw. II.

" From thence there is a great part wanting; and it begins Michs. 18 Edw. II. and goes on to Hilary, 19 Edw. II.

" Then follows, in a different hand, a single leaf of some other Year-book.

" Then

"Then follows another Iter Kancizæ, Anno —
Edw. II."

ART. XIII. *Romulus and Tarquin. Written in Italian by the Marques Virgilio Malvezzi. And now taught English by Henry Earle of Monmouth. The Third Edition. London, printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Prince's Armes in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1648.*

The noble translator of this work is Henry Carey, second Earl of Monmouth, who was born in Buckinghamshire in 1596; at fifteen became a Fellow-Commoner of Exeter College, Oxford, and in 1613 took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. During the rebellion he was compelled to retire; when entirely devoting himself to his studies, he found that consolation in the fruits he gathered from them, which was denied to many of the nobility in the same unfortunate situation. It was at this period the world became indebted to him for his literary productions. He died June 13, 1661.*

"There are," says Lord Orford, "no less than seven folios, two octavos, and a duodecimo, of his lordship's extant."

Romulus and Tarquin contains 222 pages, besides the author's preface, and six commendatory verses to the translator, with his dedication "to the most sacred Majesty of Charles the First, Monarch of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, &c." and an address "to the

* See Memoirs of Peers, ut supr. p. 435. *Editor.*

favourable

favourable Reader," which consist of fourteen more. The verses are by John Suckling, Knight; Tho. Carew; W. Davenant, Knight; A. Tounshend; Tho. Wortley; and Robert Stapylton, Knight.

The author of this production has doubtless obtained the highest justice, as the language of the translation is pleasing, and the style unaffected. A short extract from the introduction shall suffice.

"To write of modern men is a troublesome businesse; all men commit errors; few, having committed them, will heare thereof; one must or flatter them, or say nothing; to comment upon their actions, is to endeavour to teach more by a man's owne example, than by that of others; more to him that writes, than to him that reades; more to be silent, than to bee active. The actions of princes have every other appearance, than that of truth; to relate them as they appeare, pertakes of the epique straine; as they are, of the satyricall. Flatterers have yet morcover so exalted their good deeds, that the naked truth redounds to the blame of the relatioⁿ: for the truth of that praise which is heard, comes short of that which is beleev^d; and some there are who arrive at that height, as they leave no place for flattery, fancying themselves greater than flattery can make them. Present actions are not with safety related, nor are they listened unto without danger: well may they be revered, never censured: who puts them in print seeks after an uncertain glory, exposes himself to a certain danger; who leaves it to be done by posterity, reaps no other fruit of his present labours, than a meer contemplation of a future imaginary fruitlesse glory."

—"I will avoyd the treading of so steepe and intricate

tricate a path. I will write of times past to the time present. The defects of the sunne, which are with safety pointed at, reflected in the waters, are not without danger of the eyes, seene in a direct line.

——“ Romulus his valour, Numa's pity, Tullus his fiercenesse, Anchus his goodnesse, the vigilancie of Lucumus, fortune of Servius, and impiety of Tarquin, shall be my subject.”

The first edition of this very scarce work is printed at London, 1637, 12mo. with this difference from the third, in the title, “ Romulus and Tarquin ; or, De Principe et Tyranno.”

Lord Orford informs us that there is a very good head of the Earl of Monmouth, by Faithorne, prefixed to his translation of Sennault's Use of the Passions, London, 1649 ;—which will be hereafter noticed in the CENSURA LITERARIA.

January 28.

P. B.

ART. XIV. *The History of the Kings Majesties Affaires in Scotland, under the Conduct of the most Honourable James Marques of Montrose, Earl of Kincardin, etc. and Generall Governour of that Kingdome in the Years 1644, 1645, 1646. Printed in the Year 1649.* Small 8vo. without either place or printer's name. pp. 192, Preface 6. At the end of which are the following lines “ on the Death of King Charles the First,” here copied literally.

“ Great ! Good ! and Just ! could I but Rate
My Grievs and Thy too Rigid fate,

I'de

I'de weep the world to such a straine,
 As it should Deluge once againe.
 But since Thy loud-tongued blood demands supplys
 More from BRIAREUS Hands than ARGUS Eys,
 Ile sing Thy Ob-sequies, with trumpet Sounds,
 And write thy EPITAPH with BLOOD and WOUNDS.

MONTROSE, written with the point of his Sword.*

This history was originally written in Latin by Dr. George Wisheart, Bishop of Edinburgh, who attended Montrose in all his expeditions, and was both an eye and ear witness of what he relates. It was first published in 1646, and again 1647. It was translated also into English, and printed in that year: from that time to 1660 there were several editions in 4to. and 8vo. after which period no other appeared till the year 1720, when it again was printed in small 8vo. with the addition of a second part, and fifteen letters to Montrose from Charles the First, Charles the Second, Prince Rupert, and Queen Henrietta Maria, "from originals in the publisher's hands."—Who this was I am unable to learn. This last and improved edition contains pp. 200, besides the appendix, letters, &c. which in all consist of 294: it has neither printer's or bookseller's name, but was published at London: it is much superior to the old ones, and I doubt not but it is more scarce.

January 26.

P. B.*

* The Editor begs to express his thanks to his Correspondent for these very acceptable communications.

ART. XV. *The Names of those who assisted Bishop Gibson in his Editions of Camden's Britannia, from a MS. in the handwriting of the celebrated Antiquarian, the Rev. William Clarke, of Chichester, communicated by his grandson, the Rev. J. S. Clarke.**

Parts of this work were translated by the following hands.

Cambridgeshire, by Dr. Echard.

Cumberland, Dr. Todd, and the Improvements.

Dorsetshire, Mr. Palmer. Improvements, Mr. Etrick.

Gloucestershire, Dr. Parsons, and the Improvements.

Hampshire, Mr. Worsley, and the Improvements.

Huntingdonshire, Dr. Echard.

Leicestershire, Mr. Wright.

Northumberland, Dr. Nicholson, and the Improvements.

Oxfordshire, Dr. Kennet, and the Improvements.

Rutlandshire, Mr. Wright.

Shropshire, Mr. Palmer.

Warwickshire, Mr. Newsham, and the Improvements.

Wiltshire, Dr. Tanner, and the Improvements.

Worcestershire, Dr. Hopkins and the Improvements.

* To whom the Editor returns many thanks.

The Additions to the other Counties were chiefly from the following hands, besides the printed Surveys published.

Cornwall and Devonshire, Bishop Trelawney.

Durham, Mr. Mickleton, Dr. Kay.

Essex, Mr. Oosly.

Kent and Middlesex, Dr. Plot.

Naval Affairs, Mr. Pepys.

Norfolk, MSS. Survey, by Spelman.

Surry, Mr. Evelyn.

Sussex, Dr. Harris.

Westmoreland, Mr. Machell.

Yorkshire, E. Riding, Mr. Thoresby, Dr. Johnston.

W. Riding, Mr. Burnsall, Dr. Johnston.

Wales, Mr. E. Lhwyd.

Scotland, Sir Robt. Sibbald.

Ireland, Sir Rich. Cox.

Improvements from printed books were chiefly from

Mr. Burton's Leicestershire, 1622.

Dr. Thoroton's Nottinghamshire, 1677.

Dr. Plot's Oxfordshire, 1677, and Staffordshire, 1686.

Mr. Wright's Rutlandshire, 1687.

Sir W. Dugdale's Warwickshire, 1656.

Carew's Cornwall, 1602.

King's Cheshire, 1656.

Besides the assistance of some gentlemen in every county.

Surveys of Counties published since this edition, or not mentioned, are;

Sir Rob. Atkins's Gloucestershire, 1712.

Ashmole's Antiquities of Berkshire, 1719.

John

John Aubrey's Antiquities of Surry, 1719.

Sir Henry Chauncey's Antiquities of Hertfordshire,

1700.

Coker's Survey of Dorsetshire, 1732.

S. Erdswicke's Survey of Staffordshire, 1717.

Dr. John Harris's History of Kent, 1719.

Dr. John Lewis's History of the Isle of Thanet,

1723.

John Moreton's Natural History of Northamptonshire, 1712.

John Norden's Hist. Descript. of Cornwall, 2d edit.

1728.

———— Middlesex and Hertfordshire,
2d edit.

Salmon's History of Hertfordshire, 1728."

ART. XVI. *Extempore Lines on seeing a detachment of the Rifle Corps, under Col. Beckwith, march with military music through Sandgate, on Oct. 21, 1805, on their way to embark for foreign service.*

Farewell, ye Brave! your steps may Glory wait,
And Victory ride Protectress of your fate!
As sounds the martial band its cheering notes,
On the charm'd air what mighty Spirit floats!
It animates my soul: it swells my breast,
With mingled thrills of joy and grief possess:
It tells of thousand dreadful dangers brav'd;
It tells of battles won, and countries sav'd;
Of Admiration kindling in the eyes,
Whose big drops speak what Art cannot disguise;

VOL. II.

T

The

The Conqueror's echoing shout; the endless fame,
 That plays around the hero's blazing name!
 But ah! how much it also tells to mourn!
 The screaming wife from husband's bosom torn;
 The weeping children clinging round their sire;
 The sighing friends, that in despair retire!
 But what are those more chasten'd tones I hear,
 What mellow murmur meet my pensive ear?
 See yon bold youth in calmness urge his way;
 Before his mind no wanton visions play;
 But thus, in thought compos'd, he seems to say:
 " Farewell, ye hills, where many a summer's day
 " I've pass'd; where many a sweet autumnal morn,
 " And many a wintry noon, with hound and horn,
 " I've gladden'd all your echoes! O farewell!
 " Tho' in my heart the parting sigh will swell,
 " 'Tis not for ease I sigh, nor dangers shun!
 " 'Tis Gratitude's sweet sigh for pleasures gone!
 " I go at Glory's call in distant fields
 " To seek the joy the Conqueror's laurel yields:
 " It is my country's call: I go to fight
 " Her generous warfare with chastiz'd delight.
 " O ye, who now with watry eyes pursue,
 " And heaving bosoms, our departing crew,
 " Weep not for us; if favouring Heaven decrees
 " Our safe return cross yonder spreading seas,
 " With keener rapture we shall view again
 " Each well-known cliff, sweet valley, and green plain,
 " When wreath'd with honours, conscious of desert,
 " We claim the offering of each grateful heart!
 " And should we see your long-lov'd acetics no more,
 " But fall like heroes, on some distant shore,
 " Glory shall soothe the torturing hour of Death,
 " And Fame shall consecrate our parting breath!"

ART.

ART. XVII. *Webbe's Discourse of English Poetrie*,
1586.

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. I. P. 349.]

Though it is not my design to reprint the contents of Oldys's *British Librarian*, yet, to complete the set of articles on old English poetry, I have judged it worth while to repeat in this place the following.

[*From the British Librarian.*]

"The author of this very scarce pamphlet, consisting of five sheets and an half, dedicates it to Edward Suliard, Esq. whose sons were under his tuition, and who had been presented by him with some other work before, which was a translation of some poetry belike, from, or into Latin. In his preface, to the noble Poets of England, he observes, that though books of, or tending to poetry, were then more numerous than any other English books, yet that "Poetry has found fewest friends to amend it; those who can, reserving their skill to themselves, those who cannot, running headlong upon it; thinking to garnish it with their devises, but more corrupting it with fantastical errors." Therefore the chief end of his writing this discourse is, to propose a Reformation of English Poetry, "by having some perfect platform, or prosodia of versifying ratified; either in imitation of the Greeks and Latins, or, where it would not well abide the touch of their rules, through the like observations, selected and established by the natural affectation of the speech."*

In

* But this project, though we find it was proposed and attempted by other prime wits of these times before, such as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Edward

“In the Discourse, having spoken in general of poetry, what it is, whence it had its beginning, and in what esteem it has always been, according to Plato, Aristotle, and Spenser, in his *Shepherd’s Calendar*, which our author thinks inferior neither to Theocritus nor Virgil, and therefore zealously wishes for his other works abroad, especially his *English Poet*, which his friend E. K. did once promise to publish; he then shews the opinion that was held of the power of poetry; how Alexander and Scipio were delighted with it. So proceeds to enumerate the most memorable poets among the ancients, as Orpheus, Amphion, Tyrtæus, Homer, Ennius, and Empedocles; with the comic, tragic, and pastoral poets among the Grecians; and in like manner the Latin poets, more particularly of Virgil; then of the epigrammatic, elegiac, and historical poets. Of Ovid, Horace, besides many others, and also, as not inferior to some of them, Palengenus, Mantuan, and, for a singular gift in a sweet heroical verse, matches with them, Christopher Ocland, the author of our *Anglorum Prælia*.

“Hence he descends to the English poets: and here observes, that he knows of no memorable work written by any poet in English, till twenty years past;

Dyer, Spenser, Dr. Gabriel Harvey, and others, not succeeding; our end of reviving here, or reviewing this Discourse, is chiefly for the sake of those characters, which our author has given in it, of the ancient, and more especially the English Poets, from Chaucer and Gower, down to the most considerable of those who flourished at the time of this publication; that the critical reader may better know whether the opinions held of them in those days, and ours, correspond; and better judge, from the conclusions we form upon the writings of our ancestors, what liberty posterity will take with our own.

though

though learning was not generally decayed at any time, especially since William the Conqueror, as may appear by many famous works written by bishops and others; yet that poetry was then in little account; the light of the old Greek and Latin poets which they had, being contemned by them, as appears by their rude versifying, wherein they thought nothing to be learnedly written in verse, which fell not out in rhyme, either by the middle words of each verse sounding alike with the last, or every two verses ending with the like letters. The original of which tinkling verse is ascribed by Mr. Ascham to the Hunns and Goths. King Henry I., surnamed Beauclerk, is here next spoken of, his name being a proof that learning in his country was not little esteemed of at that rude time; and that among other studies, it is probable such a Prince would not neglect the faculty of poetry. But the first of our English poets, here mentioned, is John Gower, in the time of King Richard II. a singular well learned man, whose works our author wishes were all whole and perfect among us, as containing much deep knowledge and delight. Chaucer, the god of English poets, next after, if not equal in time, hath left many works both for delight and profitable knowledge, far exceeding any other that as yet, ever since his time, directed their studies that way. Though his style may now seem blunt and coarse, yet in him may be seen the perfect shape of a right poet. By his delightful vein, he so gulled the ears of men with his Devices, that though corruption bore such a sway that learning and truth could scarce shew themselves, yet without controul might he gird at the vices and abuses of all states, and gall them with very sharp

and eager inventions; which he did so learnedly and pleasantly that none therefore would call him in question, &c. Lydgate, for good proportion of his verse, and meetly current style, as the time afforded, is by our author thought surely comparable with Chaucer, yet more occupied in superstitious and odd matters than was requisite in so good a wit; which, though he handled them commendably, yet the matters themselves being not so commendable, his esteem has been the less. The next of our ancient poets he supposes to be Pierce Ploughman, who is somewhat harsh and obscure, but indeed a very pithy writer, and the first our author had seen who observed the quantity of our verse without the curiosity of rhyme: Then he comes to Skelton, in the time of Henry VIII. who, as he obtained the laurel garland, is, with good right, granted the title of a poet, being a pleasant, conceited fellow, and of a very sharp wit; exceeding bold, and would nip to the very quick where he once set hold. After him is mentioned Master George Gascoyne, as painful a soldier in the affairs of his prince and country, as he was a witty poet in his writing; in whose further commendation he cites the words of E. K. upon the ninth eclogue of "the new poet." Here he passes over divers, as the old Earl of Surrey, the Lord Vaux, Norton, Bristow, Edwards, Tusser, Churchyard, W. Hunnis, Haiwood, Sand, Hyll, S.Y. M.D. because they would make his discourse too tedious. But observes, that the Earl of Oxford may challenge to himself the title of the most excellent, among the rest of the lords and gentlemen in her majesty's court. Hence he proceeds to the translators, among whom he shall ever account Dr. Phaer the best,

best, for his Virgil, as far as half the tenth book of the *Æneids*, the rest being no less commendably finished by that worthy scholar and famous physician T. Twyne: equal with him he joins Arthur Golding, for his labour in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; who, for his further profiting this nation and speech in all good learning, is here greatly extolled. The next place is given to Barnaby Googe, besides his own compositions, for his translation of Palengenus his *Zodiac*; and he is followed by Abraham Flemming, with whom he would join another of his name, who had excelled as well in all kinds of learning as in poetry especially, were his inventions made public. Here he apologizes for not being particular on the translators of Seneca, Ovid, Horace, Mantuan, and many others; also the students of the universities and inns of court, because he has not seen all he has heard of, nor dwells in a place where he can easily get knowledge of their works. One, however, he may not over-slip, and that is, Master George Whetstone, a man singularly well skilled in this faculty of poetry. To him is joined Anthony Munday, an earnest traveller in this art, in whose name our author had seen very excellent works, especially upon nymphs and shepherds, well worthy to be viewed and to be esteemed as very rare poetry. With these he places John Graunge; Knight; Wylmot; Darrel; F.C. F.K. and G.B. But here has reserved a place purposely for one, who if not only, yet principally, deserves the title of the rightest English poet that ever our author read, that is, the author of the *Shepherd's Kalendar*. And finds none fit to couple with him, unless Gabriel Harvey, for his much admired Latin poetry, his reformation of our English

verse, and beautifying the same with brave devices, though chiefly hidden in hateful obscurity, and the author long since occupied in graver studies. And if he were to join Harvey's two brothers, the one a divine, the other a physician, is assured they would much adorn the art, if they would set their hands to it.

“ After his judgment of the poets, he speaks of the English poetry in its matter and form ; what verse is, the arguments of primitive poetry, the comic, tragic, and historic ; the use and end of poetry from the testimony of Horace. With his advice, of letting things, feigned for pleasure, nearly resemble truth, how duely observed by Chaucer. Others of Horace his rules, with the translation of Sir Thomas Elyot, of reading lascivious poems, and what good lessons some readers will pick out of the worst of them. Examples to this purpose from Plautus, Terence, Ovid, Martial, by Sir T. Elyot. Of heroic poetry, and that we have nothing answerable to Homer and Virgil imputed to our not having had a timely regard to the English speech, and curious handling of our verse, though now it had great advantages of eloquence from some rare and singular wits : among whom, that Master John Lilly has deserved most high commendations, as one who has step'd further therein than any before, or since he first began the witty discourse of his Euphues. Whose works, surely, in respect of his singular eloquence, and brave composition of apt words and sentences, let the learned examine and make trial thereof through all the parts of rhetoric in fit phrases, in pithy sentences, in gallant tropes, in flowing speech, in plain sense : and surely, in my judgment, I think, he will
yield

yield him that verdict which Quintillian gives of both the best orators, Demosthenes and Tully: that from the one nothing may be taken away, to the other, nothing may be added.* But for a closer example, to prove a former assertion, of the fitness of our language to receive the best form of poetry, we are referred to the examination of Dr. Phaer's translation of Virgil with the original, from both which here are several examples laid before us, and our critic thinks that the like inference ought to be drawn from the comparison of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* with Golding's translation.

“Next our author treats more particularly of the pastoral poetry, or eclogue: here, having spoken of Theocritus, Virgil, and others, he comes to one of our own country, comparable with the best in any respect, even Master Spenser, author of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, who would, he thinks, have surpassed them, if the coarseness of our speech (that is, the course of custom which he would not infringe) had been no greater impediment to him, than their pure native tongues were to them. Here we have a little comparison between Virgil's *Eclogues*, and Spenser's, and the commendations of E. K. upon the English poet. The subject matter and use of his said *Calendar*, and our author's apology for what had been objected against something in his sixth eclogue, shewing it is the foolish construction, and not his writing, that is blameable. To these writers of pastorals, are joined those who wrote precepts of husbandry in verse, after the manner of Virgil's *Georgics*; such as that book

* See *Censura Literaria*, Vol. I. p. 160, for Lilly.

of Tusser, a piece surely, says he, of great wit and experience, and withal very prettily handled. And he thinks that this argument has been so little treated of in poetry, because so many have written of it in prose. As for a translation of the Georgics, it appears that Abr. Flemming, in his version of the eclogues, did make some promise thereof, and that our author Webbe did perform the like; but it seems not that either of their works were printed.* Thence from the subject of our English writers, he passes to the form and manner of our English verse; censures our barbarous practice of rhyming; what is understood by rhyme, and how improperly that word is applied. The first beginning of rhyme. Rules to be observed in framing our English rhyme. Next we come to the several kinds of English verse differing in number of syllables, where it is observed the longest verse, in length, our author has seen used in English, consists of sixteen syllables, not much used, and commonly divided, each verse equally into two, rhyming alternately. The next in length is of fourteen syllables, the most usual of all others, among translators of the Latin poets, which also often is divided into two lines; the first of eight syllables, the second of six, whereof the sixes always rhyme, and sometimes the others. But, to avoid tediousness and confusion, repeats only the different sorts of verses in the Shepherd's Calendar, which contains twelve or thirteen several sorts differing in length, or rhyme, or distinction of the staves. After these examples we have some remarks, on the

* For an account of most of the Poets here enumerated, see Theatr. Poet. Angl. 1800, 8vo.

natural

natural order of words, or position in English poetry, and that the quantity of our old verse, of fourteen syllables, runs much upon the iambic; with further observations upon rhyme. Gaskoyne's instructions for versifying. Of some rare devices and pretty inventions in composition, as in the song of Colin, sung by Cuddy in the Shepherd's Calendar, framed upon six words, prettily turned and wound up together. Not unlike John Graunge's device of making the last words of a certain number of verses fall into sense; and that there were several delicate performances in this nature, of Echoes, privately passing among the finest poets of our author's time. We have something also after the manner of the acrostic, from the compositions of W. Hunnis. Then he proceeds to the reformed kind of English verse, in imitation of the Greeks and Latins, which many had attempted to put in practice, and this part takes up three leaves, in which, among other things, he observes the hexameter to be the most famous verse; and that the first who attempted to practice it in English, was the Earl of Surrey, who translated some part of Virgil into verse, but without regard of true quantity of syllables. Here he repeats the famous distich in hexameter, common in the mouths of all men, which was made by Master Watson, Fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge, about forty years past; and two more in the gloss of E. K. upon the fifth eclogue of the new poet. That the great number of the like kind made by Mr. Harvey, were not unknown to any, and his own translation of the two first eclogues of Virgil in the like sort of verse, is, by our author, here exhibited. After which examples in hexameter, he comes to the elegiac verse with

examples; and lastly, in like manner of the Sapphic, with an example thereof in his version, from the fourth eclogue in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, of Colin's Song, sung by Hobbinol, in praise of the Queen. To the whole is annexed, the Canons, or general cautions of poetry prescribed by Horace, first gathered by Geo. Fabricius Cremnicensis; and at the end, a short epilogue, in which, for rendering our poetry equal with the best in other tongues, he gives us hopes of framing some apt English Prosodia, but hopes first to enjoy the benefit of some other's judgment, whose authority may bear greater credit, and whose learning can better perform it."

ART. XVIII. *Abuses Stript and Whipt: or Satyrical Essays in Two Books.* By George Wither. London, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1622, 8vo.*

The author, in his address to the reader, speaks of these as "the first fruits of his converted Muses," in which he desires them not "to look for Spenser's or Daniel's well-composed numbers; or the deep conceits of now-flourishing Jonson; no, say 'tis honest plain matter, and that's as much as I expect."

In a proæmium, which he entitles "The Occasion of this Work," he gives the history of his early life.

When nimble Time, that all things overruns,
Made me forsake my tops and eldern guns;

* The Editor's copy, of which the title page is wanting, contains pp. 302, besides Dedication and Address. See *CENSURA LITERARIA*, Vol. I. p. 40.

Reaching those years, in which the school-boys brag
 In leaving off the bottle and the bag ;
 The very spring before I grew so old,
 That I had almost thrice five winters told,
 Noting my other fellow-pupils' haste,
 That to our English Athens flock'd so fast :
 Lest others for a truant should suspect me,
 That had the self-same tutor to direct me,
 And in a manner counting it a shame
 To undergo so long a school-boy's name,
 Thither went I. For, though I'll not compare
 With many of them that my fellows were ;
 Yet then, (I'll speak it to my teacher's* praise,)
 I was unfurnish'd of no needful lays :
 Nor any whit for grammar rules to seek,
 In Lilly's Latin, nor in Camden's Greek ;
 But so well grounded, that another day
 I could not with our idle students say, 20
 For an excuse, " I was ill enter'd ;" no :
 There yet are many know it was not so.
 And therefore, since I came no wiser thence,
 I must confess it was my negligence ;
 Yet, daily longing to behold and see
 The places where the sacred sisters be,
 I was so happy to that *Ford* I came,
 Of which an *Ox*, they say, bears half the name :
 It is the spring of knowledge, that imparts
 A thousand several sciences and arts,
 A pure clear fount, whose water is by odds
 Far sweeter than the nectar of the gods :
 Or, for to give 't a title that befits,
 It is the very nursery of wits.

* His Epigram 16, at the end of this publication, is addressed to his
 " Schoolmaster, Master John Greaves."

There

There once arrived 'cause my wits were raw,
 I fell to wondring at each thing I saw :
 And for my learning made a month's vacation
 In noting of the place's situation ;
 The palaces and temples that were due
 Unto the wise Minerva's hallowed crew ; 40
 Their cloisters, walks, and groves : all which survey'd,
 And in my new admittance well apaid,
 I did, as other idle Freshmen do,
 Long to go see the bell of Oarney tow:
 But yet indeed (may I not grieve to tell ?)
 I never drank at Aristotle's well.
 And that perhaps may be the reason why
 I know so little in philosophy.
 Yet old Sir Harry Bath was not forgot ;
 In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot,
 The Forest bye, believe it they that will,
 Retains the known name of " Shot-over " still.

But having this experience, and withall
 Gotten some practice at the tennis-ball,
 My tutor, telling me I was not sent
 To have my time there vain and idly spent,
 From childish humours gently call'd me in,
 And with his grave instructions did begin
 To teach ; and by his good persuasions sought
 To bring me to a love of what he taught. 60

Then after that, he labour'd to impart
 The hidden secrets of the Logic art ;
 Instead of Grammar rules he read me then
 Old Scotus, Seton, and new Keckerman.
 He shew'd me which the Predicables be,
 As Genus, Species, and the other three ;
 So having said enough of their contents,
 Handles in order th' ten Predicaments ;

Next

Next Postprædicamenta with Priorum,
 Perhermenias & Posteriorum:
 He with the Topics opens, and distries
 Elenchi, full of subtle fallacies:
 These to unfold indeed he took much pain,
 But to my dull capacity in vain;
 For all he spake was to as little pass,
 As in old time unto the vulgar was
 The Romish rites, which, whether bad or good,
 The poor unlearned never understood;
 But of the meaning were as far to seek,
 As Coriat's horse was of his master's Greek, 80
 When in that tongue he made a speech at length,
 To shew the beast the greatness of his strength.
 For I his meaning did no more conjecture
 Than if he had been reading Hebrew lecture.
 His Infinities, Individuities,
 Contraries, and Subcontrarities,
 Divisions, Subdivisions, and a crew
 Of terms and words, such as I never knew,
 My shallow understanding so confounded,
 That I was gravel'd like a ship that's grounded;
 And, in despair the mystery to gain,
 Neglecting all, took neither heed nor pain.
 Yea, I remain'd in that amazed plight,
 Till Cinthia six times lost her borrowed light.
 But then, ashamed to find myself still mute,
 And other little Dandiprats dispute,
 That could distinguish upon Rationale,
 Yet scarcely heard of Verbum Personale;
 Or could by heart, like parrots, in the schools
 Stand prattling, those methought were pretty fools. 100
 And therefore in some hope to profit so,
 That I like them at least might make a shew,
 I reach'd

I reach'd my books that I had cast about,
 To see if I could pick his meaning out :
 And, prying on them with some diligence,
 At length I felt my dull intelligence
 Begin to open ; and perceived more
 In half an hour, than half a year before.
 And, which is strange, the things I had forgot,
 And till that very day remembered not
 Since first my tutor read them, those did then
 Return into my memory again :
 So, that with which I had so much to do,
 A week made easy, yes, and pleasing too.
 But then therewith not thoroughly content
 I practis'd to maintain an argument ;
 And having waded thorough sophistry,
 A little look'd into philosophy,
 And, thinking there the ethics not enough,
 I had a further longing yet to know 120
 The cause of Snow, Hail, Thunder, Frost, and Rain,
 The Lightnings, Meteors ; and what here 'twere vain
 For me to speak of, since I shall but shew it
 To those that better than myself do know it.
 Then from the causes of things natural,
 I went to matters metaphysical :
 Of which, when I a little news could tell,
 I, as the rest in schools, to wrangling fell ;
 And, as example taught me, to disgrace her,
 When I oppos'd the truth, I could outface her.
 But now ensues the worst. I getting foot,
 And thus digesting Learning's bitter root ;
 Ready to taste the fruit, then when I thought
 I should a calling in that place have sought,
 I found, that I, for other ends ordain'd,
 Was from that course perforce to be constrain'd :

For

As if there had been reason to suspect
 Our ancient used Hampshire dialect. 249
 There I perceiv'd those brutish thronging swarms,
 That were transformed by lewd Circe's charms ;
 There heard I wanton Sirens tune the lay,
 That works th' unwary traveller's decay.
 The cruel Lycanthropi walk'd in sight ;
 So did the beastly loose Hermaphrodite.
 I saw Chimeras, Furies, fearful things,
 And Fiends, whose tongues are such envenom'd stings,
 As plague not only bodies that have breath,
 But make a wound, that oft, uncur'd by death,
 Poisons the next in blood, and comes to be
 At length the ruin of a progeny.
 There I saw Gulls that have no brains at all,
 And certain monsters which they Gallants call ;
 New broods of Centaurs, that were only proud
 Of having their beginning from a cloud.

These, with a thousand other creatures more,
 Such as I never saw the like before,
 In stranger shapes, and more deform'd and vile,
 Than ever yet appear'd to Mandeville, 269
 Flock'd there, that I almost to-doubt began,
 How I had pass'd the straits of Magellan ;
 Or gotten on the sudden, with such ease,
 To see the wonders at th' Antipodes.
 O Lord, thought I, what do I mean to run,
 Out of God's blessing thus into the Sun !
 What comfort, or what goodness here can I
 Expect, among these Anthropophagi,
 Where, like the droves of Neptune in the water,
 The less are made a prey to feed the greater !
 Certain it is, I never shall be able,
 To make my humour suit to please this rabble ;

Better

Better it were I liv'd at home with wants,
 Than here with all these strange inhabitants,
 Whose natures do with me so disagree,
 I shall scoff at them, though they ruin me.
 Yet being loath to turn till I had tried,
 What fate my new adventure would betide,
 I staid for my experience, and withall
 Flattering myself with hope, there would befall 250
 Unto my share something well worth my suit,
 Which honesty might serve to execute,
 Without respecting how to please the rude,
 And apish, humours of this multitude.
 But all in vain I that preferment sought;
 Ill Fortune still my hopes confusion wrought:
 Which though for ominous some understood,
 Yet I presum'd upon some future good;
 And though I scarce am wish'd so well of some,
 Believe there is a happy time to come;
 Which, when I have most need of comfort, shall
 Send me true joy to make amends for all:
 But say it be not, whilst I draw this air,
 I have a heart, I hope, shall ne'er despair;
 Because there is a God, with whom I trust
 My soul shall triumph, when my body's dust.
 Yet when I found that my endeavours still
 Fell out, as they would have 't that wish'd me ill;
 And when I saw the world was grown so coy,
 To curb me as too young then to employ; 300
 And that her greatness thought she did not want me,
 Or found no calling bad enough to grant me,
 (And having scap'd some envies, which to touch
 Unto this purpose appertains not much,)
 Weighing both bad and therewith also this,
 How great a shame and what reproach it is

To be still idle; and because I spied
 How glad they would be, that my fate envied,
 To find me so; although the world doth scorn
 T' allow me action, as if I were born
 Before my time; yet e'en to let her see
 In spite of Fortune I'd employed be;
 Casting preferment's too much care aside,
 And leaving that to God that can provide;
 The actions of the present time I eyed,
 And all her secret villainies descried:
 I strip'd Abuse from all her colours quite,
 And laid her ugly face to open sight.
 I labour'd to observe her ways, and then
 In general the state and tricks of men. 320
 Wherein although my labour were not seen,
 Yet, trust me, the discovery hath been
 My great content: and I have for my pain,
 Although no outward, yet an inward gain.
 In which because I can with all my heart
 Allow my countrymen to share a part,
 And 'cause I think it may do some a pleasure,
 On opportunity I'll now take seizure,
 And summon up my Muse to make relation!
 I may be employ'd ere long;—now's my vacation. 330

The Contents of the First Book of these Satires are
 1. The Occasion. 2. The Introduction. 3. Of Man.
 4. Of Fond Love. 5. Of Lust. 6. Of Hate. 7. Of Envy.
 8. Of Revenge. 9. Of Choler. 10. Of Jealousy. 11. Of
 Covetousness. 12. Of Ambition. 13. Of Fear. 14. Of
 Despair. 15. Of Hope. 16. Of Compassion. 17. Of
 Cruelty. 18. Of Joy. 19. Of Sorrow. 20. The Con-
 clusion of the First Book.

The Second Book contains 1. Of Vanity. 2. Of
 Inconstancy. 3. Of Weakness. 4. Of Presumption.
 And

And to these is added the Scourge, a Satire. To which are annexed "Certaine Epigrams to the King's most excellent Majestie, the Queene, the Prince, the Princesse, and other noble and honourable personages, and friends, to whom the author gave any of his bookes."

I transcribe one or two.

*To Henry, Earl of Southampton.**

EPIGRAM 7.

Southampton, since thy province brought me forth,
And on those pleasant mountains I yet keep,
I ought to be no stranger to thy worth,
Nor let thy virtues in oblivion sleep.
Nor will I, if my fortunes give me time;
Meanwhile read this, and see what others be!
If thou can'st like 't and wilt but grace my rhyme,
I will so blaze thy Hampshire springs and thee,
Thy Arle, Test, Stour, and Avon shall share fame
Either with Humber, Severn, Trent, or Thame.

To his loving friend, and Cousin-German, Mr. William Wither.

EPIGRAM 15.

If that the Standards of the House betray
What Fortunes to the owners may betide:
Or if their destinies, as some men say,
Be in the names of any signified,
'Tis so in thine; for that fair antique shield
Borne by thy predecessors long ago,
Depainted with a clear pure Argent field,
The innocency of thy line did shew.

* The patron of Shakspeare.

Three sable crescents, with a chevron gul'd,
 Tells that black fates obscur'd our house's light;
 Because the planet that our fortunes rul'd,
 Lost her own lustre, and was darken'd quite :
 And, as indeed our adversaries say,
 The very name of *Wither* shews decay.
 But yet despair not ; keep thy White unstain'd,
 And then it skills not, what thy crescents be !
 What, though the Moon be now increas'd, now wan'd ;
 Learn thence to know thy life's inconstancy ;
 Be careful, as thou hitherto hast been,
 To shun th' Abuses man is tax'd for here ;
 And then thy soul, that's now eclips'd with sin,
 When Moon and Sun are darken'd, shall look clear ;
 And whatsoe'er thy English name may threat,
 The " Harvest's son " the Greeks entitle thee.
 Ere thou shalt want, thy Hare will bring thee meat,
 And to kill care, herself thy make-sport be :
 Yea, yet, though Envy's mists do make them dull,
 I hope to see the waned orbs at full.

N. B. For the better understanding of this Epigram, note, that his arms are, in a field Argent, a chevron gules, betwixt three crescents sable : his name, according to the Greeks, is Τυδαιος, and his crest is a Hare with three wheat-ears in her mouth.

ART. XIX. *Literary Obituary.*

DR. CURRIE, CONTINUED FROM P. 80.

" James Currie, M.D. had lately become an inhabitant of Bath, and would have graced any place or society to which he belonged. He bore great pain and uneasiness, for several years, with calmness and resignation, and finished his course, with affording an example

ample of that patience and fortitude, which so eminently distinguished his character through life. His medical abilities were confessedly very great. Persevering, ingenious, and penetrating, few circumstances escaped his observation; and his talent of applying to practice the facts which he had observed, was seldom equalled. He was also a remarkable instance of the improvement which the cultivation of the moral duties produces upon the understanding. His judgment was not clouded by jealousy, or his view of the subject of case in question obscured by partiality, or darkened by prejudice. Equally ready to adopt the suggestions of others, as he was those of his own judgment, he never deviated from the point aimed at, because the whole of the path was not traced out by himself. Superior to such considerations, which never prevail in exalted minds, he rested his character on higher grounds; and the discerning part of mankind soon became sensible, that such acquiescence, when it met his own unprejudiced ideas, was an honour to his character. Candour and benevolence were the guides of his conduct, and led him to esteem and reputation in the present world, softened his passage to the tomb, and in his last moments disarmed the dart of death. Original however, in his ideas, he was better suited to point out the way, than to follow the speculations of others; and what he advised, obtained a kind of involuntary preference, which nothing but a consciousness of merit in the adviser could have secured. His counsels, though destitute of the recommendation of peremptory assertion, or lavish display of pretended success, which sometimes overpower when they do not convince, carried with them

them the more powerful charms of sense, judgment, reflection, and acquaintance with the subject, and were accompanied with a most amiable and satisfactory manner of manifesting these admirable qualifications to the understanding of those with whom he conversed. Nor did pain and sickness, however embittering they were to the enjoyment of life, cloud his faculties, or disorder his temper. He resigned life with the same benevolent disposition of mind in which he had lived, and with undiminished powers of understanding. The faculties of his mind were not, however, confined to professional subjects. Well versed in elegant knowledge, he combined the pursuits of ornamental literature with those of the severer studies. Poetry, history, and other branches of knowledge that improve the understanding, and animate the mind to exert itself in every capacity, were held by him in high esteem, and were favourite objects of his attention. On these models, selected from the best authors, he formed his own style of writing, which was pure, elegant, and correct; and often adorned with passages which, in beauty of language, and delicacy and propriety of sentiment, yield to none of which our country can boast. The lovers of science might wish his life to have been longer protracted; in which wish all the friends of the country, who knew him, would willingly join; but wiser Fate says no: and Reflection steps in and warns us, that "his warfare is accomplished;" and that we must not, from partial, or interested, or indeed any human considerations, presume to wish the prolongation of suffering to him, who had so long, and so eminently struggled with pain and misery—and, in

the midst of these painful exertions, uniformly laboured for the benefit of mankind.

Bath, Sept. 3, 1805.

WILLIAM FALCÓNER.

“ On Tuesday, September 24, died at his house in Great Titchfield street, in the 63d year of his age, Mr. William Byrne, a distinguished landscape engraver: he was educated under an uncle, who engraved heraldry on plate, but having succeeded in a landscape after Wilson, so as to obtain a premium from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, it was regarded as the precursor of talent of a superior order, and he was sent to Paris, at that time the chief seminary in Europe, for the study of engraving, for improvement. In Paris he studied successively under Aliamet and Wille; from the former of whom he imbibed the leading traits of that style of engraving which he afterwards adopted as his own:—under the latter he engraved a large plate of a storm, after Vernet, but the manual dexterity of Wille was alien to his mind, and probably contributed not much to his improvement, though he always spoke of Wille's instructions with respect.

When he returned to England, the success of Woollett, as a landscape engraver, had set the fashion in that department of the art; but Byrne, disdaining to copy what he did not feel—perhaps scorning the influence of fashion in art, preserved the independence of his style, and continued to study, and to recommend to his pupils Nature, Vivares, and the best examples of the French school.

His larger performances are after Zuccarelli and Both; but his principal works (containing probably his best engraving) are the Antiquities of Great Britain,

Britain, after Hearne; a set of Views of the Lakes, after Farington; and Smith's Scenery of Italy. His chief excellence consisting in his aerial perspective, and the general effect of his chiaro-scuro; he was more agreeably and more beneficially employed in finishing than in etching, and hence he generally worked in conjunction with his pupils, who were latterly his own son and daughters. His manners were unassuming; his professional industry unremitting; and his moral character exemplary. He seldom went from home, but lived in the bosom of a numerous and worthy family, who are now deploring their loss."

From the Star Newspaper.

Feb. 19, 1806, died the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, æt. 89, of whom an account will hereafter be given.

ART. XX. *To Correspondents.*

The Correspondent, whose letter, bearing the post-mark of January 7, contains complaints of irregularity in the arrangement of the materials of this work, and objects strongly to the division of long articles into different Numbers, affords me a justification for occupying a small space, partly in apology, and partly in defence of myself against imputed motives, which, if he knew me, he could never even have suspected.

The arrangement of the subjects of a publication of this nature must, not only from necessity, but from choice, be miscellaneous. And even where a methodized catalogue of books in a particular department has been attempted to be given, it was never intended to preclude a more detailed account of single works of the same head, when accident or opportunity threw them

them in the way. But if some volumes authorize a longer account, than such catalogues can well admit, others may be dispatched with a notice too brief for them. And such seem to me proper for the "Bibliographical List" of mere title-pages, which I first introduced in my last Number.

My Correspondent's remarks were principally directed to the Account of English Writers on Agriculture; and to this I request that these observations may also be applied. But if this defence be not sufficient, there is surely much indulgence due to the Editor of a periodical publication. He does not profess to begin with all his materials ready before him: it is to time that he trusts gradually to develop his treasures, and increase the fund of his knowledge. Were he therefore to adopt any method which would preclude subsequent acquisition and improvement, he would destroy the very advantage which it is the characteristic object of his plan to attain; and as bibliography is a study, which is not easily exhausted, he might continue to linger, before he entered on a subject, like the countryman in Horace, who wanting to cross a stream, waited in hopes its waters would pass away. All must remember the beautiful translation of Cowley,

"Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream, which stopt him, should be gone,
That runs, and, as it runs, for ever will run on."

On the contrary the temporary defect of method,³
arising almost necessarily out of these circumstances,
is

is soon remedied, or at least alleviated, by full Indexes and digested Tables of Contents.

The objection to carrying long articles from one number to another, does not appear to me well-considered. The contrary would prevent that diversity of subjects, which the generality of readers of such a work as the present require. Nay, some learned friends did strongly disapprove my introduction of the disquisition of the Battle-Abbey Roll entire into one Number, because they considered it to fill an unproportionate space, even though it consisted of arguments, of which the force would have been much weakened by separation. Thus it is apparent that the endeavour to please the taste of every one is perfectly hopeless!

But be the plan I have adopted right or wrong, the motives, to which my Correspondent ascribes it, cannot be heard by me, without some mortification: and he must permit me to add, some mixture of indignant feelings! He believes me to be actuated by mercenary views; by the "paltry artifice" of attempting thus to draw on my readers from Number to Number. To me, who began this work, through the purest love of literary occupation, and under a conviction that it would be an amusement too expensive even for the weakest prudence, who never hoped any better terms than to be relieved from the hazard of loss, which the unsolicited and unexpected liberality of my publishers soon took on themselves;—to me, whose whole life has passed in disregard of all pecuniary considerations, who have sacrificed all the golden views that tempted me, to my enthusiasm for the Muses, and abandoned an honourable profession that commands all the honours and riches of the State, for slighted and unproductive

productive studies, how aggravated is the humiliation of such a stigma ! Is it possible that motives so mean and base could operate on a mind so circumstanced ? A well-known writer indeed, a veteran in literature, a man of family, who has filled honourable stations, and, what is far better, a man of erudition and genius, has lately said, as an apology for his Memoirs,

“ My poverty, and not my will consents.”

I am sorry for him. I confess I should never have looked to authorship as a reparation for poverty ! But if the emoluments of learning are ill calculated to counteract simple poverty, how insignificant must they be to relieve an embarrassed property—as a defence against those, who “ lap the blood of sorrow,” and feast upon the vitals of necessity ;—against the fangs of extortion and legalized robbery ; the swarm of locusts, increased and still increasing, who, almost as formidable as the ravaging legions of Bonaparte, overrun the land, and divide its spoils among themselves ! My Correspondent ought to recollect that an author may seek, in the intense pleasure of literary occupation to soothe, though he may not be able to “ erase, the written troubles of the brain ;” to calm the regrets of youthful confidence ill placed ; of trusting in the honour of those, who have no honour, who deliver their posterity, bound hand and foot, to the forbearance of rivals, and the mercy of lawyers ; to the care of those, who have no care but to secure themselves ; who feel no pangs for “ the law’s delay, the insolence of office,” but suffer, without compunction, the loss of precious years, which not the united fortunes of the Bedfords, the Devonshires, and the Marlboroughs, can afterwards

afterwards repair!———O no, no! My Correspondent, nursed, perhaps, in the lap of ease and prosperity, and cherished by the luxury and enjoyments of a great commercial city, which has drawn to its vortex all the wealth and resources of the country, thinks not of these things; or he never would have suspected me of such ungenerous motives, as those which he has imputed to me! Were I a writer for gain, I could surely have found more popular and productive subjects to employ my humble talents upon! I might have poured forth pamphlets of political venom; have compiled vapid histories; have written tales of wonder; and have put together modern memoirs; in which every thing trite and common might have been fitted to uncultivated capacities, and congenial with ordinary tastes! Never could I have been so foolish, as to waste my time in laborious and recondite researches, which, in proportion as they are deep and valuable, are remote from general curiosity!———Thus much I could not refrain from saying, though well aware to what fresh obloquy, what sneers of folly, and frowns of malice, it will expose me. I hear them accuse me of eternal egotism; and I confess there are unjust imputations, which my irritable nature will not bear in silence.— But enough! ——

The unfinished Articles, which are not yet resumed, will be concluded, as soon as an opportunity recurs. The cause of the delay is not worth explaining.

Feb. 13, 1806.

S. E. B.

. Some Communications, which reached the Editor too late, will appear in the next Number.

Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER VIII.

[Being the Fourth Number of Vol. II.]

ART. I. *The Firſte Parte of Churchyardes Chippes :
contayning twelve ſeverall labours. Devised and
published only by Thomas Churchyard, gentilman.
Imprinted at London in Flete-ſtreete neare unto
Saint Dunſtone's Church, by Thomas Marſhe,
1575, cum privilegio. 4to.*

THE following are the contents of this book.

1. The Seige of Leeth.
2. A Farewell to the Worlde.
3. A Fayned Fancie of the Spyder and the Gowte.
4. A Dollful Discourse of a Lady and a Knight.
5. The Rode into Scotlande, by Sir William Dreury,
Knight. (prose)
6. Sir Symond Burley's Tragedie.
7. A Tragicall Discourse of the Unhappy Man's
Life.
8. A Discourse of Vertue.
9. Churchyardes Dreame.
10. A Tale of a Fryer and a Shuemaker's Wife.

VOL. II.

x

11. The

11. The Siege of Edenborough Castle.
12. The whole Order of the receiving of the Queene's
Majestie into Bristowe.

Numbers 2, 4, 6, and 9, were reprinted in Churchyard's Challenge: and No. 12 has been inserted by Mr. Nichols, in his very curious Collection of the Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth, Vol. I.

Churchyard dedicated his Chips "To the right worshipful his tried and worthy friend, Maister Christopher Hatton, Esq." afterwards Sir Christopher: and his dedication was preceded by a copy of verses, "To the dispisers of other men's workes that shoes nothing of their owne," which concludes with the following lines, somewhat explanatory of his singular title to the book.

"What needs more words to waest my wind
About these busie brains;
That powlts and swels at others toils,
And take themselves no pains.

The best is, though small goodnes be
In these bare *Chippes* of mine;
My hatchet hew'd them all in deede,
Whear they be grosse or fine.

And when that theas have made a blase,
And bin in world a while,
A *bigger basket* will I bring
To make you worldlings smile.

And whether theas you like or noe,
The rest are neer the stamp;
Which if you pleas to fling in fier,
Will burne as cleer as lamp.

Thus

Thus farewell frends or flying foes;

I know not how to fawne:

I mean to see you ons again,

So leave my booke for pawne.

Aduc."

T. P.

ART. II. *Churchyard's Challenge. London.*
Printed by John Wolfe. 1593. 4to. pp. 278.

Here followes the severall matters contained in this booke.

1. The Tragedie of the Earle of Morton.
2. The Tragedie of Sir Simon Burley.
3. A Discourse that a Man is but his Minde. (prose)
4. A Discourse of the true steps of Manhood. (prose)
5. A Warning to the Wanderers abroad, that seeke to sow dissention at home.
6. A Discourse of the Honor of a Souldier. (prose)
7. A Discourse of Gentlemen lying in London, that were better keepe house at home in their countrey.
8. A Discourse of an olde Souldier and a young.
9. A Discourse of Misfortune and Calamitie. (prose)
10. A Discourse and Commendation of those that can make Golde.
11. The Tragedy of Shore's Wife, much augmented.
12. A Story of an Eagle and a Lady, excellently set out in Du Bartas.
13. A Tragickall Discourse of the haplesse man's life.
14. A Discourse of a Fantasticall Dreame.
15. A Discourse of Law and worthy Lawyers. To the Right Hon. Lady Puckering.
16. A

16. A few plaine Verses of Truth against the flat-
terie of Time: made when the Queen's
Majestie was last at Oxenford. (See the Pro-
gresses of Q. Elizabeth, Vol. III.)
17. A Discourse of the only Phoenix of the Worlde.
18. A Praise of that Phenix; and Verses translated
out of French.
19. The Aduce the Writer made Long agoe to the
World, when he went to studie.
20. A Tragicall Discourse of a dolorous Gentle-
woman.
21. A Dolefull Discourse of a great Lorde and a
Ladie: translated out of French.†

This volume has an Epistle Dedicatory "to the Right Hon. Sir John Wolley, Knight, Secretary for the Latin tung to the Queene's Majestie," which is followed by a Preface "to the worthiest sorte of people, that gently can reade and justly can judge." I transcribe a poetical prefix, complimentary to Spenser, which the author entitles

"A new kinde of a Sonnet."

"In writing long, and reading works of warre,
That Homer wrote and Virgil's verse did show;
My Muse me led in overweening farre,
When to their stiles my pen presum'de to goe.
Ovid himselfe durst not have yaunted so;
Nor Petrarke grave with Homer would compare;
Dawnt * durst not think his sence so hye did flow
As Virgil's works, that yet much honord are.
Thus each man sawe his judgement hye or low,

* Dante.

† To this table of contents succeeds a copious list of pieces before printed,
see. which is given by Herbert, III. 1806.

And

And would not strive or seeke to make a jarre,
 Or wrastle where they have an overthrow;
 So that I finde the weakenes of my bew
 Will shoot no shaft beyond my length, I trow.
 For reason learnes, and wisdomes makes me know
 Whose strength is best and who doth make or marre:
 A little lamp may not compare with starre;
 A feeble head, where no great gifts doo grow,
 Yields unto skill whose knowledge makes smal shew.
 Then, gentle world, I sweetly thee beseech!
 Call Spenser now the spirit of learned speech.
 Churchyard's good-will."

It appears from the dedication, that the old doughty bard named this book his CHALLENGE, by way of defiance to those who doubted that the contents were of his own composing; and in order to *challenge* the several productions "as his children to abide behinde him in the worlde, to make them inheritors of such fame and dispraise as their father should enjoy or deserve: hoping they shall not be called bastards, nor none alive will be so hardy as to call them his babes, which were brought forth and fostered up so carefully at his owne charges, and the hazard of an envious worlde."

T. P.

ART. III. *The Tragedie of Shore's Wife: much augmented with divers newe additions. By Thomas Churchyard. 1593.*

The Legend of Jane Shore, by Churchyard, has been reprinted at p. 99, as it appeared in the Mirror

for Magistrates; but in the latest publication of the old *Court-poet*, entitled "Churchyard's Challenge," that legend had an augmentation of 21 stanzas, which, as the book is extremely scarce, and as the insertion may serve to complete the former article, I will here transcribe. Prefixed is a dedication, in which the ancient bard hurls the gauntlet of personal defiance at some malevolents, who wished to deprive him of the credit of having produced the poem.

"To the right honorable the Lady Mqunt-Eagle and Compton, wife to the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst's son and heire.

"Good Madame, for that the vertuous and good Ladie Carie, your sister, honourable accepted a discourse of my penning, I beleevd your Ladiship would not refuse the like offer, humbly presented and dutifully ment, I bethought me of a tragedie that long laye printed and many speake well of: but some doubting the shallownesse of my heade, (or of meere mallice disdaineth my doings) denies me the fathering of such a worke, that hath won so much credit: but, as sure as God lives, they that so defames me, or doth disable me in this cause, doth me such an open wrong, as I would be glad to right with the best blood in my body, so he be mine equall that moved such a quarrell: but mine old yeares doth utterly forbid me such a combat; and to contend with the malicious, I thinke it a madnesse; yet I protest before God and the world, the penning of Shore's Wife was mine; desiring in my hart, that all the plagues in the worlde maie possesse me, if anie holpe me, either with scrowle or counsell, to the publishing

publishing of the invencion of the same Shore's Wife; and to show that yet my spirits faile me not in as great matters as that, I have augmented her tragedie, I hope in as fine a forme as the first impression thereof, and hath sette forth some more tragedies and tragicall discourses, no whit inferiour, as I trust, to my first worke. And, good Madame, because "Rosimond" is so excellently sette forth (the actor * whereof I honour), I have somewhat beautified my Shore's Wife, not in any kind of emulation, but to make the world knowe, my device in age is as ripe and reddie as my disposition and knowledge was in youth: † so having chosen a noble personage to be a patrones to support poore Shore's Wife's Tragedie againe, I commend all the verses of her, olde and newe, to your good Ladiship's judgement; hoping you shall lose no honour in the supportation of the same, because the true writer thereof, with all humblenesse of mind and service,

* Samuel Daniel; who published his "Complaint of Rosamond," in 1592. See Nash's commendation of it cited at page 237. Meres in his *Wits Treasury*, 1598, thus quaintly lauded it: "As every one mourneth, when hee heareth of the lamentable plangors of Thracian Orpheus for his dearest Euridice; so every one passionateth, when he readeth the afflicted death of Daniel's distressed Rosamond."

† Gabriel Harvey, in his *Four Letters*, &c. 1592, appears to intimate that Nash, in the pride of his satiric talent, had fallen foul of Maister Churchyard, and had been compelled to plead *peccavi*, and to cry his mercy in print. Nash published a reply in *Four Letters Confuted*, &c. 1593, and admits that he had an old quarrel with Churchyard, which Harvey had endeavoured to revive, but which he declares nothing under heaven should draw him to do: and then addressing himself to the old bard, he exclaims—"I love you unfainedly, and admire your aged muse, that may well be grandmother to our grand eloquentest poets at this present. *Sanctum et venerabile vetus omne poema*. Shore's Wife is young, though you be steeped in years; in her shall you live when you are dead," &c.

presents the tragedie unto your honourable censure,
wishing long life and increase of vertues fame to make
your Ladiship's days happie.

T. CHURCHYARD."

After stanza 10 (see p. 101,) the following *four*
~~stanzas~~ added.

By beutie blas'd, like torch or twinckling starre,
A lively lamp that lends darke world some light,
Faure Phœbus beames scarce reacheth halfe so faure
As did the rayes of my rare beantie bright ;
As summer's day exceeds blacke winter's night,
So Shore's wife's face made foule Brownetta blush,
As pearle staynes pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.

The damaske rose or Rosamond the faure,
That Henry held as deere as jewells be,
Who was kept close in cage from open ayre,
For beauties boast could scarce compare with me :
The kindly buds, and blossomes of brave tree,
With white and red had deckt my cheekes so fine,
There stooode two balles, like drops of claret wine.

The beaten snow, nor lily in the field,
No whiter sure then naked necke and hand;
My lookes had force to make a lyon yield,
And at my forme in gase a world would stand;
My body small, fram'd finely to be span'd,
As though dame Kind had sworne, in solemn sort,
To shrowd herselfe in my faure forme and port.

No part amisse, when Nature took such care
To set me out, as nought should be awry,

To

To furnish forth, in due proportion rare,
 A peece of worke should please a princes eye.
 O would to God, that boast might prove a lie!
 For pride youth tooke in beauties borrow'de trash,
 Gave age a whippe, and left me in the lash.

After st. 24, (p. 105,) follow these *three*.

Sweete are the songs that merry night-crow* singes,
 For many parts are in those charming notes;
 Sweete are the tunes and pipes that pleaseth kings;
 Sweet is the love wherein great lordings dotes;
 But sweetst of all is fancie where it flotes,
 For throwe rough seas it smoothly swimmes away,
 And in deepe fouds where skulls of fish doe play.

And where love slides, it leaves no sign nor showe,
 Where it hath gon, the way so shuts againe;
 It is a sport to heare the fine night-crow
 Chaunt in the queere upon a pricke-song plaine:
 No musicke more may please a prince's vaine
 Than descant strange, and voice of favrets brest,
 In quiet bower when birds be all at rest.

No such consort as plaine two parts in one,
 Whose rare reports doth carry cunning clean,
 Where two long loves and lives in joy alone.
 They sing at will the treble or the meane,
 Where musicke wants the mirth not worth a beane;
 The King and I agreed in such concorde,
 I rul'd by love, though he did raigne a lord.

After st. 26, (p. 105,) follow these *three*.

I tooke delight in doing each man good,
 Not scratting all my selfe as all were mine,

* The nightingale.

But

But lookt whose life in neede and danger stode,
 And those I kept from harme with cunning fine.
 On princes traine I always cast mine eie;
 For lifting up the servants of a king,
 I did throw court myself in favour bring.

I offered ayde before they sued to me,
 And promis'd nought, but would performe it streight;
 I shak'd downe sweet fruit from top of tree,
 Made aples fall in laps of men by sleight.
 I did good turnes whiles that I was a-height,
 For fear a flawe of winde would make me reele,
 And blowe me downe, when Fortune turn'd her wheele.

I fil'd no chests with chynks to cherish age,
 But in the harts of people layde my gold,
 Sought love of lord, of master, and of page,
 And for no bribe I never favour solde.
 I had inough, I might doe what I would,
 Save spend or give or fling it on the ground,
 The more I gave, the more in purse I found.

After st. 41, (p. 109,) follow these *nine*.

Brought bare and poore, and throwne in worlde's disgrace,
 Holds downe the head that never casts up eye;
 Cast out of court, condemn'd in every place,
 Condemn'd, perforce, at mercy's foote must lye:
 Hope is but small when we for mercie crye;
 The bird halfe dead, that hauke hath fast in foote,
 Lay head on blocke where is no other boote.

The rowling stone, that tumbleth downe the hill,
 Finds none to stay the furie of his fall;
 Once under foote, for ever daunted still;
 One cruell blowe strikes cleane away the ball.

Left

Left once in lacke feelles alwayes want of will ;
 A conquered mind must yeeld to every ill,
 A weake poore soule, that fortune doth forsake
 In hard extreames, from world her leave may take.

From those that fall, such as doe rise doe run ;
 The sound with sicke doe seldome long abide ;
 Poore people passe as shadowes in the sun,
 Like feeble fish, that needes must follow tyde ;
 Among the rich a beggar soon is spied ;
 When weake Shore's Wife had lost her staffe of stay,
 The halt and blind went limping lame away.

The poore is pincht and pointed at indeed,
 As baited bull were leading to a stake ;
 Wealth findes great helpe, Want gets no friend at neede,
 A plagued wight a booteles mone may make,
 A naked soule in street for colde may quake :
 But colde or hot, when mischiefes come a-roe,
 As falles the lot, the back beares off the blowe.

Prefarment past, the world will soon forget ;
 The present time is daily gaz'd upon ;
 Yf merchant rich from wealth doe fall in debt,
 Small count is made of his good fortune gon.
 We feede on flesh, and fling away the bone,
 Embrace the best and set the worst aside,
 Because faire flowers are made of in their pride.

You yonglings nowe, that vain delights lead on
 To sell chaste life for lewd and light desires,
 Poore gaine is got, when rich good name is gon ;
 Foule blot and shame lives under trimme attires :
 Worlde soone casts off the hackney horse it hiers ;
 And when bare nagge is ridden out of breath,
 Tibbe is turn'd loose, to feed on barren heath.

Of

Of flowers a while men doe gay poses make;
 The scent once past, adue dry withered leaves;
 Love lasts not long; prickt up for pleasures sake;
 Straw little worth, when corne forsakes the sheaves:
 A painted post the gazar's eye deceives;
 But when foule faults are found that blear'd the sight,
 The' account is gon of girlls or gugawes light.

Young pooppies play, small season lasts you see;
 Old apish sportes are quickly out of grace;
 Fond wanton games will soon forgotten be;
 As sowre as crabbe becomes the sweetest face:
 There needes no more be spoken of this case;
 All earthly joyes by tract of time decayes;
 Soone is the glasse runne out of our good dayes!

My fall and facte makes proefe of that is spoke,
 Tels world to much of shadowes in the sunne,
 Dust blowne with winde, or simple proefe of smoake,
 That flies from fire and fast throwe aire doth run:
 It ends with woe that was with joy begun;
 It turnes to teares that first began with sport;
 At length long paine finds pleasure was but short.

After st. 48, (p. 111,) the following.

Woe worth the day, the time, the howre and ill,
 When subjects clapt the crowne on Richard's head;
 Woe worth the lordes, that sat in sumptuous hall,
 To honour him that princes blood so shead:
 Would God he had bin boyld in scalding lead,
 When he presume in brother's seat to sit,
 Whose wretched rage rul'd all with wicked wit.

After st. 53, (p. 112,) the following.

The fall of leafe is nothing like the spring,
 Ech eye beholdes the rising of the sunne,

All men admire the favour of a king;
 And from great states growne in disgrace they run,
 Such sodaine claps ne wit nor will can shun;
 For when the stoole is taken from our feete,
 Full flat on floore the body falls in streete.

T. P.

ART. IV. *England's Parnassus: or the choyssest flowers of our moderne poets, with their poetickall comparisons. Descriptions of Bewties, Personages, Castles, Pallaces, Mountaines, Groves, Seas, Springs, Rivers, &c. Whereunto are annexed other various discourses, both pleasant and profitable. Imprinted at London for N.L. C.B. and T.H.* 1600. With the device of a Ling entangled in the branches of a honeysuckle. pp. 510. besides dedication, &c. small 8vo. or duod.*

A character of this collection has been given by Oldys in the Preface to Hayward's British Muse, and copied into the new edition of the *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum* (1800). I shall not therefore repeat it here. It may however be added, that notwithstanding the defects with which Oldys rather too severely taxes it, time has given it a value, which every lover of old English poetry will duly estimate. Seventy years ago the greater part of the authors, from whom extracts, too short indeed, are here given, were forgotten; the curiosity and diligence of the present day has revived all their memories; and perhaps recovered

* Viz. Ling, Burby, and Haies. Herb. III. 1342, who says that there were three or four editions of the book about this time. Sed qu?

and

and ascertained every poem, from whence the passages are borrowed. The laborious searches of the late Mr. Ritson in this way will establish his fame, in spite of his dullness, and his unhappy disposition. And the still superior knowledge of some living friends, (whom I know too well, to offend them by adding their names,) blended as it is with taste and fancy, has lately thrown a grace and interest on this branch of bibliography, which is daily increasing the public curiosity regarding a part of our national antiquities, the most illustrative of the progress of human manners and civil society. The state of our knowledge on these subjects is materially altered since the time of Oldys, who, though his bibliographical erudition was very eminent, after having observed that R. Allot, the editor of this Collection, "cites no more than the names of his authors to their verses," could add, that "most of them were now so obsolete, that not knowing what they wrote, we can have no recourse to their works, if still extant" He then, a little too severely, says, that "what renders this and the other Collection (The Belvedere, or Garden of the Muses, 1600, 8vo.) very defective, and prevents them from affording the redundant light, of which they were capable, is the little merit of the obsolete poets, from which they are in a great measure extracted; which want of merit, as Sir Philip Sydney justly observes, "is the cause of their wanting esteem."

But there is scarcely a single volume of old poetry, which ever obtained even a short-lived reputation, from whence some good may not be extracted. Some traits of manners, some memorials of temporary sentiment, some forms of expression, some records of departed

parted merit, which it is a pity should entirely perish, are sure to be preserved in them. And in such a collection as the present it is highly instructive to observe, constantly intermixed, and floating with the same apparent credit by each other's side, those who have for ages been left behind on shoals and in creeks silent and forgotten, and those who still are borne forward by the increasing impulse of the gale of Fame! The perpetual comparison will enable us to appreciate, in the most certain and striking manner, the qualities by which a lasting reputation is ensured.

This Collection is dedicated, in the following Sonnet,

“To the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Mounson, Kt.

English Mæcenas, Bounty's elder brother,

The spreading wing, whereby my fortune flies;

Unto thy wit, and virtues, and none other,

I consecrate these sacred Poesies;

Which, whilst they live, as they must live for ever,

Shall give thy honour life, and let men know,

That those, to succour virtue who persevere,

Shall conquer Time, and Lethæ's overflow.

I pick'd these flowers of learning from their stem,

Whose heavenly wits and golden pens have chac'd

Dull ignorance that long affronted them:

In view of whose great glories thou art plac'd,

That whilst their wisdoms in these writings flourish,

Thy fame may live, whose wealth doth wisdom
nourish*.

Your Worships humbly

at Command,

R. A.”

* I have modernized the spelling.

" To the Reader.

I hang no ivy out to sell my wine;
The hectar of good wits will sell itself;
I fear not, what detraction can define;
I sail secure from Envy's storm or shelf.

I set my picture out to each man's view,
Lim'd with those colours, and so cunning arts,
That like the phoenix will their age renew,
And conquer envy by their good deserts.

If any cobbler carp above his shoe,
I rather pity, than repine his action;
For ignorance still maketh much ado,
And wisdom loves that, which offends detraction.

Go fearless forth, my book; hate cannot harm thee;
Apollo bred thee, and the Muses arm thee.

R. A."

The first set of extracts is under the head of "Angels," and begins with twenty-one lines from Spenser, followed by passages from Drayton, Fairfax, Warner, and Shakspeare. The next is under "Ambition," beginning with Daniel, and succeeded by Markham, Chapman, Spenser, Drayton, Higgins, Lodge, Warner, Hudson, Gascoigne, Dekkar, and Fairfax. The third is "Affection," from Shakspeare, Marlow, and Spenser. The fourth "Affliction," from Davies; the fifth "Audacity," from Warner, Shakspeare, and Weever; and the sixth "Art," from Drayton, Marston, Chapman, Jonson, Lodge, Storer, Harington, Fitz-Geffrey and Spenser; the seventh "Avarice," from Spenser, Harington, Sylvester, Warner, Shakspeare, and Dekkar. Here end the titles under the letter A.

Under

Under the "Descriptions of Beauty and Personage"
is the following by Thomas Watson, p. 393.

Her yellow locks exceed the beaten gold ;
Her sparkling eyes in heaven a place deserve ;
Her forehead high and fair, of comely mould ;
Her words are musical, of silver sound ;
Her wit so sharp, as like can scarce be found.
Each eyebrow hangs like Iris in the skies ;
Her eagle's nose is straight, of stately frame ;
On either cheek a rose and lily lies ;
Her breath is sweet perfume, or holy flame :
Her lips more red than any coral stone ;
Her neck more white than aged swans that moan ;
Her breast transparent is, like chrystal rock ;
Her fingers long, fit for Apollo's lute ;
Her slipper such as Momus dare not mock ;
Her virtues are so great, as make me mute.
What other parts she hath, I need not say,
Whose fairest face alone is my decay.

Tho. Watson.

The next is by Dr. Lodge, p. 394.

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperious glory shines,
Of self-same colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded, or in twines :
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink ;
The gods do fear, when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.
Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud,
That beautifies Aurora's face ;
Or like the silver crimson shroud,
That Phœbus' smiling locks do grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
 Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh;
 Which with botinds she still encloses,
 Apt to entice a deity.
 Her neck is like a stately tower,
 Where Love himself in pleasure lies,
 To watch for glances every hour
 From her divine and sacred eyes.
 Her paps are centres of delight,
 Her paps are rocks of heavenly flame,
 Where Nature moulds the dew of light,
 To feed perfection with the same:
 With orient pearl, with ruby red,
 With marble white, with azure blue,
 Her body every way is fed,
 Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.
 Nature herself her shape admires;
 The Gods are wounded in her sight;
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
 And at her eyes his brands doth light.

D. Lodge.

The following also, by the same poet, is at p. 399.

Like to Diana, in her summer weed,
 Girt with a crimson robe of birghtest dye,
 Goes fair Samela.
 As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
 Deck'd with the ruddy lustre of her love,
 Is fair Samela.
 Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
 When as her brightness Neptune's fancy moves,
 Shines fair Samela.
 Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
 Her teeth are gold; the breasts are ivory,
 Of fair Samela.

Her

Her cheeks, like rosy lilies, yield forth gleams;
 Her brows' bright arches, fram'd of ebony;
 Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
 And Juno in the shew of majesty;
 For she is Samela;
 Pallas in wit; all three if you will view,
 For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
 Yields fair Samela.

D. Lodge.

CALM WEATHER. p. 359.

As then no wind at all there blew,
 No swelling cloud accloyd the air,
 The sky, like grass of watched hue,
 Reflected Phœbus' golden hair:
 The garnish'd trees no pendant stirr'd,
 Nor voice was heard of any bird.

Mat. Roydon.

WOMEN. p. 310.

- - - Women be
 Fram'd with the same parts of the mind as we;
 Nay Nature triumph'd in their beauty's birth,
 And women made the glory of the earth;
 The life of beauty, in whose supple breasts,
 And in her fairest lodging virtue rests,
 Whose towering thoughts, attended with remorse,
 Do make their fairness be of greater force.

J. Warton:

What art so deep; what science is so high,
 Unto the which women have not attain'd;
 Who list in stories old to look, may try,
 And find my speech herein not false nor feigned;

And though of late they seem not to come nigh
 The praise their sex in former times have gain'd,
 Doubtless the fault is either in back biters,
 Or want of skill or judgment in their writers.

J. Waver.

Among the many rare and special gifts,
 That in the female sex are found to sit,
 This one is chief, that they, at meekest shifts,
 Give best advice, and shew most ready wit;
 But man, except he chews, and thinks, and sifts
 How every part may answer to their fit,
 By rash advice doth often overshoot him,
 And doth accept the things that do not boot him.

Idem.

MAJESTY, POMP. p. 442.

Look, as great Cinthia in her silver car
 Rides in her progress round about her sphere,
 Whose tendance is the fair eye-dazzling stars
 Trooping about her chariot, that with clear
 And glorious shows makes every eye delight
 To gaze upon the beauty of the night,
 Clad and attended with the world's delight;
 So is the Queen in majesty brought forth.

Christopher Middleton.

KING. p. 451.

When as the sun forsakes his crystal sphere,
 How dark and ugly is the gloomy sky;
 And in his place there's nothing will appear,
 But clouds that in his glorious circuit fly.
 So when a king forsakes his royal place,
 There still succeeds oblique and dark disgrace.

Idem.

DESCRIPTIONS

DESCRIPTIONS OF PALACES, CASTLES, &c.

p. 469.

In little time these ladies found
 A grove with every pleasure crown'd ;
 At whose sweet entry did resound
 A ford, that flower'd that holy ground :
 From thence the sweet-breath'd winds convey
 Odours from every myrtle spray,
 And other flowers ; to whose array
 A hundred harps and timbrels play ;
 All pleasure's study can invent
 The dames' ears instantly present ;
 Voices in all sorts different,
 The four parts and the diapent.

George Chapman.

SEAS, WATERS, RIVERS, &c. p. 481.

- - In that mead proud making grass,
 A river, like to liquid glass,
 Did with such soundful murmur pass,
 That with the same it wanton was.
 Hard by this brook a pine had seat,
 With goodly furniture complete,
 To make the place in state more great,
 And lessening the inflaming heat,
 Which was with leaves so beautified,
 And spread his breast so thick and wide,
 That all the sun's estranged pride
 Sustain'd repulse on every side.

Idem.

The following is a specimen of the strange attempt
at English hexameters, extracted from Abraham
Fraunce, p. 484.

OF TREES AND HERBS.

Myrtle's due to Venus, green laurel due to Apollo,
Corn to the lady Ceres, ripe grapes to the young merry
Bacchus,

Poplar unto Alcides, and olives unto Minerva.
Gentle Amaranthus, thou fairest flower of a thousand,
Shalt be love's flower henceforth, though thou cam'st
from a bleeding,

Yet blood shalt thou stanch, this gift will I give thee
for ever. *Abr. Fraunce.*

OF THE MARIGOLD. p. 503.

The marigold so likes the lovely sun,
That when he sets, the other hides his face,
And when he gins his morning course to run,
She spreads abroad, and shews her greatest grace.

Tho. Watson.

DILICULUM. p. 326.

By this Apollo's golden harp began
To send forth music to the ocean,
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the Day's bright bearing car prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaming beams mock'd ugly night.

Christopher Marlow.

MANE. p. 328.

The gaudy Morn out of her golden sleep
Awak'd, and little birds uncag'd 'gan sing,
To welcome home the bride-groom of the sea.

George Peele.

VESPER.

VESPER. p. 333.

About the time, when Vesper in the west
 'Gan set the evening watch, and silent Night,
 Richly attended by his twinkling train,
 Sent sleep and slumber to possess the world,
 And Fantasy to hawzen idle heads,
 Under the stately canopy of heaven
 I laid me down, laden with many cares.

George Psalms.

OF EDEN. p. 351.

For Adam God chose out an happy seat,
 A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
 Which dainty Flora paveth sumptuously
 With flowery Ver's enamell'd tapistry ;
 Pomona pranks with fruits, whose taste excells,
 And Zephyr fills with musk and amber smells,
 Where God himself, as gardner, treads the allies,
 With trees and corn covers the hills and vallies,
 Summons sweet sleep with noise of hundred brooks,
 And sun-proof arbours makes in sundry nooks ;
 He plants, he prunes, he pares, he trimmeth round,
 The ever-green beauties of a fruitful ground :
 Here, there, the course of the holy lakes he leads ;
 With thousand dyes he mottleth all the meads.

Joshua Sylvester.

LIFE. p. 169.

The sun doth set, and brings again the day,
 But when our life is gone, we sleep for aye.

Thomas Achelly.

VIRTUE.

Virtue dies not ; her tomb
Let them trust tombs, whic

WAR. I

War rightly handled is me
And easy makes impossibil
It mounts the Alps, and thr
By it in blood a way to hea

CARE.

Care, the consuming canke
The discord that disorders s
Th' abortive bastard of a co
The lightsome lackey that
Bearing the letters which co
The busy advocate, that se
Denouncing worst to him

CONCORD

When tract of time return
By thee alone the buds and
The fields with flowers be
The blooming trees abunda
The cheerful birds melodio
Thou dost appoint the crop
For man's relief, to serve hi

CONTENT. p. 39.

He only lives most happily
 That's free and far from majesty;
 Can live content, although unknown :
 He fearing none ; none fearing him ;
 Meddling with nothing but his own,
 While gazing eyes at crowns grow dim.

Thomas Kyd.

ENVY. p. 72.

Envy lives with us, while ourselves survive;
 But when we die, it is no more alive.

Charles Fitz-Geffrey.

The knotty oak, and wainscot old,
 Within doth eat the silly worm ;
 E'en so a mind, in envy cold,
 Always within itself doth burn.

Idem.

JEALOUSY. p. 143.

Foul-weather'd Jealousy to a forward spring
 Makes weeds grows rank, but spoils a better thing ;
 Sows tares 'gainst harvest in the fields of love ;
 And dogged humour dog-days-like doth prove,
 Scorching love's glorious world with glowing tongue ;
 A serpent by which love to death is stung ;
 A foe to waste his pleasant summer flowers,
 Ruin his mansion, and deface his bowers.

E. Gilpin.

KINGS. p. 157.

He knows not what it is to be a king,
 That thinks a sceptre is a pleasant thing.

Robert Greene.

Too

Too true that tyrant Dyonisius
 Did picture out the image of a king;
 When Damocles was plac'd in his throne,
 And o'er his head a threatening sword did hang,
 Fasten'd up only by a horse's hair. *Idem.*

LOVE. p. 175.

Love is root, and only crop of care,
 The body's foe, the heart's annoy, and cause of pleasures
 rare;
 The sickness of the mind, the fountain of unrest;
 The gulf of guile, the pit of pain, of grief the hollow chest;
 A fiery frost, a flame that frozen is with ice;
 A heavy burden, light to bear, a virtue fraught with vice
 It is a worldly peace, a safety seeing dread,
 A deep despair annex'd to hope, a fancy that is fed;
 Sweet poison for his taste, a port Charybdis-like,
 A Scylla for his safety, though a lion that is meek.
*George * Turberville.*

THE SAME. p. 177.

Of virtue only perfect Love doth grow,
 Whose first beginning though it be more slow
 Than that of lust, and quickens not so fast,
 Yet sure it is, and longer time doth last.
 The straw in kindles soon, and slakes again;
 But iron is slow, and long will heat retain.
Thomas Hudson.

MELANCHOLY. p. 205.

Thou nursing mother of fair wisdom's lore,
 Ingenious Melancholy!
John Marston.

* Called by mistake *Thomas*.

MIND. p. 209.

What plague is greater than the grief of mind,
 The grief of mind that eats in every vein ?
 In every vein that leaves such clods behind,
 Such clods behind, as breed such bitter pain ?
 So bitter pain, that none shall ever find,
 What plague is greater than the grief of mind.

Earl of Oxford.

THE SAME. p. 209.

Nor is it but our minds that make our native homes our
 grave,
 As we to ours, others to theirs, like partial fancy have;
 Transmute we but our minds, and then all one an alien is,
 As if a native once resolv'd makes every country his.

William Warner.

POESY. p. 231.

All art is learn'd by art; this art alone
 It is a heavenly gift; no flesh nor bone
 Can prize the honey we from Pind distil,
 Except with holy fire his breast we fill.
 From that spring flows, that men of special choose
 Consum'd in learning and perfit in prose,
 For to make verse in vain does travel take,
 When as a prentice fairer words will make.

King of Scots.

SILENCE. p. 259.

Dumb Silence, sworn attendant on black Night,
 Thou that hast power to close up Murmur's jaw;
 To stop the barking of the watchful hound,

And

And charm the gagging of those waking fowl,
That sav'd Jove's capitol, mild Queen of Rest !

Thomas Dekker.

SOUL. p. 275.

Heaven waxeth old ; and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay ;
And Time itself shall cease in time to move ;
Only the soul survives, and lives for aye.

John Davies.

BEAUTY. p. 402.

Yet never eye, to Cupid's service vow'd,
Beheld a face of such a lovely pride ;
A tinsel veil her golden locks did shrowd,
That strove to cover what it could not hide :
The golden sun behind a silver cloud
So streameth out his beams on every side :
The marble goddess set at Cnidos naked
She seem'd ; were she uncloth'd, or that awaked.
The gamesome wind among her tresses plays ;
And curleth up those growing riches short ;
Her spareful eye to spread his beams denies,
But keeps his shot, where Cupid keeps his fort.

*F. G.**

The Editor has concluded the whole with the following lines, printed on the back of a blank page, after the "Finis."

Fame's windy trump blew up this haughty mind
To do, or wish to do, what here you find :

* *Probably Fulke Greville.*

'Twas

'Twas ne'er held error yet in errant knights,
 Which privilege he claims, to dress their fights
 In high hyperboles; for youth's example,
 To make their minds, as they grow men, grow ample.
 Thus such achievements are essay'd and done,
 As pass the common power and sense of man.
 Then let high spirits strive to imitate,
 Not what he did, but what he doth relate.

ART. V. *Leoline and Sydanis. An heroick Romance of the adventures of amorous Princes: together with sundry affectionate addresses to his mistresse under the name of Cynthia, by Sir F. K(innaston), Knt. 4to. 1642.*

The two exquisite poems printed in Ellis's "Specimens" naturally attract one to the source from whence they were derived: the major part of the volume containing them is occupied in relating (in stanzas "of the staff of seven," as Puttenham calls them) the loves of Leoline and Sydanis:

On the Virgivian ocean's foaming shore,
 Downe at the mountain Snowdon's rocky foot,
 Whose cloud-bound head with mists is ever hoar,
 So high the sight can scarcely reach unto 't,
 (Against whose sides the forked lightnings shoot)
 A stately castle stood; whilome the seat
 Of the old Brittain's King, Arvon the Great.

Here the hero of the tale was born; and as soon as he is introduced to our notice he falls in love with the daughter of Duke Leon, at a sacrifice to Venus. But as "the course of true love," which "never did

run

run smooth," was not to be reversed for this most amiable pair, a "farinee-fac'd" splay-foot gentleman from France,

(*"Monsieur Marquis Jean Foutre was his name,"*)

who was present at the wedding, for the nuptials were celebrated, interposes with foul intent to pollute the tide of Leolyne and Sydanis' happiness :

So by the canker-worme the fragrant rose
Is tainted.

To perfect his intent he has recourse (like most of his contemporaries) to magic, and ties a knot and utters a spell, which had such influence on the "Virillity" of the bridegroom, as "it were pity o' my life" to decompose the gravity of the editor by describing. The difficulties to which "the son of Arvon" was opposed, will be better fancied than felt; it may therefore suffice to inform the reader, that his friends in turn had recourse to a druid; who, to obviate the influence of Jean Foutre's magic, administers a potion, the operation of which is similar to that of Shakspeare's Juliet's. The lady now flies to the druid's cave, who, from hatred to King Arvon, that had confined him there, persuades her that it is poison they have communicated, and that it is fit she fly beyond sea, before her pursuers overtake her.

The druid's words, like the death-boding notes
Of the night raven, or the ominous owl,
Send from their dismal hollow sounding throats:
Or like the noise of dogs, by night that howl
At the departing of a sick man's soul,
Stung terror into Sydanis.

She

She follows the recommendation of the magician and escapes in a boat to Ireland, disguised, and at length becomes page to the daughter of Dermot king of Eblana. Jean Foutre follows her, but is drowned in the passage. On the third night, the operation of the soporiferous draught being exhausted, the prince rises while the attendants appointed to watch his supposed corse were asleep, and taking with him an esquire, who relates every circumstance by the way, they too embark for Erinland. The body is supposed in the morning to have been stolen by Leoline's father, and King Arvon proceeds to revenge the insult by investing the walls of Caerleon.

Landing in Ireland, Leoline finds the body of the Marquis Jean Foutre cast on the beach, and untying the ribbon which he had given the traitor at his wedding, he dissipates the spell that had caused his debility.

Disguised as Frenchmen, his esquire and Leoline escape to the court of Dermot, where they soon obtain favour; and Sydanis, disguised as a page, negotiates between her husband and Mellifant, till she discovers that Leoline is resolved to marry her mistress, supposing his spouse to be dead. This part of the romance contains "unutterable things:" the fears of Sydanis are removed, however, by the refusal of King Dermot to accept Leoline's offer of marriage, as his daughter was promised to Androgios, from Britain, and he returns in disgust to Wales.

Mellifant and Sydanis, unconscious of each other's purpose, resolve to follow him disguised, but the latter is seized and returned to the King, who, missing his daughter

daughter and Leoline at the same period, determines to transport his army and attack King Arvon. As he lands at Carleon he is met by Androgios embarking to fetch home his daughter: upon explanation Androgios challenges Leoline to single combat: but as they prepare for battle, a chariot, drawn by eight white swans, appears in the air, which descends bearing Mellifant to the feet of Androgios; at the same time that the spectators anticipated the transmission of one of the heroes from the danger of the combat, as on a well-known occasion,

Hoc Venus, obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo,
Detulit. *

By an equally-powerful intervention Sydanis is at the same time restored to Leoline, and so "ends this strange eventful history."

The judgment of Mr. Ellis has anticipated my examination of the latter part of this volume. The following poem, however, may be read not without pleasure.

TO CYNTHIA, ON HER CHANGING.

Dear Cynthia, though thou bear'st the name
Of the pale Queen of night,
Who changing yet is still the same,
Renewing still her light;
Who monthly doth herself conceal
And her bright face doth hide,
That she may to Endymion steal
And kiss him unespied;

* *Æneid*. Lib. 12.

Do not thou so, not being sure
 When this thy beauty's gone,
 Thou such another canst procure
 And wear it as thy own ;
 For the by-sliding silent hours,
 Conspirators with grief,
 May crop thy beauty's lovely flowers
 Time being a sly thief,

Which with his wings will fly away,
 And will return no more ;
 As, having got so rich a prey,
 Nature cannot restore.

Reserve thou, then, and do not waste
 That beauty which is thine ;
 Cherish those glories that thou hast,
 Let not grief make thee pine :

Think that the lily, we behold,
 Or July flower may
 Flourish, although the mother mould
 That bred them be away ;
 There is no cause, nor yet no sense,
 That dainty fruits should rot,
 Though the tree die and wither, whence
 The apricots were got.

O. G.

ART. VI. *The Memoires of the Duke of Rohan: or, a faithful Relation of the most remarkable occurrences in France; especially concerning those of the Reformed Churches there. From the death of Henry the Great until the Peace made with them, in June 1629. Together with divers politick Discourses upon several occasions. Written originally in French, by the Duke of Rohan, and now*
VOL. II. z Englished

Englished by George Bridges, of Lincolns-Inne, Esq. London, Printed by E. M. for Gabriel Bedell, and Thomas Collins; and are to be sold at their shop, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleetstreet. 1660. 8vo. pp. 224, besides Epistle, Preface and Table.

After this occurs a new Title-Page, viz. *Divers Politique Discourses of the Duke of Rohan; made at several times upon several occasions: unwritten originally in French; and now rendered into English. By G. B. Esq. London, Printed by Thomas Ratcliffe, for G. Bedell and T. Collins, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleetstreet. 1660. pp. 70.*

George Bridges, the translator of this work, was younger brother of Sir Thomas Bridges, of Keinsham Abbey in Somersetshire, and son of Edward Bridges, Esq. of the same place, by Philippa, daughter of Sir George Speke, K. B. He died Jan. 1, 1677, and was buried in Keinsham church. I cannot refrain from embracing the opportunity of saying a few words about the above branch of this once numerous and spreading family. I cannot refrain, because there was a vile attempt, on a late occasion, for the most malicious and dishonest purposes, to substitute them in a wrong place. The Keinsham branch were notoriously, and upon the most demonstrable proof, descended from Thomas Bridges, who died 1559, and lies buried at Cornbury*

* In Oct. 1796, I visited Cornbury church, and saw the broken fragments still legible of the brass which records his memory, and many honourable employments. I restored the parts to their place in the wall, whence they are probably again separated for ever.

in Oxfordshire, and to whom Edw. VI. granted the site of the Priory of Keinsham. He was younger *brother* to John, first Lord Chandos; and some account of him may be found in Tho. Warton's *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*. He left issue Henry, who died 1597, and was father of Sir Thomas, whose son Edward was father of George Bridges the translator. George Rodney Bridges, the first cousin of this George, married the famous Countess of Shrewsbury, who is said to have held the Duke of Buckingham's horse in the disguise of a page, while he fought a duel with her husband, Lord Shrewsbury. Pope records the loves of this tender pair:

“ Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love.”

The son of this too famous Countess, by her last husband, lived at Avington, near Winchester, which city he long represented in Parliament, and dying 1751, aged 72, left his estates to his remote cousin the late Duke of Chandos; among which was the large manor of VILLIERS in Ireland, derived, I presume, from his mother, which was for many years afterwards the subject of dreadful litigations with the tenants, as may be seen in Hargrave's *Law Tracts*.

But, proveable and clear as was the descent of this branch, it was not the only instance, in which wicked opponents made use of similar materials, in defiance of the acknowledged falsehood of their application. There existed a certain family of the name, of respectability and fortune, and for many generations possessed of the seat* of their residence. These had long flattered

* Tyberton, in Herefordshire.

themselves by the claim of alliance to a noble house. But it happened unfortunately for this claim, that there existed amongst the most authentic records of the Heralds' College, under the powerful certificate of the very learned Gregory King, and even their own signature,* a pedigree which decisively annihilated these pretensions.† But this family was pressed forward also to create confusion, and disseminate prejudices. It was not indeed brought publicly forth: the propagators knew it would not bear the light; and that the consequence would be instant confutation. But they worked like moles in the dark: vile toad-eaters and dissemblers, who got access to the houses of the Great by base servility and adulation, poisoned by these means the minds of too many, and misled and puzzled those who were too easily puzzled. I forbear to point out individuals, though there is one deceitful little wretch, whose constant dangling at the doors of high rank, and peculiar activity in this business, will, should he ever read these passages, be fully aware of its allusions.

Having written thus far, I look back, and hesitate! But what I have written shall stand! I have forborne for years, out of delicacy, to tell the truth on this subject; but there is a point, when forbearance becomes a folly, and even a crime. Let it not be supposed,

* In the last Visitation of Herefordshire.

† If this should meet the eye of an accomplished scholar, for whose literary talents I bear respect, and who imagines that his alliances give him an interest in the question, I advise him to satisfy himself of his misapprehension by consulting the proofs I refer to. His candour must then acknowledge the errors he has indulged; and he will regret a rude message he once sent.

that

that I care for these baubles, or that my mind still dwells incessantly on the ill usage that my family have received. Indignation has worked my cure. My heart is purged, I trust, of all its weak ambitions; and I allow of no superiority, but that of the disposition and the head. Were I vested with the titles and possessions even of a leading Duke, but were (as might have happened) low in manners, vulgar in intellectual qualities, and base in disposition, I should consider that my honours and wealth would expose instead of covering my personal inferiority! Could I reach the pathetic or sublime strains of Burns, how mean would it be, to feel humiliation, had I been born in an hovel, and traced no blood in my veins, but what had flowed from labourers and peasants!

I know not then why I should concern myself in endeavouring to honour a family, who, numerous and powerful and far spread as they have been, have in the long track of ages been little known in literature, but whose habits have been almost all feudal, whilst I am forced to press an humble translator into the service, and rest our fame upon one, who must stand in the hindmost ranks of authorship! Nor shall I perhaps gain much more credit by the niche which, on doubtful pretensions, I have formerly obtained for a peer of the family in the temple of Lord Orford's Noble Authors. But I care not:

—————quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.

I can see insolent and undeserving men, sitting in the seats of my ancestors, and inebriated by the giddy height they have attained; I can see them without humiliation

miliation or regret. Nay, I can with sincerity return scorn for scorn ! But enough !

The Duke de Rohan died April 13, 1638. His *Memoirs* are highly esteemed. It seems to have been agreed that he was one of the greatest men of his time.

The translation is dedicated to James Marquis of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The translator says he was principally induced to publish it in our language, by some passages tending to the Vindication of our late incomparable king and martyr, from no less false than foul aspersions concerning Rochelle; his care and diligence to order their relief being here acknowledged, by persons more concerned, than our pretended propagators of religion; the Rochellers' ruin being chiefly occasioned by their own inconstancy, refusing to admit those succours when come, which they before, even with tears, implored, and their own intestine divisions and factions; with which his blasphemous and rebellious subjects first sought to wound his fame, that with more security they might imbrue their hands in his most sacred blood." *

* In *Bibliothèque des Sciences*, Oct. Nov. Dec. 1767. (Tom. XXVIII. Part II. A La Hage, 1768,) is an account of a Book entitled "*Histoire de Tancrede de Rohan, avec quelques autres Pièces concernant L'Histoire Romaine. A Liege, chez J. F. Bassompierre, Imprimeur de Son Altesse, & Libraire; 1767, grand in 12 de 498 pp.*"

This Tancred, says Anderson in his *Genealogies*, was rejected by the Parliament of Paris, who made his sister heiress of Rohan.

Dec. 26, 1805.

ART.

ART. VII. *A Treatise of the Nobilitie of the Realme, collected out of the body of the common Law, with mention of such statutes as are incident hereunto, upon a debate of the Barony of Aburgavenny. With a Table of the heads contained in this Treatise. London, Printed by A. N. for Matthew Walbanke, and Richard Best, and are to be sold at their shops at Grayes Inne gate. 1642. Duod. pp. 157.*

I do not recollect that it has been noticed, that this pretended treatise is nothing more than an inaccurately-printed note of the Argument of the learned Serjeant Doddridge, (afterwards knighted, and a judge,) in the disputed question, regarding the Barony of Abergavenny, between Edward Neville, the heir male, and Mary, wife of Sir Thomas Fane, the heir general.

Sir John Doddridge argued in favour of the heir male, in which he finally succeeded. And the whole argument is reprinted in “Collins’s Cases of Baronies by Writ, (Lond. 1734, Fol.)” without notice of this former publication. The main question was, whether, under the circumstances, the possession of the Castle of Abergavenny carried the Barony along with it. It seems that the other side had argued against the existence of Baronies by tenure, from the inconveniences and absurdities that would attend alienation. But Doddridge in reply laid it down “That by alienation without licence, the Barony is forfeited: but that the alienee of such Barony, nobly descended, is Baron. But if such alienation with licence be made to any

person ignoble, though the burden of the tenure doth remain on him for the King's best advantage, yet he may not take upon him the dignity without the King's special favour upon his merit." p. 83.

In another place, p. 69, he says, " If a baron by tenure doth aliene the same, either he doth it without licence, or else with licence obtained. If without licence, then the conclusion is certain, that it is forfeited, and to be seized to the King, and the dignity extinguished in the Crown, whence it was derived."

Henry Lord Abergavenny died 1587, leaving Mary his sole daughter and heir, who became wife of Sir Thomas Fane, who challenged the Barony of Abergavenny against Edward Neville, son of Sir Edward, younger brother of her grandfather George Lord A. ; on which Sir Edward, the Castle of Abergavenny was settled both by testament and act of parliament. But the dispute was not determined till May 25, 1 James I. when, after great arguments, the title of Lord Abergavenny was, both by judgment of the House of Peers, and order of the Lords Commissioners for the office of Earl Marshal of England, decreed for the heir male; and, to make some amends to the heir female, the Barony of Le Despenser was confirmed to her and the heirs of her body.

ART. VIII. *A Narrative of some Passages in or relating to the Long Parliament. Curse not the King, no not in thy thought. Eccles. x. 20.— Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. 1 Sam. xv. 23. By a Person of Honour. London. Printed for Robert*

*Robert Pawlet at the Bille in Chancery Lane,
1670. sm. duod. pp. 101.*

This little tract was written by Dudley, 4th Lord North, and contains several curious passages. But it may be unnecessary to give a full account of the book, as the elaborate edition of Lord Orford's* *Royal and Noble Authors* by Mr. Park, which the public has reason to expect will soon make its appearance, must, I presume, comprise notices of or extracts from this volume.

Dec. 26, 1805.

ART. IX. *A smale Garland of pious and godly Songs, composed by a devout man, for the solace of his freinds and neighbours in their afflictions.*

The sweet and the sower,
The nettle and the flower,
The thorne and the rose,
This Garland compose.

Printed in Gant [Ghent] 1684. Small 8vo. pp. 80.

Part of this little collection of pious ditties, like that printed at Edinburgh in 1597, and reprinted there in 1801, under the title of *Godly and Spiritual Songs*, &c. seems designed to supersede the use of some pro-

* I am sorry to observe Mr. Cumberland's contemptuous mention of the author of the *Castle of Otranto*, the *Mysterious Mother*, and other works of indubitable genius, as well as of industrious research, and elegant taste. My respect for a veteran in literature restraint my pen from saying more. See *Cumberland's Memoirs*, p. 17.

faner ballads, by being adapted to the same tunes. It is probable that they were composed by an Irish priest, as one of them is described to have been written on Christmas day, 1678, "when the clergie were banished in the time of the plot. To the tune of *Bonny-Brooe*." Another is to be sung to the tune of *Shea veer me geh hegnough turshogh tyne trelogh, &c.* Several carols are to be sung as *Neen Major Neale*: and the following to a pleasant Irish tune called *No-arah oige neí yeorane*.

Like an hermit in my cell,
With my self alone I dwell;
To my self I onely tell

My sad moanes :

With dolefull sighes I doe complaine;
My teares express my grief and paine;
My bitter thoughts cannot refraine

From heavy groanes, &c.

The following stanzas seem to indicate that the writer was exiled for his loyalty and his religion.

"The banished man lamenteth the 20th of November, the day of his parting, drawing neare.

To the tune of "*Farewell, faire Armedia, &c.*"

Behould I am speechless, my lips are groun weake;
My toung, without motion, wants language to speake;
My heart drown'd with sadness, sighes onely affords;
My eyes with their teares doe weep with my words;
I grieve, and I mourne, I crie and lament,
Againe to return to my banishment:
To part with my country, my kindred and friends,
And with all the comforts that on them attends.

Why

Why twice I was banish'd, this cause is most true,
 For rendring to God and to Cæsar their due ;
 When first I was banish'd, noe cause could they bring,
 But that I was subject to Charles my king :
 What for him I suffer'd, the cause gave content,
 'Twas for him, and with him, away I was sent ;
 For suffering with him I could not complaine,
 One thought of *his* sufferings did ease all my paine.

T. P.

ART. X. *The Mindes Melodie. Contayning certayne Psalmes of the kinglie prophete David, applyed to a new pleasant tune, verie comfortable to everie one that is rightlie acquainted therewith. Edinburgh, Printed be Robert Charteris, Printer to the King's most excellent Majestie, 1605. Cum privilegio regali. Small 8vo. 16 leaves.*

What the "new pleasant tune" might be, to which these psalmodes were composed, doth not appear; but the following is the metre chosen by the laborious penman, and his selection consists of the 1. 4. 6. 8. 15. 19. 23. 43. 57. 91. 101. 117. 121. 125. and 128th psalms, with the Song of Simeon.

PSALM I.

Blest is the man,
 Yea, happie than,
 By grace that can
 Eschew ill counsell and the godles gates :
 And walkes not in
 The way of sin,
 Nor doth begin

To

To sit with mockers in the scornfull sates :
 But in Jehovah's law
 Delites aright,
 And studies it to know
 Both day and night :
 That man shall bee
 Like to the tree
 Fast planted by the running river growes,
 That frute doth beare
 In tyme of yeare,
 Whose leafe shall never fade nor rute unloose.

T. P.

ART. XI. *The Lamentation of Troy for the death of Hector. Whereunto is annexed an Olde Woman's Tale in hir solitarie cell. Omne gerendum leve est. London, printed by Peter Short for William Mattes, 1594, 4to. 32 leaves.*

This volume is inscribed to Sir Peregrine Bertie, Knt. Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who distinguished himself at the battle of Zutphen in 1586, and is styled by this poet (I. O.) the "only Hector of Albion, and therefore most worthy to protect Hector." The principal poem is written somewhat after the plan of those in the "*Mirror for Magistrates*;" at which the author seems to glance sarcastically in the following stanza :

Sweet sacred Muses! you whose gentle cares
 Are wont to listen to the humble praier
 Of plaining poets, and to lend your teares
 From your faire eies unto a woe-displayer ;

Now

Now rest yourselves: your ayde I not implore,
For in my selfe I find abundant store.

In a prologue to this poem, he makes Troy's ghost declare—

Yet had she rather Spencer would have told them;
For him she calde, that he would helpe t' unfold them.

And in the poem itself he thus apostrophises our great allegorical bard:

O then, good Spencer, th' only Homer living,
Deign for to write with thy fame-quikninge quill:
And though poore Troy due thanks can not be giving,
The gods are just, and they that give them will.
Write then, O Spencer, in thy Muse so trim,
That he in thee, and thou maiest live in him!

T. P.

ART. XII. *Winter. A Poem. By James Thomson.*

The Second Edition. 1726.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 246.]

Dun,* from the livid East or piercing North
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd:
Heavy, they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with th' impending storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first, thin wavering; till, at last, the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day

* *Lo! 1st. edit.*

With

With a continual flow. [*Blackening, they melt,
 Along the mazy stream. The leafless woods
 Bow their hoar heads: and e'er the languid sun,
 Faint, from the west, emit his evening ray,]
 Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill,
 Is all one dazzling waste. The labourer-ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 That Providence allows. [†The red-breast, sole,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering fellows, and to trusted man
 His annual visit pays: now to the dome,
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth, and, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family, askance,
 And pecks and starts and wonders where he is:
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums
 Attract his slender feet.] The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants; the bare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs
 And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heavens, and next, the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then sad, dispers'd,
 Dig, for the wither'd herb, thro' heaps of snow.

* These lines in brackets appeared thus in the 1st. edition.

See! sudden hoar'd,

The woods beneath the stainless burden bow;

Blackening, along the mazy stream it melts:

Earth's universal face, &c.

† This interesting description of the robin was added in the 2d. edit.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food, at will: lodge them below the storm,*
 And watch them strict; for, from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
 In one fierce blast, and o'er th' unhappy flocks,
 Hid † in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms; till, upwards urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 That curls its wreaths amid the freezing sky.

In Russia's wide, immeasurable moors,
 Where WINTER keeps his unrejoicing court,
 And in his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving Tempest is for ever heard;
 Seen by the wilder'd traveller who roams,
 Guideless, the yew-clad, stony wastes, the bear,
 Rough tenant of these shades! shaggy with ice
 And dangling snow, stalks thro' the woods, forlorn,
 Slow-pac'd, and sower as the storms increase,
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement wreath,
 And scorning the complainings of distress,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

[‡Or from the cloudy Alps and Appenine,
 Capt with grey mists and everlasting snows,
 Where Nature in stupendous ruin lyes,
 And from the leaning rock, on either side,
 Gush out those streams that classic song renowns;
 Cruel as death! and hungry as the grave!
 Burning for blood! bony and ghaunt and grim!
 Assembling wolves, in torrent troops, descend,
 And spread wide-wasting desolation round.

* Blast, 1st. edit.

† Lodg'd. *ibid.*

‡ This long paragraph was added in the 2d. edit.

Nought

Nought may their course withstand. They bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear th' screaming infant from her breast:
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance
 The generous lyon stands in soften'd gaze,
 Here bleeds a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !)
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrowded body from the tomb, o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl.]

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without
 The ceaseless winds blow keen, be my retreat
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
 To chase the cheerless gloom: there let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead,
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts and arms, and humaniz'd a world.
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought—I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume, and deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades that, slowly-rising, pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First, Socrates,
 Truth's early champion, martyr for his God :
 Solon, the next, who built his commonweal
 On equity's firm base: Lycurgus, then,

Severely

Severely good : and him of rugged Rome,
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons :
 Cimon, sweet-soul'd, and Aristides just :
 With that attemper'd heroe,* mild and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled :
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme :
 Scipio, the humane warrior, gently brave,
 Fair learning's friend ; who early sought the shade,
 To dwell with Innocence and Truth retir'd :
 And, equal to the best, the Theban, he
 Who, single, rais'd his country into fame.
 Thousands behind, the boast of Greece and Rome,
 Whom Virtue owns, the tribute of a verse
 Demand : but who can count the stars of Heaven ?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?
 But see who yonder comes ! nor comes alone,
 With sober state and of majestic mien,
 The sister Muses in his train—'Tis he !
 Maro ! the glory of the poet's art ! †
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing !
 Parent of song ! and equal, by his side,
 The British Muse, join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, nor miss their way to Fame's ascent.
 Society divine ! immortal minds !
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to deeds like yours.
 Silence ! thou lonely power ! the door be thine :
 See, on the hallow'd hour that none intrude
 Save Lycidas, ‡ the friend, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.

[To be concluded in the next Number.]

• Timoleon.

† Maro ! the best of poets and of men. 1st. edit.

‡ *Forſan Mallet.*

ART. XIII *Sketch of the Character and Writings
of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.*

The following character of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter may be relied on, as coming from the best authority.

“Feb. 19, 1806, died at her lodgings, in Clarges Street, London, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter of Deal; a lady long and well known in the literary world, and sincerely beloved and respected by a large circle of friends, of much eminence, both in regard to their talents, their virtues, and their situation in life. Hers indeed were not merely the ordinary attainments of a female writer; nor even of a second-rate scholar of the more learned sex; but her learning was sound, deep, and critical; her knowledge general, and her taste pure and classical. All that she understood, she understood thoroughly; and what she had once known she never forgot.

“Her acquaintance with both dead and living languages was such as is seldom met with in one person. Perhaps no scholar of the present age knew so many, and so well; the late Sir William Jones only excepted. Like that eminent linguist, too, she particularly delighted in Greek, and was more completely mistress of that language, than she was of any other. Hebrew and Latin she understood well; and Arabic enough to read it tolerably, and to add, in a MS. dictionary of her own of that difficult language, many different meanings of words and their combinations. Of the modern tongues she was acquainted with French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Portuguese, of which she preferred Spanish and German,

Her

"Her knowledge of ancient and modern history was equally exact and extensive. Of the sciences, astronomy was her favourite study; and in that she had made a very considerable progress.

"But Mrs. Carter was not only a scholar, she was also one of the most pious and humble of Christians; one of the kindest relations; one of the most affectionate of friends; one, in its most extensive sense, of the most charitable of women.

"The superiority of her mind never led her to make others feel their deficiencies; on the contrary, in the easy society of domestic life, nothing was remarkable in her, but the amiable mildness of her unassuming manners, and much attention to genuine politeness.

"Her publications were not numerous; she read more than she wrote, and thought more than she said. Her principal work was the Translation of Epictetus, with an admirable introduction to it, which has passed through several editions. She also published, when very young, a translation from the Italian of Algarotti's Dialogues, from Newton's Philosophy, in 2 vols. 12mo; and afterwards a small volume of Poems, which have been always much read and admired; and of which four editions have been printed.

"Mrs. Carter was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D. by Margaret sole daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne, Esq. of Bere in Dorsetshire. She was born at Deal, Dec. 17, 1717, and died Feb. 19, 1806, in the 89th year of her age. Some account of her life and character is preparing for the press by one of her nephews,* who also is her executor."

* The Rev. Montagu Pennington, Vicar of Westwell in Kent. *Editor.*

Without attempting to anticipate the Life here announced, the Editor cannot forbear adding a few literary notices to the just and well-drawn character, with which he has been favoured.

Few have ever reigned, for such a length of time, in the world of learning, as Mrs. Carter. Nearly seventy-two years have elapsed, since she first attracted the notice of the public for her erudition and her genius. She was a correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine almost from its commencement; and, as it is curious to trace the progress of great talents, I shall point out the earliest communications which I have discovered in that work.

It appears that Mrs. C. was the author of a Riddle, in Vol. IV. p. 623, (Nov. 1734,) when she had not completed her 17th year, which drew forth the following lines in the succeeding Vol. for June 1735, p. 321.

"To Miss Carter, author of the Riddle, in Nov. 1734.

"Ingenious Nymph! in mystic numbers skill'd,
Why are thy pleasing lays so long withheld?
For well the glowings of thy fire attest,
That Phœbus' frequent visits warm thy breast:
O let us not thy silence still accuse,
But wake our raptures with thy powerful Muse;
To wishing eyes present thy moving page,
And with thy sister Muses charm the age." &c.

STYLIVIA.

These produced the following answer in the next month, p. 379.

TO SYLVIVS.

Unskill'd in numbers and poetic flight,
 How shall the blushing Muse presume to write ?
 Unform'd my thoughts, and negligent my lays,
 Can I appear a candidate for praise ?
 O did those raptures in my bosom glow,
 Which in Fidelia's moving accents flow ;
 Unbid I would confess the sacred flame,
 And stand intrepid in the lists of fame :
 Pleas'd with the trial trace out human life
 Thro' all its scenes of happiness and strife ;
 The hopes and fears, which on its state attend,
 And how in death these different passions end ;
 Proceed in lively colours to display
 The solemn horrors of the last great day ;
 With tuneful force describe the realms above ;
 The blissful seats of harmony and love.
 These are the lofty subjects I would chuse,
 But these transcend my unexperienc'd Muse !
 The too unequal task I must decline,
 And to Fidelia's pen the glorious task resign.

E. C—R.

In this year (1735) Mrs. Carter must have written the sublime and highly-finished lines " In Diem Nativalem," which stand first in her poems, and begin,

" Thou Power Supreme, by whose command I live !
 as she says,

" Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling year,
 And run their destin'd courses round this sphere,
 Since thy creative eye my form survey'd,
 Mid undistinguish'd heaps of matter laid."

In February, 1738, Mrs. Carter communicated to the *Gent. Mag.* Vol. VIII. p. 99, the following Riddle which deserves notice, because it drew forth the high praises of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, then struggling into fame, and who published at that precise period (May 1738) his "London,"—"remarkable," says Cave, (*ib.* p. 269,) "for having got to a second edition in the space of a week."

A RIDDLE.

Nor form, nor substance, in my being share;
 I'm neither fire, nor water; earth, nor air;
 From motion's force alone my birth derive;
 I ne'er can die, for never was alive:
 And yet with such extensive empire reign,
 That very few escape my magic chain:
 Nor time nor place my wild excursions bound;
 I break all order; Nature's laws confound;
 Raise schemes without contrivance or design,
 And make apparent contradictions join;
 Transfer the Thames, where Ganges' waters roll;
 Unite th' equator to the frozen pole:
 Midst Zembla's ice bid blushing rubies glow,
 And British harvests bloom in Scythian snow;
 Cause trembling flocks to skim the raging main,
 And scaly fishes graze the verdant plain;
 Make light descend, and heavy bodies rise;
 Stars sink to earth, and earth ascend the skies.
 If Nature lie deform'd in wintry frost,
 And all the beauties of the Spring be lost,
 Rais'd by my power new verdure decks the ground,
 And smiling flowers diffuse their sweets around.
 The sleeping dead I summon from the tomb,
 And oft anticipate the living's doom;

Convey

Convey offenders to the fatal tree,
 When law or stratagem have set them free;
 Aw'd by no checks, my roving flight can soar
 Beyond imagination's active power ;
 I view each country of the spacious earth ;
 Nay visit realms, that never yet had birth ;
 Can trace the pathless regions of the air ;
 And fly with ease beyond the starry sphere ;
 So swift my operations in an hour,
 I can destroy a town, or build a tower ;
 Play tricks would puzzle all the search of wit,
 And shew whole volumes that were never writ.
 In sure records my mystic powers confest,
 Who rack'd with cares a haughty tyrant's breast,
 Charg'd in prophetic emblems to relate
 Approaching wrath, and his peculiar fate.
 Oft to the good by heaven in mercy sent
 I've arm'd their thoughts against some dire event ;
 As oft in chains presumptuous villains bind,
 And haunt with restless fears the guilty mind.

ELIZA.*

" I have composed a Greek Epigram to Eliza,"
 says Johnson to Cave, " and think she ought to be
 celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis le
 Grand."†

Accordingly, in *Gent. Mag.* for April 1738, p. 210,
 is found the following :

*Εἰς τὴν Εὐλισσὴν περὶ τῶν Οὐερῶν
 Αἰνιγμα.*

*Τοῦ Καλλοῦς δυνάμει τι τέλος ; Ζεὺς πάντα δέδωκεν
 Κυπρίδι, μὴδ' αὐτοῦ Σκηπτρα μεμνηθε Θεῶ.*

* In the same vol. p. 159, is an imitation of *Hor. Lib. I. Ode 22*, by
 Mrs. C.

† *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, I. 100.

Ἐκ Διὸς ἐστὶν ὄναρ, θεῖος ποτ' ἐγράψεν Ὅμηρος,
 Ἀλλὰ τὸδ' εἰς θνητοὺς Κυπρίης ἐπεμψεν Ὄναρ.
 Ζεὺς μόνος φλογόεντ' πόλεις ἐκπερσε κεραιύνων,
 Ὀμμάσι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κυπρίης οἶζα φέρεϊ.

In Eliza Enigma.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
 Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptrâ Jovi.
 Ab Jove Mæonides descendere Somnia narrant,
 Hæc veniunt Cypriæ Somnia missa Deæ.
 Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;
 Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

In the same volume of *Gent. Mag.* p. 315, appeared Mrs. Carter's elegant lines, beginning

"While clear the night, and every thought serene,"
 which now stand second in her collection.*

In this year she translated, for Cave, "*Crousaz's Examen of Pope's Essay on Man*," which is announced in the Register of Books for November, p. 608; of which, amongst Dr. Birch's MSS. is the following notice:

"*Elizæ Carteræ, S.P.D. Thomas Birch.* Versionem tuam Examinis Crousaziani jam perlegi. Summam styli et elegantiam, & in re difficillimâ proprietatem, admiratus. Dabam Novemb. 27°. 1738.†

And about this time, in a letter from Mr. Cave to Dr. Birch, "Mr. Johnson advises Miss C. to undertake a translation, of Boethius *De Consolatione*," because there is prose and verse, and to put her name to it, when published.

* The four last lines are now left out.

† Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, p. 116.

In *Gent. Mag.* for March 1739, * p. 152, appeared her "Verses to the Memory of Mrs. Rowe," with her signature at length. In the December following, p. 657, is inserted the ensuing compliment.

ON ELIZA.

Once witty Sappho polish'd Greece adorn'd;
 Her learned Dacier Gallia lately mourn'd;
 And happy we could boast our tuneful Rowe,
 As chaste a Muse as ever sung below :
 At that soft name what eye but weeps anew ?
 To worth so rare a tribute justly due !
 But see Apollo still on Britain smile,
 And bid Eliza charm our favour'd isle !
 Blest maid, in whom their graces all combine,
 Wit, learning, virtue, and a vein divine !

AMASIUS.

In the same Vol. p. 599, Nov. 1739, was first published the celebrated Ode to Melancholy.

It was also in this year, when only æt. 22, that she translated "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy, explained for the use of the Ladies; in six Dialogues of Light and Colours. From the Italian of Sig. Algarotti. Printed for Edw. Cave, 2 vols. 12mo." which produced the following compliment, in the Magazine for June, p. 322.

* In the preceding year were published "Seventeen Sermons on divers Subjects, by Nicolas Carter, D.D. Vicar of Tilmanstone, &c. Printed by E. Cave, and sold by C. Rivington, 8vo. ; and in *Gent. Mag.* 1739, p. 155, are "Verses from a Mother to her Daughter, with Dr. Carter's Sermons," signed Melissa.

To

To Miss Carter, on her Translation of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy, explained for the use of the Ladies. From the Italian of Sig. Algarotti.

Till Algarotti rose, but few could trace
 The piercing Newton thro' unbounded space;
 A genius great as his the task requir'd;
 Most, what they knew not to explain, admir'd;
 No dark abstracted reasoning here we find,
 To cloud perception, and fatigue the mind;
 But to adorn the pleasing truths conspire
 Fontenelle's fancy, and our Newton's fire;
 And each with each so happily unites,
 That, while the sense instructs, the wit delights;
 Still ease and clearness reign throughout the whole;
 To every part give beauty, life, and soul.
 Thus to the eye reflects the polish'd glass
 Soft Mira's every charm of shape and face:
 But we, perhaps, these treasures ne'er had known,
 Had not their worth, confest, to Carter shone;
 No pen could better all their charms impart,
 Her judgment equal to her happy art.

Now may the British fair, with Newton soar
 To worlds remote, and range all Nature o'er;
 Of motion learn the late discover'd cause,
 And beauteous fitness of its settled laws.
 How matter hence its various forms supplies
 And fills this earth, and those expanded skies:
 How the Sun's orb emits unnumber'd rays,
 While each the rainbow's many dyes displays;
 What gives it with exhaustless fires to flame,
 The same in lustre, and its warmth the same;
 What the mild regent of the night attracts,
 And what the sea's returning tides directs;

Whence

Whence the successive changes spring we see,
How all things vary, and how all agree.

Be thine the glory to have led the way,
And beam'd on female minds fair science' ray;
Awak'd our fair from too inglorious ease,
To meditate on themes sublime as these;
The many paths of Nature to explore,
And boldly tread, where none have reach'd before:
To thee they owe, the stranger charm'd shall tell,
That, as in beauty, they in wit excel.

Ah why should modesty conceal thy name?
Th' attempt were vain, to hide such worth from fame;
The polish'd page Eliza's hand betrays,
And marks her well-known softness, with mirth and ease:

J. SWAN.

Mrs. Carter continued for some years to contribute her poems to the *Gent. Mag.* In 1744, p. 389, appear her lines, which now stand the seventh of her collection; and many others may no doubt be found scattered through that respectable publication; but it is time to have done with this search for them. Mrs. Barbauld says the *Ode to Wisdom** first came forth in Richardson's *Clarissa*, but without the writer's consent. It was not till more than twenty years after this period, that Mrs. C. ventured to form them into a separate volume. And it is a strong proof that not even the union of fame and merit will always secure a wide and rapid sale, that these poems have yet only reached a *fourth* edition,† which has been sixteen years in circulation, while crude abortions, tinsel non-

* It appeared in *Gent. Mag.* 1747, p. 585.

† The first edition was in 1762. The third in 1776. The fourth in 1789.

sense,

sense, or vapid and prosaic rhymes have found instantaneous purchasers, and exhausted numerous impressions.

ART. XIV. *The Essayes of a Prentise, in the Divine art of Poesie. Imprinted at Edinburgh, by Thomas Vautroullier, 1585, 4to. Cum privilegio Regali.*

If our *Rex pacificus* hoped to rival the “Gaberluzie-Man” and “Christ’s Kirk on the Green” of his predecessor, and, as of politics, to be

in ouré tongue ane flour imperial,
And beir of makars the triumphs royall
By fresche ennamallit termes celestially,*

we have only to applaud the endeavour, and lament that the execution should fall so far short of the example. But while literary curiosities are estimable, the present pages will not be without interest. Poets are not of every-day birth; and royal rhymers are still less frequent:

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto:

but the comic poems of James the Fifth, and the *chansons du Roi de Navarre*, a king need not blush to acknowledge.

For the present volume;—after the commendatory poems, of which there are five English and three Latin, follow twelve sonnets, addressed to the seasons, and the most important personages of the Pantheon,

* Dunbar’s *Goldin Terge*.

in the last of which he hopes through their assistance that

He lofty Virgil shall to life restore :

The gods either heard not or scattered his prayers in the wind; so the *gestes* of the Mantuan remain unat-tempted. A translation of Du Bartas's "Uranie" succeeds, which was afterwards better executed by Joshua Sylvester, "ane metaphorical invention of a tragedie called Phœnix," and "a paraphrasticall translation out of the poet Lucan." The next in order is "ane schort treatise, containing some reulis and cautelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottis poesie." The monarch's idea of what a poet should be, may be judged from the following

SONNET

Decifring the perfyte poets.

Ane rype ingyne, ane quick and walkned witt,
 With sommail reasons, suddenlie applyit,
 For every purpose using reasons fitt,
 With skilfulnes, where learning may be spyit,
 With pithie wordis, for to expres zow by it
 His full intention in his proper leid,
 The puritie quhairof weill hes he tryit:
 With memorie to keip quhat he dois reid
 With skilfulness and figuris, quhilks proceid
 From Rhetorique, with everlasting fame
 With uthers woundring, preassing with all speid
 For to atteine to merite sic a name,
 All thir into the perfyte poëte be.
 Goddis, grant I may obtaine the Laurell trie.

The first chapters teach the rules of rhyming, feet,
 flowing,

flowing comparisons, &c. The sixth chapter I shall transcribe.

“ Ze man also be warre with composing ony thing in the same maner, as hes bene ower oft usit of before. As in speciall, gif ze speik of love, be warre ze descryve zour loves makedome, or her fairnes. And siclyke that ze descryve not the morning and rysing of the sunne, in the preface of zour verse: for thir thingis are sa ofte and diverslie writtin upon be poëtis already, that gif ze do the lyke, it will appeare, ze bot imitate, and that it cummis not of zour awin inventioun, quhilk is ane of the chief properteis of ane poëte. Thairfore gif zour subject be to prayse zour love, ze sall rather prayse hir uther qualiteis, nor her fairnes, or hir shaip: or ellis ze sall speik some lytill thing of it, and syne say, that zour wittis are sa small, and your utterance sa barren, that ze cannot descryve any part of hir worthilie: remitting alwayis to the reider, to judge of hir, in respect sho matches, or rather excellis Venus, or any woman quhome to it sall please you to compaire her. Bot gif zour subject be sic, as ze man speik some thing of the morning, or sunne rysing, tak heid, that quhat name ze give to the sunne, the mone, or uther starris the ane tyme, gif ze happin to wryte thairof another tyme, to change thair names. As gif ze call the sunne Titan at à tyme, to call him Phoëbus or Apollo the uther tyme, and siclyke the mone, and uther planettis.”

In the seventh chapter, recommending an invariable exertion of self invention, he adds the following politic *cautel*.

“ Ze man also be war of wryting any thing of mat-
teris of cõmoun weill, or uther sic grave serie subjectis
(except

(except metaphorically, of manifest truth opinly knawin, zit nochtwithstanding using it very seindil) because nocht onely ze essay nocht zour awin invention, as I spak before, bot lykeways they are to grave materis for a poet to mell in."

The eighth chapter treats of the several kinds of verse and that "in materis of love" gives the British Solomon an opportunity of introducing the following lyrics as an example of that "cuttit and brokin verse, quhair of new formes were (then) daylie invented according to the poëtis pleasour,"

Quha wald have tyrde to heir that tone,
 Quhilk birds corroborat ay abone
 Through schouting of the larkis!
 They sprang sa heich into the skyes,
 Quhill Cupide walknis with the cryis
 Of Nature's chapell clerkis.
 Thea leaving all the heavins above,
 He lichted on the eard;
 Lo! how that lytill god of love
 Before me then appeard.
 So mylde-like
 And child-like,
 With bow thre quarters skant,
 So moilie
 And coylic
 He lukit lyke a Sant.

These "rules and cautels," which are the most curious portion of the book, are followed by a metrical version of the hundred and fourth psalm, out of Tremellius, and "ane schort poeme of Tyme."

This volume, it must be confessed, conveys no exalted idea of James's poetical talents; nor, considering

ing these but "the essayes of a prentise in the art," do his subsequent efforts further his claim to the title of a poet. The royal versifyer was useful, however, by reflection: the example of the monarch influenced the exertions of his subjects, and if he was not, like Falstaff, witty himself, he at least "was the cause of wit in other men."

O. G.

ART. XV. *Extracts from John Taylor's Praise of the Needle. By a Correspondent.*

The following extracts have been sent me by a Correspondent, whose literary talents I have long respected, but the title page of the volume whence they were taken being lost, and not being acquainted with the poem, here cited, I have waited in hopes of ascertaining the point, because my Correspondent conceives the author not to be the writer of this name, who is called "The Water-Poet."

THE PRAISE OF THE NEEDLE.

II.

*Katharine first married to Arthur, Prince of Wales,
and afterwards to Henry the 8. King of England.*

I read that in the seaventh King Henries raigne,
Fair Katherine, daughter to the Castile King,
Came into England with a pompons traine
Of Spanish ladies, which she thence did bring.

She

She to the eight King Henry married was,
 And afterwards divorced, where vertuously
 (Although a Queen) yet shee her dayes did pas
 In working with the Needle curiously;
 As in the Tower, and places more beside,
 Her excellent memorials may be seene:
 Whereby the Needle's praise is dignifide
 By her faire ladies, and her self, a Queene.
 Thus for her paynes, here her reward is just;
 Her works proclaime her praise, though she be dust.

III.

*Mary, Queene of England, and Wife to Philip King
 of Spaine.*

Her daughter Mary here the scepter swaide;
 And though she were a Queene of mighty power,
 Her memorie will never be decaide;
 Which by her workes are likewise in the Tower.
 In Windsor Castle, and in Hampton Court,
 In that most pompous roome cal'd Paradise:
 Who-ever pleaseth thither to resort,
 May see some workes of hers of wondrous price.
 Her Greatnesse held it no dis-reputation,
 To take the Needle in her royall hand:
 Which was a good example to our nation,
 To banish idlenesse from out her land:
 And thus this Queene, in wisdom thought it fit,
 The Needle's worke pleas'd *her*, and she grac'd *it*.

IV.

*Elizabeth Queene of England, and daughter to King
Henry the eight.*

When this great Queene, whose memory shall not
 By any tearme of time be overcast;
 For when the world, and all therein shall rot,
 Yet shall her glorious fame for ever last;
 When she a maide, had many troubles past,
 From jayle to jayle, by Mary's angry spleene;
 And Wood-stocke, and the Tower in prison fast,
 And after all, was England's Peerlesse Queene;
 Yet howsoever sorrow came or went,
 She made the Needle her companion still;
 And in that exercise her time she spent,
 As many living yet, doth know her skill.
 Thus was she still a captive, or else crown'd,
 A Needle-woman Royall, and renown'd.

V.

*The Right Honourable, vertuous, and learned Lady,
Mary, late Countesse of Pembroke.*

A patterne and a patronesse she was,
 Of vertuous industry, and studious learning:
 And she her earthly pilgrimage did passe,
 In acts, which were high honour, most concerning.
 Brave Wilton-house in Wiltshire well can show,
 Her admirable workes in Arras framed:
 Where men, and beasts, scene-like, trees seeme to grow,
 And Art (surpass'd by Nature) seemes asham'd.
 Thus this renowned honourable dame,
 Her happy time most happily did spend:
 Whose worth recorded in the mouth of fame,
 (Untill the world shall end) shall never end.
 She wrought so well in Needle-work, that she,
 Nor yet her workes, shall ere forgotten be.

VI.

VI.

*The Right Honourable and religious Lady, Elizabeth
Dormer, wife to the late Right Honourable the
Lord Robert Dormer, deceased.*

This noble Lady imitates time past,
Directs time present, teacheth time to come:
And longer then her life, her laud shall last;
Workes shewes her worth, though all the world were
dumbe.
And though her reverend selfe, with many days
Of honourable age is loaden deepe,
Yet with her Needle (to her worthy praise)
Shce's working often, ere the sunne doth peepe.
And many times, when Phœbus in the west
Declined is, and Luna shewes her head,
This ancient honour'd Lady rests from rest,
And workes, when idle sloath goes soone to bed.
Thus she the Needle makes her recreation,
Whose well-spent paines are others imitation.

L—d, Jan. 21, 1806.

H. W.

To whatever John Taylor this poem of "The Praise of the Needle," belongs, which my Correspondent says has been his delight from childhood, it may not be out of place to give the best account, which occurs to me, of the "Water Poet." This is to be found in the third volume of Osborne's Catalogue of the Harcian Library, in which No. 3517, is, "*All the workes of John Taylor, the Water-Poet: being sixty and three in number. Collected into one volume by the author, with sundry new additions; corrected, revised and newly imprinted, 1630, fol.*"

“ These works consist serious, but mostly comical which the author had published in single pamphlets. He frank but being a man of good nature and copious invention, and his chosen company of all sorts, made good use, especially of his fancy and observations. So he encouraged him; and to this end these tracts. There are a great number before many of them, by the author. Among the pieces, for which he be reckoned his *Whip of Propriety*; *Taylor's Goose*; *Tales in Verse*; *the Cormorant*; *Praise of Clean Linen*; *the praise of Archy*; several Prose pieces, his *Penniless Traveller to Edinburgh*, in which he describes the life of a beggar under the sea; *The acts of the good Germund*; his *Pieces upon a Quaker Traveller*; *Wit and* &c.

“ As to the author, he is a Gloucestershire man, and was taken prisoner of Cadiz, under the command of Sir John Mordaunt, at Flores, in the Island of Flores, besides in Germany, Boston, and was many years Collector of the Customs at the Tower, of the wines, which were brought there by ships, which brought them

at last discharged because he would not purchase the place at more than it was worth. He calls himself "the King's Water Poet," and "the Queen's Waterman;" and wore the badge of the royal arms. After the beheading of King Charles, he kept a public house in Phoenix Alley, near Long Acre, and set up the Mourning Crown, for his sign; but found it safer to take it down again and hang up his own head, instead of it. It is said he died about the year 1654."

ART. XVI. *Succinct genealogies of the noble and ancient Houses of Alno, or de Alneto, Broc of Shephale, Latimer of Duntish, Drayton of Drayton, Mauduit of Westminster, Greene of Drayton, Vere of Addington, Fitz-Lewis of West Horndon, Howard of Effingham, Mordaunt of Turvey, justified by public Records, ancient and extant charters, &c. By Robert Halstead. London. 1685. Fol.*

Of this curious and very scarce work, of which only 24 copies were printed, the name of the compiler is fictitious. It was drawn up by Henry, 2d Earl of Peterborough, who died 19 June, 1697, and Mr. Rans, his chaplain, Rector of Turvey, Co. Bedford; and is the same which is mentioned at the head of the article of this family in Collins's Peerage, as collected in the reign of Charles II. and printed at the charge of this nobleman.

It is illustrated with plates of arms, seals, &c. and contains copies or extracts of all the records, title-deeds, and other ancient documents relating to the Mor-

daunts, and their alliances, who obtained their ancient seat at Turvey (which has been long dilapidated and was sold by the present Earl) as early as the reign of Rich. I. by marriage with Alice eldest daughter and coheir of Sir William de Alneto, or D'Aunay. But the first who obtained a peerage was Sir John Mordaunt, who was summoned to the Upper House, 4 May, 1532, and whose father John was a Serjeant at Law, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, temp. Henry VII.

There are many who consider such laborious collections, in honour of individual families, as proofs of a silly and useless vanity; but the severe Dr. Johnson thought otherwise, and deemed it little less than the duty of a grateful posterity thus to honour the memories of distinguished ancestors.*

The magnificent mansion at Drayton in Northamp-

* The History of the Percival family has been since illustrated with very extraordinary industry, in 2 vols. 8vo. under the title of "The History of the House of Ivery;" which as it contained all the families supposed to be derived from the common stock of a great Baron, prior to the assumption of surnames, gave a very wide field for collateral materials, and could comprehend the great Baronial House of Lovel, &c. Nor is the race of Percival confined to a family of Irish settlers; but by connecting themselves with the head of their name in Somersetshire, the volumes comprehend some curious particulars regarding a house of English Gentry, whose male descendants have long since expired; but whose name has been replaced in the county with not a little display of feudal ostentation, if we survey the Castle of Enmore, and seems likely to flourish with new honours, according to the decisive authority of the Red-Book!

John, the first Earl of Egmont, wrote a considerable part of this genealogical history, according to Lord Orford, who says it was afterwards enlarged and methodized by Anderson, author of the Royal Genealogies, and by Mr. Whiston of the Tally Court. But it was suppressed as far as possible, soon after the publication, so that it is now become scarce.

tonshire,

tonshire, which descended to Earl Henry's daughter and coheir Mary, was left by her to her last husband Sir John-Germaine, and is now, I believe, the property of Lord Sackville.

Of the rare and valuable volume here recorded, Mr. Gough says that "eight copies are now known to be extant; viz. two at Drayton House; others in the British Museum; Devonshire House; Herald's College; Caius College; and the Public Library, Cambridge. Mr. White bought one at Mr. Joy's sale, 1779, for 19 guineas."* The present Editor can add, that a copy is in the Library at Lee, near Canterbury, belonging to the Editor's son, a minor, by devise from his uncle Thomas Barrett, Esq. who died in Jan. 1803.

ART. XVII. *Parochial Antiquities attempted in the History of Ambrosden, Burcester, and other adjacent parts in the counties of Oxford and Bucks. By White Kennet, Vicar of Ambrosden. Vetera Majestas quædam, &c. (ut sic dixerim) Religio commendat. Quinctil. de Instit. Orator l. i. c. 6. Oxford, Printed at the Theater, 1695. 40. pp. 704. besides dedication, preface, full index, and long glossary.*

This laborious compilation of the learned Bishop of Peterborough, has for many years been scarce, and sold at a high price. It arose from an inquiry into the abuse of an ancient public charity in the parish of which he was presented to the vicarage in 1685.

* Brit. Topogr. II. p. 51.

"This was the occasion," says he, "which first engaged me in inquiries and searches after papers and records, which might any way relate to my church and parish.

"When I had once began to be thus inquisitive, the slow discoveries which I gradually made, did not so much satisfy my mind, as they did incite it to more impatient desires. So that diverting from my ordinary course of studies, I fell to search for private papers, and public evidences, to examine chartularies, and other manuscripts, and by degrees to run over all printed volumes, which I thought might afford any manner of knowledge of this parish, and the adjacent parts of the country.

"As to the method, I proposed to make it as obvious and regular, as such disjointed matter would allow. Where I wanted authorities, I resolved my conjectures should be short and modest."

At the Norman Conquest, he says he found his matter more copious; and has gathered up many materials to improve Dugdale's Baronage, and thousands of charts and muniments to add to the Monasticon Anglicanum.

At length, as his matter increased upon him, he found it necessary to break off at the year 1460, "having thought it convenient to proceed by way of annals, that he might keep to the exact period of life and action, which are the soul of history, and the criterion of all truth."

Finding, in the progress of the sheets through the press, many terms and phrases unexplained, he has drawn up a glossary of about 118 pages, which furnish improvements to the excellent Glossary of Sir Henry Spelman,

Spelman, of which **Du Fresne's Work**, as to all the old terms of more peculiar use in this island, is merely an abridgment.

"I am sensible," he concludes, "there be some, who slight and despise this sort of learning, and represent it to be a dry barren monkish study. I leave such to their dear enjoyments of ignorance and ease. But I dare assure any wise and sober man, that Historical Antiquities, especially a search into the notices of our own nation, do deserve and well reward the pains of any English student; will make him understand the state of former ages, the constitution of governments, the fundamental reasons of equity and law, the rise and succession of doctrines and opinions, the original of ancient, and the composition of modern, tongues; the tenures of property, the maxims of policy, the rites of religion, the characters of virtue and vice, and indeed the nature of mankind."

In the Dedication to his patron, Sir William Glynne, Bart. he says farther on this subject: "As to the performance, I am under no concern to vindicate it from the slights and ridicules that may be cast upon it by idle witty people, who think all history to be scraps, and all antiquity to be rust and rubbish. Next to the immediate discharge of my holy office, I know not how in any course of studies I could have better served my patron, my people, and my successors, than by preserving the memoirs of this parish and the adjacent parts, which before lay remote from common notice, and in few years had been buried in unsearchable oblivion. If the present age be too much immersed in cares or pleasures, to take any relish, or

to make any use of these discoveries, I then appeal to posterity: for I believe the times will come, when persons of better inclination will arise, who will be glad to find any collection of this nature; and will be ready to supply the defects, and carry on a continuation of it."

The volume contains nine plates of churches and seats, by Michael Burghers, distinguished by a certain kind of character, like that of the Flemish school of painters, which is exceedingly amusing and attractive.

ART. XVIII. *A Register and Chronicle Ecclesiastical and Civil, containing matters of fact, delivered in the words of the most authentic books, papers and records, digested in exact order of time. With proper notes and references towards discovering and connecting the true History of England from the Restauration of King Charles II. Vol. I. Faithfully taken from the Manuscript Collections of the Lord Bishop of Peterborough. London, Printed for R. Williamson, near Gray's Inn Gate in Holborn. 1728. Fol. pp. 938, besides Dedication, Preface and Index.*

The Dedication of this work to the Queen is dated March 1, 1727-8, and the Bishop died 19 Dec. following, æt. 69.

The Preface commences with these observations.

"The common world will judge, that it has much more of reputation to be an author, than to be a bare collector: and this will be a standing reason, why the multitude

multitude of writers shall aim at the more creditable name, and why so few seem willing to submit to that lower character. But however to write for praise and popularity is one thing, and to write for public use and service is a different thing. The first indeed is more natural; the latter has somewhat of self denial and mortification in it.

“The author has not only the pleasure of hunting after the applause of others, but he enjoys a quicker taste of pleasing himself, being at liberty to indulge his invention, his judgment, his fancy, wit, oratory, or any other prevailing talent in him; while the dull collector is confined to the sort of mechanic drudgery, to the running, stooping, searching, poring, picking out, and putting together, a mass of authorities; and often revising, collating, and transferring of them, without being able to bring them soon into any regular form and fashion. As inglorious, as for the day-labourer to be throwing up a heap of stones and rubbish, while the noble architect alone has the satisfaction and credit of raising and perfecting his own model.

“And yet in compiling any history fit to be read, the proper materials are to be sought out with diligence, and before they are compacted, they must be examined, compared, corrected, and adjusted in due order, and marked out for the respective use and occupation of them. And therefore the dry collectors of original and authentic matter, such as acts, deeds, records, and other evidences, do somewhat more of service to the world, to posterity at least, than those finer pens, that upon slight materials strike out a goodly frame,

frame, to little better purpose, than the building a castle in that place, where there can be no foundation for it."

The volume however, useful as it is, remained for many years, and probably still continues, little better than waste paper in booksellers' shops. Such is public caprice!

Dr. White Kennett, the compiler, was son of a clergyman at Dover, in Kent, where he was born Aug. 10, 1660. In 1684, he became A. M. at Oxford, and in 1685, Vicar of Ambrosden. In 1691 he was chosen Lecturer of St. Martin's in Oxford, and Tutor, and Vice-Principal of St. Edmund's Hall. In 1695 he published his *Parochial Antiquities*; and in 1699 he became D.D. and was appointed Minister of St. Botolph, Aldgate, London. About 1705 he prepared a third volume to the collection of *Writers of English History*; of which the second edition came out in 1719. In 1707, he was appointed Dean of Peterborough, and was promoted to the bishopric in November, 1718. *

His younger brother the Rev. Basil Kennet, D.D. well known for his "*Lives of the Grecian poets*," and other learned works, died 1714, aged 40.

ART. XIX. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 192.]

Art. 18. *Three proper and witty and familiar Letters lately passed betwene two Universite men touching the earth-*

* The Biographical Dictionary, with its usual deficiency, omits the mention of either of the works here registered.

quake

quake in April last; and our English reformed Versifying, with a preface by a well wisher to both.

Two other Commendable Letters of the same man's writing. Imprinted at London by H. Bynneman, dwelling in Thames Strete near unto Baynard's Castle, Anno 1580. *

Comprized in 70 folios, ornamented with large letters, &c. &c.

Art. 19. *The Paradyse of Dainty Devises*, 1578.

Contains a dozen or fourteen poems, not entered in the contents of the first edition, mentioned in CENSURA, No. III.

Art. 20. *Comedie of Alexander, Campaspe and Diogenes*. Printed by Cadman, 1584.

Art. 21. *The Sayings or Proverbs of King Solomon with the answers of Marcolpus*. Imprinted by R. Pinson on 8 folios.

Art. 22. *Opuscula Roberti Whittintoni in florentissima Oroniensi Academia Laureati*, 1519, by Wynken de Worde.

This is remarkably finely printed on 36 folios.

Art. 23. *Copy of the Commandement General of the Abbot of Evyle Profytes*. Printed by Peter Traverrys.

Art. 24. *The Lytell Treatyse of the Beautye of Weomen, newly translated of the French into Englishe*. Printed by Richard Fawkes Durham Rents. With a frontispiece.

The eighteen last mentioned are all of a size, and bound together in Russia leather, by the possessor, M. G. † who communicates this account of them.

* See Herb. II. 985. Editor.

† I hear they are since transferred to Mr. Heber.

Art. 25. *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnettes, newly written by Barnabe Googe. London, Imprinted by Tho. Colwell, for Rafe Newbery, &c. Small 8vo.*

Mr. Steevens, of whose library this book formed No. 876, said there was no scarcer book in the English language than this. It now belongs to Mr. Heber.

Art. 26. *Eccho, or the Infortunate Lovers, a poem, by James Sherley, Cant. in Art. Bacc. Lond. 1618. 8vo.*

Primum hunc Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.

From a MS. note to Astle's copy of Wood's *Athenæ*. The first date to any of Shirley's works, in Wood, is 1629. Wood says, he went from Oxford to Cambridge, where he presumes he took the degrees in Arts. He died 1666.

Art. 27. *The Mirrour of Princely Deedes and Knighthood, wherein is shewed the Worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne, and his brother Rosicleer, with the strange Love of the beautifull Princesse Briana and the valiant Actes of other noble Princes and Knights, translated out of the Spanish by Margaret Tyler, B. L. 9 parts in 3 vols. 4to. imprinted by Tho. Este, Tho. Purfoote, &c. 1598.*

It was No. 1158, of the library of Steevens, who says he never saw or heard of another copy.

Art. 28. *Laurus Leslæana explicata, sive clarior enumeratio Personarum utriusque Sexus Cognominis Leslie, una cum affinibus, titulis, officiis, dominiis, gestisque breviter indicatis, quibus a sexcentis et amplius annis Prosapia illa floret, ex variis authoribus Manuscriptis, et testimoniis fide dignis in unum Collecta, cum Figuris. Græcii, 1692, Fol.*

This is from Osborne's Harleian Catalogue, and is accompanied by the following remarks.

" This curious piece contains an account of all the illustrious

trious persons, of both sexes, appertaining to the noble family of Leslie; as also a genealogical table of all the families, deducing their original from Bertholdus, the great ancestor of the Leslies, who came out of Hungary, with Queen Margaret into England, about the year of our Lord, 1067, and from thence went into Scotland in the reign of Malcolm III. The author proves this noble family to be of Hungarian extraction, from the modern names of several places in Hungary, which plainly allude to the word Leslie, as Leslinia, Lessilia, Leles, &c. In short, nothing can be more worthy the perusal and regard of a member of any family springing from the illustrious Bertholdus Leslie, than this piece, as it gives an ample and full description of every noble family descended from him, in whatever country settled. It is dedicated to Count Leslie, one of the Emperor Leopold's most famous generals, whose effigies, extremely well done, is prefixed to the work. The Genealogical Table, abovementioned, seems to be invaluable, and consists at least of three or four sheets."

ART. XX. *Obituary.*

1801. William Cockin, author of a treatise on Arithmetic, and of a posthumous poem, entitled "The Rural Sabbath," 1805.

Nov. 1804. Major James Mercer, author of "Lyric Poems," 1804. See *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. VII. p. 472.

*To Correspondents.***ROBERT BARON.**

The Editor is much obliged by the hint of H. G. who having in his possession "*The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight. Now the eighth time published with some additions. With the Supplement of a Defect in the third part of this History, by Sir W. A. Knight. Whereunto is now added a sixth Book, by R. B. of Lincolne's Inn, Esq. London, Printed for Simon Waterson, and R. Young, Anno 1632. Folio. With an engraved title-page,*" and finding on the authority of Chetwood, in the British Theatre, 1750, that R.B. was ROBERT BARON, supposes the age assigned to that poet in Vol. I. p. 166, of this work, is erroneous; but this Correspondent is not aware, that the authority of Chetwood is of very little value; and R. B. of Lincoln's Inn, could never be Robert Baron of Gray's Inn.

• The Editor is much obliged to the Correspondent whom he addressed in his last Number, and whose explanation has amply satisfied him.

The articles of P. B. which arrived too late for the present Number, shall have place in the next.

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